

THE HOMELAND OF THE BIBLE

J. P. MACPHIE



THE AUTHOR.

THE HOMELAND OF THE BIBLE

TRAVELS AND STUDIES IN THE
HOLY LAND AND EGYPT

BY THE

Rev. J. P. MACPHIE, M.A.



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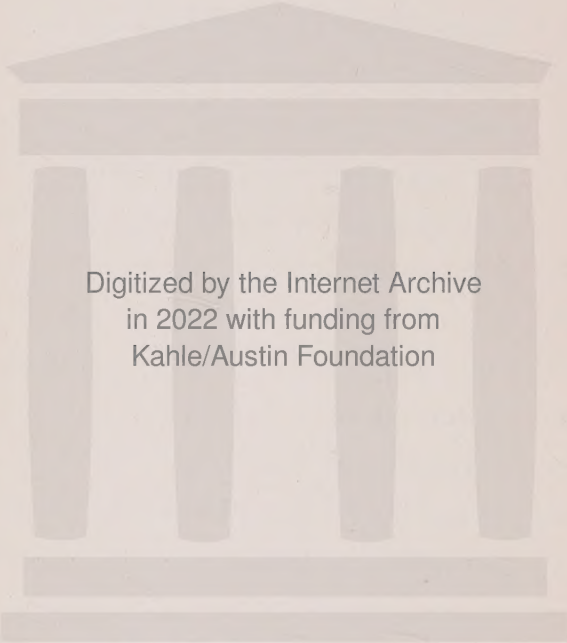
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PRELUDE

The purpose of this book is different in some ways from any other that may have been written on this subject. It is designed not only to give the ordinary incidents of travel, but to connect with the places visited, the principal historic events associated with them; and to draw from these places and events illustrations and confirmations of Scripture, indicating at the same time important moral and spiritual lessons.

J. P. MACPHEE.

Hopewell, Nova Scotia, September 1, 1902.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

BY ROBERT MURRAY, LL. D.

Books concerning the Lands of the Bible are numerous and many of them are of great value. They vary indefinitely in their point of view, and in the spirit in which they have been written. It is with the "Land" as with the "Book." Of commentaries on the "Book" there is no end. Admirable and abundant as have been the works already published, the press still teems with new series of commentaries and works illustrative of the Holy Scriptures. These meet with a cordial welcome from the ever-increasing ranks of thoughtful readers.

In like manner, there is ample room for new books on the Holy Land. The theme is of perennial interest. Whoever loves the "Book," longs to know the "Land." At any rate, the reader will agree with me that there is room for the thoughtful and reverent volume in which the Author has given us the results of his observations during an extensive tour through the "Lands of the Bible." I know of no traveler who has told his story with greater intensity of feeling. I have perused and re-perused the work, and I find that it brings to me an exceedingly vivid realization of many portions of the Sacred Book which is indissolubly associated with certain famous localities.

The Author, I may add, is a young minister of the Gospel whose travels were, in effect, a post-gradu-

ate course of Biblical study taken after an arduous and successful pastorate of five years.

A famous Frenchman has spoken of Palestine as "The Fifth Gospel." The present volume is a heartsome and brilliant presentation of that Gospel.

Halifax, N. S.

August 16, 1902.

CHAPTER I

PALESTINE, THE GLORY OF ALL LANDS

PECULIARITIES OF PALESTINE—UNIVERSALITY OF THE LAND—HOW THE LAND CONFIRMS THE BIBLE—FASCINATIONS OF THE HOLY LAND.

"A land that I espied for them, which is the glory of all lands."—Ezek. 20:6.

Palestine is the glory of all lands. Its chief glory consists in that it is the Homeland of the Bible and the birthplace of the Man Divine. There Jesus lived, there He drove the carpenter's plane, He wept there, and there He died. In yonder Bethlehem He was born. Among the Holy Hills of Nazareth He was brought up. By the shores of blue Galilee He taught; and on yonder desolate Calvary He was crucified.

The geography and history of Palestine are as real as those of any land. Its skies, seas, and stars are like our own. The country is divided by real mountains, dotted over by real cities and inhabited by people as human as ourselves. To the Christian believer, it is the Land of all lands; a visit to it is intensely interesting and instructive, and a journey through it will make the Bible a new book. True, the land has greatly changed, and the traveler must first find a Holy Land in his own soul before he will find a Holy Land there. It has been appropriately called the Fifth

Gospel, and like our four Gospels it has its message for him who has ears to hear, eyes to see, and whose soul has been touched by the matchless story of Divine Love.

Peculiarities of the Land.

The situation of Palestine is peculiar. As the Jew is a miracle of history, so Palestine is the miracle of geography. It is different from every other country in its surroundings, its structure and influence. Its geography, to a large extent, has moulded its history. In recent years the evidential value of Sacred Geography has been rightly emphasized. Researches in this line of study have shown in a striking way, the general agreement there is between the Bible and the geography of Palestine, and furnished a key to the explanation of various historical difficulties.

Prof. Riggs of Auburn Seminary, New York, has said: "One of the marked characteristics of our Bible is that its contents are, in large part, history and biography. This fact makes its scenery of deep and lasting interest. While the chief purpose of all the records is spiritual, it adds not a little to the vividness of the lesson to be able to realize the material setting, and estimate the force of physical environment upon national and individual life. Sober study of history and geography serves to check wrong idealizations and put emphasis upon that which is really worthy and exalted. Geography possesses an advantage over history in that all that touches the physical side remains, in a great measure, unchanged."

Palestine is at the junction of three continents and

partakes of the physical features of each in desert, plain and mountain. At the time of the Divine Revelation it was at the heart of the then known world. It lay between great kingdoms, yet separated from them; Egypt on the south; Assyria on the east, and Greece and Rome on the west.

George Adam Smith has fittingly described it as, "A land lying between two continents—Asia and Africa; between primeval homes of man,—the valleys of the Euphrates and the Nile; between two great centers of empires, western Asia and Egypt; between all these, representing the eastern and ancient world, and the Mediterranean, which is the gateway to the western and modern." Thus its position and surroundings indicate adaptation, seclusion and opportunity.

It has been shown that in the course of history, three peoples;—those of Greece, Rome and Palestine,—have had a world influence, affecting the general flow of events and the destinies of the human race. Greece is the birthland and mother of intellectual culture. Her tongue was the vehicle for the spread of the Gospel. Rome's great contribution to the world's life was a system of law, which is still the basis of the laws of all civilized lands. Imperial Rome levelled down the contemporary world into one vast empire, and thus prepared the way for the diffusion of the Gospel and made straight in the desert a highway for the first messengers of Christianity. Palestine performed a higher mission than either Greece or Rome. Rome was material in her idea; Greece was intellectual, but Palestine was spiritual. The one idea worked out by the Jews was the religious idea; that was the bent

and genius of their race,—and the inspiration of the purest and noblest souls among them. The history of this religious idea they have left to us in the Bible.

Palestine was adapted as no other country to God's great purpose of preparing a pure religion and sending it to all the world. To this end a single nation was selected, trained and placed in the center of the world so that when the time came to publish the true religion all lands could be reached. Palestine was central and isolated, yet accessible, for when the time came for the apostles to go from Palestine by the Mediterranean Sea, to the lands round about it, and from there to all other lands,—their way was open. There is a piece of marble in a church at Jerusalem which is believed to be at the center of the universe, and the place whence the dust was taken from which Adam was made. Baseless as is this tradition, yet it is true that this land is the center from which has radiated all that is best in life and history.

Another peculiarity is the shape of the land. Palestine is bounded on the west by a sea and on the east by a desert. The surface of the country between these two, naturally divides itself into four sections, viz.:

- (a) The coast plain by the Mediterranean Sea.
- (b) The high mountain ridge in the middle.
- (c) The Valley of the Jordan.
- (d) The Mountains of Moab.

These two parallel mountain ranges and the two corresponding plains, run north and south, throughout the whole land. The maritime plain on the west extends along the coast in an almost unbroken sweep. Mount Carmel divides it into two parts very nearly equal

in extent. The upper portion,—the famous Phœnician plain, is a strip about 140 miles long and varying from 10 to 12 miles in width. The southern portion of the plain below Mount Carmel is known as the plain of Sharon. The Central range is a great mountain of lime-stone, extending from Lebanon on the north to Beersheba on the south. The only break in the range is the plain of Esdraelon which opens a way from the sea to the Jordan. South of this plain the range is a continuous close-compacted block of rugged mountain territory filling up most of the space between the Mediterranean and the Jordan. This great ridge rising from 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the sea, carried on its back, the chief towns of Palestine:—Hebron, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Samaria and Nazareth. Historically it was the heart of the land. The greater part of the notable events in the Old Testament occurred there. On this high level took place most of the incidents of the Gospel. It is now very desolate but it has raised such a golden crop of ideas, principles, moralities, as have not been raised in any other part of the world.

The valley of the Jordan lies between the centre range and the mountains of Moab. It is remarkable for its length, its rapid descent, and great depression. It is a deep basin, four to nine miles wide, walled in by mountains, 5,000 and 6,000 feet high. In describing the lower part of it, George Adam Smith says: "There may be something on the surface of another planet to match the Jordan Valley; there is nothing on this. No other part of the earth, uncovered by water, sinks to 300 feet below the level of the ocean.

* * In this trench there are the Jordan, a river

nearly one hundred miles long; two great lakes, respectively twelve and fifty-three miles in length; large tracts of arable country, especially about Gennesaret and Jerichō, regions which were once very populous like the coasts of the Lake of Galilee; and the sites of some famous towns,—Tiberias, Jericho and the cities of the plain. Is it not true that there is nothing else like this deep, this colossal ditch?"

One thing that strikes the traveler is the smallness of the country. It is not larger than Massachusetts and only half as large as Scotland. At its longest part it is about 140 miles, and not more than sixty or seventy miles at its widest. Its entire area is less than 11,000 square miles. Bethlehem is only six miles from Jerusalem so that the birthplace of our Lord is almost within sight of Calvary. The Mount of Olives, where Christ ascended, is only half a mile from Jerusalem,—so that these three places, Bethlehem, Jerusalem and Olivet; the places of His Advent, Crucifixion and Ascension might easily be visited on foot in one day. You can go from Jerusalem to Jacob's Well in twelve hours, and from Nazareth to the Sea of Galilee in six hours. Palestine has been called the "least of all lands," and although it is just a pin point on the surface of the earth, yet it is the greatest of all lands in the respect of permanent influence. Here events of the deepest interest to the human race have been enacted; its soil has been trodden by the purest and grandest of human kind, and over its fields walked the feet of Him who triumphed in the greatest of all struggles and who completely fulfilled the noblest of all ministries,—the ministry of duty and suffering.

The Universality of the Land.

“Palestine is the world in a nut shell.” It is a world in itself. The land is a universal land: the Bible a universal book. Indeed it would seem as if the Bible could not have been written in any other land than in Palestine. It seems to have been especially furnished for that purpose in its structure, climate and scenery. Here you find every variety of climate, the climate of the Alps at Mount Hermon, and the climate of the tropics by the Dead Sea. The flowers and fruits of the tropics are found in the Jordan Valley, the grains and grasses of our colder climates in the hills and valleys of Galilee. Here the dreariest and the loveliest scenes lie side by side; the desert on one side of the Jordan and the beautiful plain on the other.

Says the author of “The Land of Israel”: “Here may be found in close-juxtaposition, sea and desert; Alpine heights and phenomenal depths; fertile plains and barren wilderness; rolling downs and upland pastures; terraced slopes and deeply scarred lava beds; park-like stretches and bleakest moor-lands; valleys of Edenic beauty and dark canons suggestive of the shadow of death; rivers and lakes; snow-clad heights and depths of tropical heat and luxuriance; ice-bound streams and steaming mountains; shady glens and interminable wadies; open glades and impenetrable jungles of cane and papyrus—in short every feature of nature’s diversified handiwork, which is suggestive of the beautiful, the picturesque or the sublime.”

This land with its storm and calm, mountains and valleys, rivers and seas, flowers and forests, bright

days and stormy nights was splendid food for the imagination, for illustration and comparison. There is design in this grouping of mountains and sea and desert and this great variety of animal and vegetable products. There is endless variety in the land in which the Bible was written; there is endless variety in the Bible itself, so that it appeals to the mariner, the mountaineer, the shepherd, the farmer, the merchant, and the workingman, for they find their varied mode of life and work reflected in its pages. How much this variety has added to the power and beauty of the Scriptures.

What if the Bible were written on the banks of the Nile, where there is so much sameness? It would not appeal to the peasant in rugged Scotland. If written in the Arabian desert, it would not appeal to the mariner on the ocean; if written in tropical India it would not come home to us who live in the colder climes of the northern zone. But it was written in a land that had all these peculiarities, and the writers,—influenced by their surroundings, have given us a book that is easily understood by men in every age and in every land.

“The Bible is a world-book made in a world-land.” This is not the result of blind chance! It is not an accident that John was born on the shores of the Sea of Galilee rather than on the shores of the Black Sea. It was God who arranged that David should be born in Judea and there write his marvelous Psalms. The explanation of that land is God. And if a divine plan can be applied to places, as well as to people, then this land was chosen of God to be the arena of the greatest

acts and the home of the greatest actors in the world's history.

Confirmations of the Book by the Land.

A visit to that land or study of it is of value for three reasons: to illustrate Christian experience, to explain the Holy Scriptures, and to confirm the truth of the Bible. That the Holy Land confirms the Holy Book, any one who travels through it with his eyes open will bear witness. There is a marvelous correspondence between the statements of the Bible and the physical features and facts of the land. The Bible was certainly written by men who knew the geography of the land and the customs and manners of the people. The Land and the Book are parallel pages printed side by side, the one explaining and confirming the other. Travel by its mountains, sail on its seas, or rest by its still waters, visit the shepherd's tent or the peasant's hut, wander over its fields, and see its birds and fruits and flowers, go to the home of the living or the sepulchre of the dead,—they all illustrate and illuminate the Word of God. The character of the country and the customs of the people are used as the setting and drapery of the Divine Revelation, and he who knows the geographical frame-work of the Gospel story,—best knows the meaning and message of the book.

Palestine of the twentieth century is in many respects the same as Palestine of the first century: there you can study the dead past in the living present. We can not separate events from the place where they occur. They all are colored by the surroundings, scenes and localities. To understand men we must study the land in which they were born, and in which they

grew up, and the influences that moulded their lives. So with the Bible. The better we understand the people and the place in which it was written the more we will appreciate and love the Book. Bible stories are grafted on local scenes and these scenes mould the story. The parable, metaphors and illustrations in Scripture are largely colored by the objects that met the eyes of the writers, and until we know and understand these things, much of the force and beauty of God's word will be lost. Indeed, no Christian ought to be ignorant of that land. Says Cañon Liddon, "Not to be interested in the land and the life of Jesus, is to be, I do not say irreligious, but unintelligent."

There is no land on earth today that is better studied than Palestine. Even in our present century God keeps on confirming his book. There is now scarcely a land or city of any importance mentioned in the Bible in which witnesses have not arisen from the dust to prove some text or verify some phase of the book. Dr. Gregg in "The Testimony of the Land to the Book," says "In this regard we are living in wonderful times. Suddenly, during this century, as with the wand of the magician, the eastern world has been resurrected by the spade of the explorer and the patient skill of the decipherer. Lost languages have been reclaimed, and they talk again. The very stones have been made to cry out. Inscriptions older than the deluge have been found. Dark ciphers and hieroglyphics have been illumined. Cylinders, bricks, obelisks, clay tablets, papyri, coins, gems, lost empires, whole libraries, vast cities,—all these have been brought from the grave of centuries as witnesses from the dust to testify on behalf of God's Word."

It is true that the land has changed since the time of Christ. The land in which he lived once so great, so rich and well cultivated is now a desolate,—a destroyed land. Dean Stanley, looking out over it, says, "Palestine is a land of ruins." This is just what the prophets predicted; and it came about in the way the Bible said. Moses said concerning the land, if the people proved faithless, "I will scatter you among the heathen; and your land shall be desolate and your cities waste." At one time the town of Capernaum was prosperous. In that city Christ did many of his mightiest works. But we read his prediction against Capernaum, in which he said that it would be brought low. To pass by the site of ancient Capernaum today is to be impressed with the truth of the Master's words,—for not a single house of the humblest description remains of all the splendor of other days. Jesus predicted the destruction of Jerusalem and its great temple. The twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew gives the details and describes minutely the downfall of that City. Jesus said, "There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." That this has come to pass every traveler who visits Jerusalem can verify for himself. Its present condition is an argument to prove the truthfulness of the prophecies of the Bible which relate to the City.

Yet the main features of the country remain the same. In a broad sense, Palestine is still the land of Jesus. It is a picture of which only the grand outlines are satisfactory,—sublime in its entirety, but disappointing in detail. The cities, and palaces and temples are gone, but the hills and paths and wells remain.

The vines, figs, olives, shepherds, beggars, blind, lepers, that suggested the beautiful teachings and miracles of Christ are all there today as when he walked the ways of Palestine. The Bible correctly named and located its plains, mountains, valleys, rivers, lakes, deserts and cities. Bethany, though now a settlement of beggars, is in the same place as it was when Jesus made it his home, and the hills and valleys are the same upon which he looked and over which he walked. Anybody can identify Bethlehem. If not sure that you have reached the spot where the shepherds watched by night, you can see the shepherds on the plains today and be sure they look like those of old. You will not see Ruth, but some sweet maiden with coins in her hair who will make you think of Ruth and give you an idea of what she looked like. Everywhere you read of "going up to Jerusalem." How accurate is this description when we remember that Jerusalem lies 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. The road from Jaffa is up, and up, and up, all the way. Referring to Jesus' visit to Samaria the New Testament says, "Now Jacob's well was there." Travel over 6,000 miles east and go straight there and you will find that Jacob's well *is* there. Jacob is gone but the well remains, and the fourth chapter of John is a notable description of the place. Samuel is as real as Shiloh: Elijah is as solid as Mount Carmel. Paul is as genuine as that old road you travel on the way to Damascus. Go out at night and you can read the nineteenth psalm on the sky. Go through the wilderness and John the Baptist goes with you. Sail on the Sea of Galilee and John and Peter are in the boat with you.

Palestine is packed full of the Bible. The very air and sky and people proclaim with unmistakable marks the presence of other days and the influence of other lives, —though long since departed.

When you cannot get the land to interpret and confirm the Bible, turn to the manners and customs of the people. Immutability is the unchanging law of the East. The East lives in the past. In regard to the manners, customs and arts prevalent in the country the writers of the Bible are equally exact. The Arabs of today live as did the Jews of old. They love, dress, marry, eat, work, die, just as did their forefathers. Still the two women grind at the mill; still the men reap and the women glean; still the blind man sits by the wayside begging, and the leper cries out, "Unclean! unclean!" Still they hold the plow with one hand and like Shamgar the ox-goad in the other; still the virgins go out to meet the bridegroom and the mourners go about the streets; still they take up their beds and walk; still they dip the morsel as Judas did; still the Samaritan women come to the well for water with jars and carry it away on their heads; still the loins are girt about as of old and they wear the inner and outer garments. The mountains are still around about Jerusalem and the stars shine as brightly, and the sands by the sea are as innumerable, as when God said to Abraham,—three thousand years ago, that his seed should be as numerous as the stars in the heavens and the sands on the sea shore; Ebal and Gerizim still face each other across the valley; Carmel still looks out upon the sea and still Jerusalem is beautiful for situation. There

is a marvelous correspondence between the land and the Book.

Dr. W. M. Thompson, who spent forty years of his active life in Palestine, gives proofs and illustrations of correspondence, so minute and striking that it is scarcely possible for the candid mind not to believe that they were made for each other. Renan, a noted leader of the broadest school of skeptical thought, after an experience of two years of travel and research in the heart of Palestine says: "I have traversed in all directions the country of the Gospel. I have visited Jerusalem, Hebron, and Samaria; scarcely any important locality of the history of Jesus has escaped me. All this history which at a distance seems to float in the clouds of an unreal world, thus took a form, a solidity which astonished me. The striking agreement of the text with the places, the marvelous harmony of the Gospel ideal with a country which served it as a frame work, were like a revelation to me. I had before my eyes a Fifth Gospel, torn but still legible, and thenceforth through the narratives of Matthew and Mark instead of an abstract being, which one should say had never existed, I saw a wonderful human form, live and move."

In "The Land of Israel," published 1899, the author summing up the testimony of the land to the book says, "With such testimony before us, it must be evident to every thoughtful man, that we have in this study 'no common lesson of earth's geography.' The conviction which has directed the feet of countless hosts towards this Holy Land for long ages; which has stirred the enlightened nations of Europe to emulous activity in

keeping watch and ward over its sacred places, which to such an extraordinary degree has awakened and held the attention of the literary and scientific world in an age so practical as ours; which has made it by common assent the theme of Christian poetry and song, and the type of all that is beautiful and good in the better country beyond—does not rest upon a passing fancy or a tissue of cunningly devised fables. The marvelous adaptation of the land—as we see it today—to all the conditions of its marvelous history; its exceptional physical features; its typical universality, its double relation of exclusion from and ready intercommunication with the nations; its manifest correspondence of places with the events described, and its silent witness to scores of prophetic judgments long ago uttered, but still preserved in the volume of the book,—can not in the nature of things, have been coincidents or accidents of geographical position.”

In your pilgrimage through that land you come every day to places where the power of the other world was felt and seen, and your mind is full of visions and voices of the past. Every day there is something to tell you that Christ once walked with men in the very path which you are treading, and that these hills and fields you are looking upon were all familiar to him. In these deserted cities and places, God’s voice is still speaking where man’s voice is not heard, and you come back from that old slumbrous East to this wakeful West, with a deeper love for God’s word, with a firmer faith that God walks with men in every clime, that mercy calls the wanderer in every city, and God reigns supreme in every age and land.

The Fascination of the Land.

Palestine is the most popular and fascinating of lands. It charms and attracts men as no other place. The chief interest of mankind is in a narrow strip of mountain land which lies at the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea, whose soil is strewn with ruins and whose people have been scattered to the four corners of the earth. It was very dear to the patriarchs. Abraham loved it, and Jacob before he died made his sons swear that they would bury him in the Promised Land. Joseph, when in Egypt, desired to be taken back and buried beside his father's well. For it Moses gave up the palace and throne of Pharaoh. The Jew has clung to it, loves it, and never forgets it. You remember how homesick were the captives in Babylon. The Psalmist voices their feelings:

“By the rivers of Babylon
There we sat down; yea, we wept,
When we remembered Zion.
Upon the willows, in the midst thereof,
We hanged our harps.”

It is not only dear to the Jew but also to the Mohammedan, for the Mosque of Omar is second only to Mecca. Travelers and pilgrims from every corner of the world visit its Holy Places, and this has been going on for centuries. What is the cause? What is it that makes it the “glory of all lands?” Anything in the land itself? NO! What then? The glory of the land is that it was the birthplace of Christianity. The pre-eminence of Palestine is due to her religion. It is the Christ-land. There are holy places in the world, but there is only one holy land, and that which makes

it "holy", is that it was there the Son of God became the Son of Man. He has made the land forever glorious and endeared it to the hearts of men;—because he walked its streets, taught in its synagogues, prayed on its mountains, slept in its homes, sailed on its seas, wrought miracles in its towns, traveled on its roads, ate of its foods and drank out of its wells. It has been glorified by the residence of the King of kings for thirty and three years. It has been consecrated for all time by a sacrifice on Calvary's cross unparalleled in all history. If there had been no Christ and if that Christ had not been believed to be the Divine Son of Mary, what would the land be today?

But Christ has made it the glory of all lands. In this land was settled the question—"How to make the most of life." Over its hills and plains the angelic hosts first proclaimed the Divine message of "Good tidings of great joy to all people." Here was announced—"Though a man die, yet shall he live again."

This land possesses a charm which the finest scenery has never imparted to other lands. It "is full of historic presences and stupendous themes and religious emotions and Divine voices, and this is the reason we New Testament people love it; and this is the secret of its power to charm." Men can take the obelisks of Egypt and bring them to Paris or New York and so in some measure transfer the glory of the past, but there is a glory upon that land, that no power can take from it, or transfer to another. The Galilean has triumphed. His Divine presence fills the land and nowhere are you exempt from its sacred fascinations. He has made the land forever worth seeing. Holy

memories cling to every spot and fill its very sky. Each hill reminds you of some holy word uttered; each city calls up the name of some prophet or apostle. There is hardly a valley in which you may not recall some blessed wonder; not a river which does not murmur some old hymn or blessed psalm; not a place that does not speak of God, and "of Him whose name is above every name." Well might Ezekiel call this, "the glory of all lands."

"Dear Palestine, there is no place
That holds us with a charm like thine,
Thou cradle of a noble race,
Thou birthplace of the Man divine.
A land of glory and renown;
Of all the earth, the joy and crown.

Here, wondrous thought! the King of kings
Was born and lived, and wept and died;
Was mocked and scourged and crucified.

O land of prophet, priest and king,
O land of men inspired of God,
O land where Psalmist used to sing,
'Tis thee we love, to thee we cling."



CHAPTER II

EGYPT'S PLACE IN THE BIBLE

NEW YORK TO ALEXANDRIA—CAIRO AND ITS HISTORY
—NEW DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT—CLIMBING THE
PYRAMIDS.

"Abram went down into Egypt to sojourn there."—
Gen. 12:10.

To and through the Holy Land with a glimpse of Egypt is now our program. No two countries in the world offer so many claims on the thought of the Christian believer as Egypt and the Holy Land,—the one the cradle of Israel, the other the home of our Lord. Some people visit these lands as a matter of curiosity, some to explore them and to open up their long buried ruins to throw new light upon the Scriptures. Others go there to get experience, knowledge, and rest; to see the homes and haunts of Jesus and to study the manners and customs of the people that they may better understand the word of God. This was the real object of our party. Let me introduce you to them: nineteen in all. Our leader was Prof. J. S. Riggs, D. D., of Auburn Seminary, N. Y., who had some time before visited Egypt and Jerusalem. Four of the party were ladies, and we could not but admire their courage as they set their faces toward Jerusalem. Eleven were ministers and pastors, the others earnest students of the Word. We set sail

from New York for Antwerp, Wednesday, February 18th, crossing the Atlantic in the steamer "Westernland." On the eleventh day we were sailing up the River Scheldt. It was a lovely Sabbath morning. We were on deck watching the quaint villages and the immense dykes of Holland. Soon there stood out against the sky, the grand old cathedral of Antwerp, with its graceful spires. In a short time we reached the dock and stepped on shore. As we land, the melodious chimes of the cathedral are ringing out, bespeaking a welcome to this classic "land of bells," and dispelling everything but the pleasantest memories of the ocean voyage. As we were anxious to reach the Holy Land we did not stop to visit Europe on the way out.

From Antwerp we crossed the continent by rail to Brindisi. The whole journey was a succession of new sights and pleasures. At Brindisi we made arrangements with Gaze & Son, Tourist Agents, to take us through Egypt and Palestine, providing us with the usual outfit of horses, tents, guides and food.

Saturday evening, March the 8th, we went on board the steamer "Achilles" bound for Alexandria. The next day, Sunday, was an ideal day. The dark blue Italian sky was the emblem of purity; the smooth glassy waters the picture of repose; the balmy air so soft and sweet gave vitality at every breath. Everything about us and above us spoke of the greatness and tenderness of God. On Monday we sailed "close by Crete" and despite the rain we were all on deck to get a glimpse of that island so associated with Paul, but all we could see was a rough, rocky shore and mountains capped

with snow. This was our first contact with Bible lands. Tuesday "there arose a tempestuous wind" and the Mediterranean behaved badly. The sea was stirred to its depths and we had a taste of what Paul and Jonah had long ago.

The Old Book described seasickness better than any other, when it speaks of those who "reel to and fro," who "stagger like a drunken man, abhor all manner of meats and are at their wits end and draw near unto the gates of death." Homer sang long ago "the way to Egypt is long and vexatious," and so have many others been compelled to sing.

It was a happy announcement Wednesday morning that we were in sight of land. At nine o'clock we were anchored at the dock of Alexandria and amid the howling boatmen we stepped ashore, thankful that for the present, there was "no more sea." The arrival of the steamer in the harbor was a signal to the boatmen for a scene of the wildest confusion.

Men of every color besiege the traveler, shouting and pushing and rushing upon him as though they were a pack of wolves intent upon their prey. Such is your inevitable greeting as you enter Egypt, but if you keep your temper you are landed successfully and you comfort yourself with the thought that you are face to face with the oldest civilization of the world and beyond its noise and rabble lie the pyramids and temples of the Nile, silent, still and solemn.

Alexandria is the gate to Egypt. It is an old city and a walk through it is a fitting introduction to Oriental lands. Twenty centuries ago it ranked among the largest and most brilliant cities of the Orient. It

contained a half a million inhabitants and was the centre of commerce between the east and the west. For centuries it was the chief seat of Jewish, Grecian and Christian learning. It was famous for its libraries and as the seat of various church councils. It contained the Alexandrian library, the largest of ancient times, with its half million manuscript rolls, embracing the literary treasures of Greece, Rome and India. This precious collection was destroyed in 642 A. D. "If these books teach the Koran," said Caliph Omar, "they are superfluous; if they teach what is not in the Koran they are harmful. Let them be destroyed"—and they vanished in flame and smoke. Nor can the traveler forget that the great schools of philosophy were established here. Two centuries before Christ the Hebrew Scriptures were here translated into the Greek. The Jews settled here in great numbers. They spoke Greek and it was for their benefit that the Old Testament was translated into that language. It was known as the "Septuagint," from the seventy translators.

A great change has come over the city and but little of its former glory remains. The Pharos, considered one of the seven wonders of the world, is no longer visible. Its obelisks have been sent to distant lands. Cleopatra's needles which were hewn from the quarries, 3,500 years ago, are gone—one of them standing on the banks of the Thames, and the other which bears the name of Rameses II, stands in Central Park, New York City. One great memorial of the past remains,—Pompey's Pillar. It is an imposing shaft of red granite from the Nile, attaining a height of over a hundred feet. Modern Alexandria is now almost a new city.

It has attained considerable commercial importance, having a population of more than 200,000, of whom 50,000 are Europeans. Within the past quarter of a century the trade of Alexandria has greatly increased as well as that of all Egypt. The west is reviving Egypt through the peaceful avenues of trade, and the steamship with its freight is one of the chief sources of its wealth. Centuries of dreadful oppression crushed the spirit of the Egyptian but a government of just laws is now encouraged by England and allied powers.

Since the English occupation it has been found that the crops of Egypt may be vastly increased. The essential requisite is irrigation, and the government has projected a scheme to construct an immense dam on the Nile at Assouan. This dam is intended to store up the water of the river and to use it as needed for purposes of irrigation during the hot summer months. The contract was let to an English company and the whole cost is estimated at \$25,000,000. Work was begun in 1898 and the British contractors completed it July, 1902. It is built of granite quarried near the place, the same material as furnished the obelisks that once stood in Alexandria. The dam is 76 feet high in places and with its approaches nearly a mile and a quarter long. It is estimated that it will hold two hundred and fifty billion gallons of water. The enterprise is colossal. To create in the heart of an African desert a lake two or three times as large as Lake Geneva is a stupendous undertaking and in the opinion of some exceeds in greatness as it certainly does in usefulness the construction of the Pyramids.

Egypt is now fairly in the march of progress. Irri-

gation is the lever of this progress, and this is to be done by harnessing the Nile. Indeed with a reliable supply of water, farming and cotton and cane culture can be pursued in Egypt with more certainty of success than in any other country. Since the British occupation the population has increased from 7,000,000 to 10,000,000. This result is largely due to caring for child life, by teaching the common people to observe rational rules for cleanliness and order. These changes give promising signs that Egypt may rise from the dust and take her place again among the leaders of civilization. The day may not be far distant when it may be said as fact and not as prophecy, "Blessed be Egypt, the people of Jehovah."

Thursday morning, March the 12th, we left Alexandria for Cairo, the capital of Egypt. The journey takes about five hours by train. The tickets are marked with Arabic letters which an Irishman compared to a hen-scratch. The road passes through the rich plains of Egypt and along the right bank of the Nile. The land is rich and fertile; the soil of black loam from 25 to 30 feet deep. Every year the Nile enriches it with a new deposit of soil from the mountains. When we passed through the country in March the River Nile was near its lowest point. The fields which were covered with water in November had become dry, so that the farmers were plowing for their spring crops. The wheat and barley which some time before had been cast upon the water—that is before the water receded—were well headed out and would be ready for the sickle in less than a month. Thus

we had an illustration of the text, "cast thy bread upon the face of the water for thou shalt find it after many days." The farmers or peasants of Egypt as of other lands, form the bulk of the population and are the backbone of the country. They are a strong, hardy race and seldom grow stout or fat, the women being of a slender build. They live in small villages. Their houses are made of mud which is dried and hardened by the sun, covered over with straw or old mats, and usually without a single tree to cast its cool shade.

Their mode of living is very frugal. Their staple food being beans, milk, and bread made of sorghum flour; wheaten flour being eaten only by the wealthier classes. The dress of the Egyptian peasant calls for but little remark. Of course the rich are arrayed in costumes of extravagant profuseness, but the dresses of the poorer people are so limited and scanty that it is a compliment to call them costumes at all. Sometimes you see a man clad in a single garment that has never known the touch of scissors, and only a few stitches with a needle. He takes a long strip of cloth, folds it across the middle, cuts a hole through the folding for the head, then sews the sides together, except places for the arms and the man is completely dressed. In fact, it is one straight piece of cotton that serves as head-dress, coat, jacket and trousers. The dress of the peasant woman is also of the simplest kind and devoid of style, shape or pattern. All Moslem women are required to wear veils on their faces while out shopping or visiting the bazaars, and their husbands can scarcely know their own wives should they happen to meet them on the street.

As we rode through the Valley of the Nile we were in a new world. The houses, trees, animals, people, customs and country were all new to us. As we advance, green fields of cotton, beans, wheat and barley pass before us; flocks of wild ducks, pelicans and storks; trains of camels and donkeys loaded with sacks of grain and other foreign products; hundreds of mud villages with great throngs of people gathered at every station; men on every side sowing grain and irrigating the soil; instead of our northern oaks and southern pines, the banana and the stately palm—its leaves from 10 to 15 feet long; funeral processions, the bier on which the body rested carried on the shoulders of four strong men, a company of hired mourners going before, chanting plaintively and the relatives following; wedding processions with the bride riding on a camel under a red canopy trimmed with gold, and in the dim distance, the yellow sands of the desert and the grand and lofty Pyramids; all this made an interesting and varied panorama.

At one o'clock we reached Cairo. We now are in the very heart of Egypt, for Cairo is the center of Egyptian life and gaiety. It is a beautiful city with gardens, avenues, museums, mosques, bazaars, churches and mission schools. It is a cosmopolitan city and the ideal city of the "Arabian Nights." It was founded only 1,500 years ago and is therefore considered in Egypt of recent growth. Its population is about 400,000. It is a stronghold of Mohammedanism, yet in it are Christian missions and missionaries that are doing a noble work. This whole Mediterranean region was once under the sway of Christianity

and such workers do much to regain for the Cross the territory lost.

If one wishes to get a good view of the city he must go to the citadel. From this point Cairo is seen in all its beauty, with its 400 minarets, pointing like jewelled fingers to the sky. The citadel was built in the twelfth century by Saladin. Many of the Pyramids were used as building materials for the fortress. In this citadel Mehemet lived and exercised his power.

New Cairo has of late years become a favorite winter residence. Magnificent hotels have sprung up, and in winter they are crowded. One of the great charms of Egypt is its climate. It has been called the "Land of the Sun"—and well deserves the name. From February to June the days are bright, balmy and beautiful. Its clear cloudless sky, its glorious sunsets, its nights when the sky seems to be one mass of stars are all very attractive. There is no frost or dew and only very little rain—a real heavy rain storm occurring once in twenty years. Egypt is not only the land of sunshine and starlight, but it is also famous for the exquisite purity of its atmosphere. This is in consequence of being surrounded by deserts on all sides. Egypt runs north and south between two deserts. On the western side of the valley, the huge sand plains of the Sahara begin, and stretch away for 4,000 miles to the shores of the Atlantic; on the eastern side of Egypt is the desert of Arabia, spreading another 4,000 miles of desert on that side of it, so that Egypt is a small tract of land in the centre of 8,000 miles of desert. The winds blowing across the desert purify the air and the parched sand absorbs from the

atmosphere the moisture. Thus the remains of tombs and temples are preserved in a state of perfection without parallel in any other country.

Here the gnawing "tooth of time" may be said to have almost suspended operations. There are temples in Egypt that have been roofless for 2,000 years,—the paintings on their walls maintain their colors almost as fresh as when they were put on. Tombs when opened are found to contain rolls of papyri unchanged during the lapse of thirty centuries. Had the monuments that strew the Nile been placed in any other climate they would long since have perished.

One of the sights of the city is the old Moslem University founded about a thousand years ago. It is the largest in the world, having 10,000 students and over 300 professors. The Koran is the only text book studied and is grammar, logic, law, philosophy, as well as theology. The university has the appearance of a large Sunday School. The students sit cross legged on the floor, in small groups, listening to the teacher; there they also eat and sleep on a blanket or straw mat, for there are no chairs or beds or comforts of any kind.

The typical animal of Egypt is the donkey. There are said to be 50,000 in Cairo alone. Some of them are white, but most of them are the color of maltese cats, and are closely clipped. Some of them are so small that the feet of the riders almost touch the ground, but they are swift footed and riding on their backs is almost as comfortable as sitting in a rocking chair. The Egyptian donkey is a great institution. He is horse, carriage and cart, and sometimes a family

companion, for often he may be found domiciled in the homes of the peasants. Is a trunk to be moved, it is clapped on the back of a donkey and held by two or three Arab boys; is water to be carried, he is loaded down with leathern bottles full of it; is a traveler anxious to get to a certain place or pass through a crowded street in a hurry, this faithful little animal is at once brought into requisition. "Why is it," asks Stoddard, "that a good word is never said for the donkey? The horse is universally admired, the Arab poet sings of his camel, and even the dog and cat have been praised in song, but the donkey still remains the symbol of stupidity and the object of abuse."

If you have a donkey, you must have a donkey-boy. These donkey-boys are a jolly, good-natured lot of fellows. They tell you at the hotel, if you want to know anything, ask the donkey-boy. Their simple dress consists of a blue cotton shirt reaching from the shoulders to a little below the knee. This constitutes the lad's entire wardrobe except a sort of skull cap for the head. No provision seems to be made for a change of clothing. When you step out of your hotel or give a hint that you want a ride it is a signal for a grand rush. Instantly, thirty or forty donkeys, all saddled and bridled are around you. Every nose is within twenty inches of yours, every ear within forty and their bodies all around you, so that you are compelled to take a donkey or remain a prisoner. It is amusing to see the earnestness in which the boys in broken English present the claims of their respective animals. They quickly discern the nationality of a traveler. They recommend their long-eared animal to a German

as donkey "Bismarck," to a Frenchman as "Napoleon," to an Englishman as "Gladstone," to an American as "Abe Lincoln" or "Yankee Doodle."

When the traveler has mounted, the boy guides the donkey with a stick right and left. He catches hold of the donkey's tail, gives him a whack in the rear, utters some mysterious words and off the donkey goes on a gallop. The donkey enjoys a gallop; he also enjoys a crowd; chooses the densest part of it for his way but he never treads on a baby, runs down an old woman, or upsets a market basket. His delight is to go through a crowded bazaar or street and mine is to go with him. It is worth a visit to Egypt to see the river Nile, to climb the Pyramids and to have a ride on a donkey.

Another great charm of Cairo is the street life and bazaars. It is as amusing and bewildering as an Arabian Nights' entertainment. It is a moving panorama of all nationalities, creeds, languages, costumes and a striking picture of Oriental life.

The traveler, however, soon turns from modern to ancient Egypt. He longs to know something of this old land and the life of its people whose works are the wonder of the world. At every step one encounters pyramids, monuments, temples, ruins, which excite the highest admiration. Other nations may have known the art of writing as early as they, but nothing of it remains, whereas, Egyptian paintings and writings hewn in stone and burned in clay, or written on papyrus have survived the ravages of succeeding ages. It is only within the last century that any real knowledge of Egypt has been obtained, and only within the

last few years has such knowledge become diffused, so that now we know more about Egyptians than any other extinct race. Every one has heard of the Egyptian hieroglyphics or characters sculptured on ancient monuments. They were the earlier efforts of man to make his thoughts take visible form, or to express his ideas in printed speech, so as to be intelligible to his brotherman. What a history we would have if we could trace back, step by step, the process by which man has arrived at the art of printing, from its first and rudest forms down to the latest issue of a daily paper or a monthly magazine.

Man's first effort to write history—to fix the memory of a great event was to pile up a cairn of stones or a mound of earth and fasten some frail memorial thereon. Advancing a step he takes a piece of bark or skin, draws on it a rude picture of the event he would record! After a time he chooses a more enduring material for his picture, and roughly scratches it on a block of stone. Having exhausted his ingenuity in adapting pictures as a medium for conveying his thoughts, he advances another step by adopting the symbolic form of writing, by which certain characters were used to stand for certain things.

This was the Egyptian hieroglyphic form and was far in advance of the picture writing; in fact, it was the stepping stone to our own alphabetic writing. In the sacred writings of the Egyptians are found figures of almost everything in heaven and earth—men, beasts, birds, fishes, flowers and fruits, to represent certain things. The image of the sun was used to represent day; a crescent expressed a month, as being the sign

of the moon; a bee was the emblem of a king, because a sort of monarchy existed in the hive; justice was signified by an ostrich feather, because all the feathers on the body of that bird are equal.

These hieroglyphics of the Egyptians were for ages a mystery, but their meaning has been unveiled and explained, so that now the inscriptions on tombs and mummies can be read about as easily as Hebrew and Greek. The key which led to this grand discovery was the "Rosetta stone," as it is called, now one of the valued treasures of the British museum. It was discovered by a French engineer in Napoleon's army in 1799, amidst the ruins of an old Temple, while excavating for a fort. It is a smooth flat stone of black granite about four feet long and two and a half feet wide. The upper part is broken away, but what is left is priceless. Upon this stone was an inscription in three different languages.

- (a) The unknown hieroglyphic characters.
- (b) Its translation into later Egyptian.
- (c) The same thing in Greek.

The writing was a decree set up in honor of Ptolemy, one of the rulers of Egypt, two hundred years before Christ, the same thing being written in the three languages. For years the ablest scholars were employed in studying its characters in connection with other inscriptions. By a comparison of the known Greek with unknown Egyptian characters, a key was found by which to decipher the symbols of the Pharaohs. In Greek was the word "Ptolemy" and they discovered the same word in the hieroglyphics; certain marks stood for certain letters and the whole mystery

was solved. Here was the discovery of an unknown tongue and by it the whole literature of Egypt was suddenly opened up. From that moment the land of darkness became a land of light.

Egypt has a large and important place in the Bible. All the patriarchs from Abraham to Joseph were there at different times. Solomon, like Joseph, got his wife there. And when the Son of God appeared on earth, he was carried down into Egypt as an infant to escape the cruelty of Herod. It was the only available place of refuge, and the only land except Palestine in which any part of his earthly life was spent. Thus was fulfilled that which God said in prophecy, "Out of Egypt have I called my Son." Egypt was for a time, as Dean Stanley says, "The Holy Land"—being the nursery of the Hebrew nation. It was on the banks of the Nile and around Cairo that Israel from a few persons multiplied into a great nation. Egypt became one of Israel's great teachers, and when they returned to the Promised Land they carried with them much of the art and culture they had learned in Egypt.

There are several important points of contact between the ancient history of Egypt and the history of Israel.

(1) Abraham's visit to Egypt.

About two thousand years before Christ, Abraham with his wife and relatives, quitted the valley of the Euphrates, and turned westward in search of a new home. From "Ur of the Chaldees," the most important emigration of our race commenced. Moving westward he at length reaches the land of Canaan and settles in the lovely vale of Shechem where he builds his first

altar to Jehovah. Soon after, we read, "there was a famine in the land" which compels him to turn his face southward and take refuge for a time in Egypt. The twelfth chapter of Genesis tells about his departure from his native home and his sojourn in Egypt. The incidents are briefly told, and the Bible narrative is in harmony with facts. The lack of rain in Palestine frequently caused scarcity of food. Egypt on the other hand, owing to its unfailing water supply from the Nile, was a land of the rarest fertility and was long called the granary of the world. When Abraham arrived in Egypt he found a monarchy and a powerful and wealthy nation. Magnificent palaces and pyramids adorned the banks of the Nile. The monarch was called Pharaoh—a general name for sovereigns of Egypt. While there he was rebuked by Pharaoh for trying to palm off his wife as his sister.

(2) Joseph in Egypt.

Nowhere do we find a more fascinating story than that of Joseph; nowhere do we find clearer illustrations of God's providence. Egypt was the making of Joseph and Joseph was the making of Israel. He was taken to Egypt when seventeen years of age. His sale to the Ishmaelites at Dothan; his bondage in Egypt; his temptation; the dreams of the butler and the baker; the two dreams of Pharaoh and their interpretation; his elevation as a ruler are all shown to be thoroughly Egyptian. Egypt is crowded with facts suggestive of Joseph and the children of Israel. There is nothing conflicting or discordant in the main points of his history. Was the promise to be fulfilled which had been made to Abraham two hundred years previously,

that God would make of him a great nation and give him a land and seed? The prospect was dark, but from God's side it was bright and he was preparing a way for its fulfilment. Joseph must go to Egypt, and the children of Israel must go there also. They must go through a course of training and discipline before they can possess the land of Canaan. Joseph for a time is their protector and leader. He has the capacity of Abraham, the purity of Isaac and the sagacity of his father Jacob. He advances to power and prominence in Egypt. Jacob, his father, after wandering for twenty-one years outside of Canaan comes back and settles near Hebron. There is another famine in the land.

Jacob hears that there is plenty in Egypt and his sons are sent there to procure food. Soon Jacob and his whole family are invited into Egypt to occupy the best part of the land. God raises up a man to take the Children of Israel down to Egypt as well as a man to take them out. Joseph settles them in Goshen, a land flowing with milk and honey. We passed through it by rail on our way from Cairo to the Suez canal. The generosity of Joseph, the meeting with his father and brethren is one of the most tender and touching stories in all literature. It all took place in Egypt. We need not follow the history. Jacob dies and is reverently taken to Hebron and laid in the cave of Machpelah, beside his grandfather Abraham. Joseph dies and at his own request is buried at Shechem and his tomb is to be seen today—only about five hundred yards from his father's well. After Joseph's death, "there arose up a king over Egypt which knew not

Joseph." The new Pharaoh was tyrannical and a cruel oppressor.

One of the most remarkable discoveries of recent times is the mummy of the Pharaoh of the oppression. It was found near Thebes in July, 1881, by Prof. Maspero, the eminent French Egyptologist. For some time previous to the discovery travelers coming down the Nile were often found to have unusually valuable relics of antiquity, which had evidently come from Egyptian tombs, and some one was making a regular trade in such things. When the fact came to the notice of Prof. Maspero he saw the importance of tracing the relics to their source. Four natives in humble life held the secret. He tried by persuasion, by bribes, by imprisonment and it is said even by torture to discover the treasure. They would tell nothing. At last they began to quarrel and one of the four fearing lest any other should let out the secret and hoping to make more by telling it than by keeping it, went to the civil governor of the place and said he was willing to show where they had found the relics. The man then led them to the place. He pointed out a hole in the mountain side concealed by a great stone. They went down a shaft like a well about forty feet, and then along a passage about two hundred feet, and there in a chamber about twenty-three feet long and thirteen feet wide, they were shown something which threw in the shade all previous discoveries even in the land of Egypt. With wonder and delight they saw piled up a large number of the mummied bodies of the Pharaohs who reigned in Egypt in Bible times, over three thousand years ago. These relics of a remote past were all re-

moved with the greatest care to Cairo and now they lie in the Boulac Museum. On June 1, 1886, Maspero carefully unrolled the wrappings of the royal mummy and exposed to view the features of the Pharaoh of the oppression, features which had been seen last by relatives thirty centuries before. His proper name was Rameses II, and it was found written in black ink on his mummy case, and again on the winding sheet. Rameses was one of the great figures of antiquity. He was among the Pharaohs what Napoleon was among the rulers of France.

When this great king came to the throne of Egypt he found in Goshen, the northeast corner of his kingdom, an alien people. He saw that they were multiplying very fast and he began to be afraid of them, and determined to crush them. He would not destroy them but would break their spirit with slave labor, and so he set them to hard toil of all kinds, "and made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field; all their services wherein they made them serve was with rigor."

But the "more they afflicted them the more they multiplied and grew." When this method of oppression failed, the king commanded that all the Hebrew male children should be put to death as soon as they were born; his second command being that the male children should be cast into the river. The river is the Nile. It was in obedience to this last command that the infant Moses was laid in the Nile in an ark of bulrushes and was found by Rameses' daughter; his life spared and brought up in the palace of the king.

Here he lived for forty years, being taught in all the wisdom of the Egyptians and mighty in words and deeds. But when Moses was forty years of age there came a crisis in his life. He refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." Incurring the rage of Rameses by slaying an Egyptian he fled to the land of Midian, where he dwelt for forty years.

But "it came to pass in process of time that the king of Egypt died." He was succeeded by his own son, Menephtah, who became the Pharaoh of the Exodus, and who increased the burdens and woes of the Hebrew captives. When the children of Israel could bear the oppression no longer they cried to God to deliver them and he heard their cry. They had served their time in Egypt in God's plan. Now they are to leave the land of bondage for the land of Canaan. God has a man ready to lead them out,—Moses. God calls him from Midian and says, "Come now therefore and I will send thee unto Pharaoh that thou mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel out of Egypt." That was the most important call that ever came to any man. "History," says Bunsen, "was born on that night when Moses with the law of God in his heart led the people of Israel out of Egypt." We all remember the response to the call.

The museum at Cairo contains an unrivalled collection of treasures of ancient Egypt, but among them all none equal in interest the mummy of Rameses, on account of its place in sacred history. It lies up stairs in a distant part of the museum, in a large hall well

lighted from above. Of course we went to see it. The keepers speak only Arabic, but the one word Rameses is enough, for every keeper knows what every visitor wants to see. Rameses lies in a coffin of sycamore wood, evidently not as old as the mummy itself, and under a glass case. This is Prof. Maspero's own description of him as he looks now: "The head is long and small in proportion to the body. The top of the head is quite bare. On the temples are a few sparse hairs, at other parts the hair is quite thick. The forehead is low and narrow; the eyebrows are thick and white, the eyes are small and close together; the nose is long and thin and arched; the cheek bones are very prominent; the ears round, standing out from the head and pierced like those of a woman for the wearing of earrings. The jawbone is massive and strong; the chin very prominent, the mouth small but thick lipped. The teeth are much worn and very brittle but white and well preserved. The face of the mummy gives a fair idea of the living king. The expression is unintellectual, perhaps slightly animal; but there is plainly to be seen an air of sovereign majesty, of resolve, and of pride. * * * The body is that of an old man, but a vigorous and robust old man. We know that Rameses reigned for sixty-seven years and must have been nearly a hundred years old when he died." It certainly is an interesting sight to look on the face of a man who lived three thousand years ago and whom Moses knew in his day.

Menephtah, the son and successor of Rameses, came to the throne in his old age.

One form of oppression recorded of him was his

forcing the Hebrews to make bricks without straw and it is possible that some of these bricks have been found in this age of discoveries. Exodus 1:11 says: "And the Hebrew built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Rameses." Within the last few years, the treasure city of Pithom, the work of the enslaved Hebrews, was discovered by Naville, a Frenchman. The ruins are in the land of Goshen. The building was of brick and on some of these was the name of the king in the Egyptian language. Other inscriptions say that the work was done by foreigners and slaves. Naville says of the brick which he has found, "Many of them are made with straw or with fragments of reeds, of which traces are still to be seen, and some are of Nile mud without any straw at all."

This is a most significant sentence when we put it by the side of the following from Scripture: "Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick, let them go and gather straw for themselves." What became of Pharaoh of the Exodus?

Prof. Robinson of Chicago writing from Egypt, April, 1900, about the discovery of a mummy of Menephtah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, says: "The actual discovery took place several months ago, when far up the Nile, at a place called Deir el-Bahri, opposite Luxor, nine royal mummies were unearthed, but when reported to the officials at Cairo, were ordered to be re-enclosed in their hiding place and kept secure until an appropriate time should be found to transport them to Gizeh. At length they were brought down the river to the museum and on February 10th of this year in the presence of Prof. Maspero, the director, the

cases were opened and the discovery made that upon the breast of one was the name of Menephtah (the Pharaoh of the Exodus). Groff, the American Egyptologist, now working in the museum, was the first to read the cartouche, Maspero trembled as he read, could not write and as we are told, rushed out. They paused without uncovering the face. But all the authorities present agree that the cartouche was indisputably that of Menephtah."

As the mummies of these old Pharaohs are discovered and unrolled before us the question occurs may we not expect to look on the face of Jacob and perhaps of Joseph. Jacob and Joseph were both embalmed. There are mummies in good preservation as old as these would be and it appears as likely that Jacob at least will yet be found as it was twenty-five years ago that Rameses II should be found. The Bible has nothing to fear from Egyptology. All discoveries and research, confirm the story of Israel in Egypt. "Far more witnesses for the book have come from the valley of the Nile than from the valley of the Jordan," says a late writer, and doubtless more are to follow. Evidence dug out of the earth, written in marble and carved on tombs, tells of things as they were thousands of years ago.

Egypt has a large place in the Bible and also in history. It was an old country when Abraham visited it. The people who built the pyramids 4,000 years ago, were no barbarians. They must have been a nation thousands of years before they built the pyramids, or Memphis. We find enormous blocks of stone in the interior of the pyramids fitted with a nicety which

almost defies the search for a joint and when we think of the civilization and culture that must have been attained before they could have finished such workmanship, we are astonished. Six miles northeast of Cairo is the city of Heliopolis, the city of the sun, the "On" of the forty-first chapter of Genesis. Here Moses was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians and probably near here the family of Jacob first resided when they came to Egypt. Joseph married the daughter of a priest at Heliopolis; here Herodotus acquired most of his knowledge. In this place Plato, the prince of Greek philosophy, studied. The only relic of the great city that remains is one majestic obelisk of red granite—68 feet high. It is the oldest of its kind in existence. Moses no doubt looked upon it and Plato may have rested in its shadow.

Another expedition we made to Memphis, nine miles south of Cairo. The Bible speaks of Memphis under the name of Noph (Isa. 19:13). Marietta Bey, who died in 1881 and who had given his life and fortune to Egyptian explorations, did much to resurrect this old city. Through his heroic labors thousands of statues and relics were brought to light. At Memphis, Joseph was prime minister and Moses a ruler, and it was from this city that after the solemn night of the passover Pharaoh's horses and his chariots went forth to pursue the people of God. The only notable thing today remaining of the city is a colossal statue of Rameses, forty feet long, and prostrate on its face—a fit emblem of fallen glory. A grove of stately palms covers the site of this ancient city and silence and

solitude reign supreme. Ezekiel prophesied its blotting out and the prophecy has been literally fulfilled.

The same day we visited the metropolis of Sakkara, near the ruins of Memphis. Here Marietta discovered the famous cemetery of the Sacred Bulls, once worshiped by the Egyptians. We also visited one of the homes of the great men of Egypt. The Egyptians were profoundly devoted to religion and their temples and tombs are both expressions of their devotion. They had some ideas of God and Immortality, but very vague. They worshiped idols and built as magnificent tombs for bulls and beetles as for kings and rulers. At Memphis the Sacred Bull was worshiped as an incarnation of the god of the Sun and he had his splendid tomb and attendant priests. Perhaps the golden calf of Aaron was but an imitation and a reminiscence of the Sacred Bull of Egypt. The bulls were embalmed and buried in a huge coffin made of granite and deposited in great chambers cut in the solid rock. We went down into the subterranean cavern with candles in our hands and directed by our guide we walked in a quarter of a mile viewing the empty tombs.

There were twenty-four of them, each one fifteen feet long and seven feet wide and made of one solid block of granite. Here the mummies of the Sacred Bulls were kept and hidden away.

When Marietta unearthed this vast cemetery he found that the tombs had been opened by plunderers in the hope of finding treasure. But for some reason one had escaped the ruthless hands of the robbers. When he lifted the great lid of the coffin he saw in the mortar the signet impress of the mason who had closed

it long before the time of Moses; and here in a layer of sand were the footprints of the men who had consigned the Sacred Bull to its tomb and closed the door as they supposed,—forever. What wonder, then, when Marietta found himself face to face with such a stupendous fact and looking upon a sight that no eye had looked upon for forty centuries, he was completely overcome and burst into tears.

After our delightful explorations we returned to the Nile, crossed it in a boat, donkeys and all, rode to the station five miles, took the train back to Cairo, where we were at once transported from the silence and mystery of the past ages to the noise and reality of the present.

The Nile.

Of all rivers in the world, this is the most extraordinary. For ages its source was unknown, but now we know that it rises in two lakes: Victoria and Albert, in the heart of Africa. These two lakes, filled by rivers, fed by snowy mountains, pour their waters into the Nile. The river hastens towards Egypt, rich with mud and mineral wealth, such as blesses no other river. It flows over cataracts, between frowning mountains, past living and dead cities until it reaches Egypt; enriching and watering the land—at last emptying itself in the Mediterranean. For the last 1,500 miles of its course, that is, for nearly one half its length, it receives no tributaries, but flows on under the hot sun with a sandy wilderness on either side. Yet for all its loss by evaporation in that hot climate, as well as by the hundreds of canals which lead the water

out to fields right and left, and finally, by the great drafts made upon it by men and beasts drinking out of it, it seems to pour into the sea a broader and larger stream than it showed a thousand miles away.

The rise of the water in the upper Nile commences in February. By March it is perceptible at Khartoum; at Dongola in April and at Egypt in June. It continues to rise for three months. Early in October it rises its full height, remains thus for a month, and then gradually subsides. If the river rises to a height of twenty-four feet above the low water level, there will be an abundant harvest. If it only rises eighteen or twenty feet there will be a famine as in the days of Joseph. The rise of the river is looked forward to with the deepest interest. It is hailed with thanksgiving, and songs of rejoicing are heard all along its rapidly disappearing banks. The water changes to a dark red, overflows the banks, covers the adjacent plains, and when it recedes there is left a rich deposit of mud. Then the farmer has little to do but to scatter seed and he reaps an abundant harvest.

Not only does the Nile give the Egyptian a soil and crop, bread and water and fish; but it is the great highway of commerce, for it is navigable nearly the year round. It is thus the artery of Egypt, upon whose pulsations the existence of the land depends. Herodotus well calls Egypt "The gift of the Nile."

Between the valley of the Nile and the adjoining desert a ceaseless warfare goes on—the old struggle between Life and Death. To the Egyptians, the river represented the creative principle; just as the desert

symbolized the death principle. Surely it is not strange that the old Egyptians worshiped the Nile as a god. It is the Eastern father of waters,

“Whose waves have cast
More riches round them, as the current rolled
Through many climes its solitary flood,
Than if they surged with gold.”

The Pyramids.

A ride of an hour and a half from Cairo takes us to the edge of the desert and to the base of the Pyramids. We drive across the Nile by a long iron bridge and ride nearly all the way under an avenue of acacia trees. As we look at these massive monuments of the past rising on the edge of the desert we conclude there must have been giants in those days who built towers whose tops reached unto heaven—giants in conception and achievement—giants in art and engineering skill. To say that they are impressive, is nothing; they fill one with a sense of the greatness of the people who before Greece had an existence, or Rome a name, could conceive and construct such stupendous monuments.

They are great because of their mystery, size and age. The largest of the Pyramids—for there are thirty in all—is Cheops. It is built on a solid rock, rising about 100 feet above the level of the desert. It covers now about eleven acres of ground—was once two acres larger, is in the form of a square, broad at the base and coming to a point at the top. One must make use of figures and comparisons to give those who have not seen them, some idea of the immensity of these

masses of stone. The original height of Cheops was 482 feet; about 30 feet of the top has been taken off for standing room for tourists, but even now it is higher than the top of St. Peter's; and if this Pyramid were hollow the Church of St. Peter could be placed within, dome and all, like an ornament in a glass case! St. Paul's in London could in turn be easily placed inside St. Peter's, for the top of its dome is 100 feet lower than the top of the great Pyramid. Each of its sides measures at the base 764 feet. Think of a field of thirteen acres completely covered with a solid mountain of stone, some of the stones thirty feet long, all piled together with such precision and accuracy that astronomical calculations have been based on its angles and shadows, since the mighty pile was built exactly facing the cardinal points of the compass. This mass of solid masonry would seem to assure to the pyramids a well nigh endless existence. "All things," it is said, "fear time, but Time fears the Pyramids." It is certainly the oldest, largest and loftiest structure ever reared by the hand of man and well might Napoleon fire his soldiers by pointing to this old monarch and saying, "Forty centuries look down upon you!"

It is the ambition of every tourist not only to see the base of the pyramid but to stand on the top of it, and so all but one of our party determined to make the ascent. The climb can not be made without helpers, but these can be easily secured. Now we begin the perilous ascent of 450 feet up the side of the pyramid; each person has two or three Arab guides; one Arab unrolls his turban and ties it around your waist and holds on to the other end as a matter of safety. The

pyramids look like a gigantic flight of stairs, with immense stone steps. Many of the blocks of stone are from four to six feet high, and beyond any human stride unless assisted; but with an Arab on the step above to pull, and another on the stone below to push, you find yourself ascending rapidly. During the first 100 or 200 feet we stop often for rest and mutual encouragement, with only a margin of two feet of stone to stand upon. We look up and mentally measure the distance yet to be overtaken and it seems as if it would reach the stars. We look downward 200 feet and begin to calculate the velocity of falling bodies. But there is no retreat now. For the time being we are not free moral agents for we are in the hands of the Arabs. We start again, ascending from stone to stone, from height to height, until at last with a pull and a push and a shout we are on the top of the pyramid.

What a magnificent view! unequalled in the world—hundreds of miles westward stretches the vast desert of Sahara, scattering its first golden sands at the very base of the pyramid. Yonder the Nile, rolling along in its lonely grandeur, fed from the clouds of heaven, and the mighty Abyssinian hills, spreading life and fertility wherever it flows. Yonder Memphis in ruins whose streets were a day's journey long, and in the distance Cairo with its gardens, palm trees and four hundred minarets glittering in the sun!

Only a short distance from the pyramids we look down upon the Sphinx. The Sphinx has the head and shoulders of a man, upon the body of a lion, supposed to represent the union of intellect and strength. This huge monster of stone was one piece cut from the



CLIMBING THE PYRAMIDS.

native rock, and the places where the rock would not adapt itself to the desired form, pieces of stone were fitted in. From the crown of the head to the platform upon which rests its enormous paws, it measures 64 feet, while the massive head measures around the forehead 85 feet. As you come up from the East it stands directly facing you, looking toward the eastern sky as if to catch the first glimpse of the golden sun of the morning. The sands of the desert have tried to wrap it up and cover it; its hands and head have been mutilated by travelers; its nose has been nearly destroyed; deep furrows have been plowed in the neck and body, but there it still stands on the edge of the awful desert, grand, solemn and majestic—the symbol of eternity. It was more than a thousand years old before Abraham was born.

Now we descend, and descent is more trying than ascent to timid people, for it is impossible not to see the terrible depths below; but with one Arab ahead to help us down and another to hold us back we are lowered hand below hand until the ground is invitingly near, and then amid the shouts of the Arabs we are safely landed.

Isaiah said: "In that day there shall be an altar to the Lord in the land of Egypt and a pillar at the border of the desert thereof to the Lord, and it shall be for a sign and a witness." "A pillar," surely this is the greatest pillar ever lifted. "At the border of the land," this pyramid is on the border between the land and the desert, and "shall be a sign and a witness,"—this pyramid is a witness and a grave old preacher. If this mighty pyramid could only speak

what a witness it would be of the past! How much it could explain to us! If its stony lips could speak what a story it would tell. Let it speak. "Hear me man, mortal and immortal. Isaiah said I would be a sign and a witness. I saw Moses when he was a lad. Joseph and his brethren often gazed upon me in wonder. I witnessed the funeral procession of the Rameses the Great. I saw the signs and wonders of Moses. I saw yonder majestic Nile rolling through these fertile plains in torrents of blood. I saw those fearful flashes of lightning and heard those awful thunders and felt the force of that fierce storm of hail that smote man and beast. I witnessed the procession of the Israelites as they started for the land of Canaan. I heard the wailings that came up from the homes as the angel of death walked in terror through the land. I heard from the imperial palace in yonder Memphis the confession that these wonders and miracles extorted. It was the triumph of the king of kings, the exaltation of the Lord of Lords.

"Alexander the Great admired my proportions; Homer and Plato knew about me. I am old. I am very old. I have seen the best things to be seen in the world. During my time, empires, dynasties, religions and entire races have risen and fallen. For thousands of years I have watched the coming and going of generations. They tarry a little and then pass away.

"Beware what you do, O man! If you will see the emptiness of human ambition look around you. These ruins and monuments are silent preachers of the brevity of man's earthly life, and the desolation which

shall gather round his proudest works. If you are to be affectionately remembered after you are dead, do not trust to earthly monuments. Build a character that will live when these pyramids are levelled with the sands of the desert. I am slowly passing away—I shall one day become a ruin. But you are immortal! you have a soul that will outlive me and all the great temples of this land. Live for eternity. Live for God. He dwells not in beasts and birds; nor yet in sculptured stone. He fills heaven with glory and the earth is full of his works. He is more enduring than the sphinx, greater than the pyramids. God alone is great! Let all the earth keep silence before him!" —————
And then the lips of granite hushed and the great giant of stone wrapped himself again in the silence of the ages.

Leaving Cairo, we came by rail through the land of Goshen to Ismalia and thence to Port Said by boat, on the Suez Canal. Our faces are now turned toward the Holy Land, and tomorrow we shall reach its shores.

CHAPTER III

GOING UP TO JERUSALEM

JAFFA, THE GATEWAY OF PALESTINE—TENT-LIFE IN THE HOLY LAND—THE JOURNEY TO THE HOLY CITY.

*"And he went * * * journeying towards Jerusalem."*—*Luke 13:22.*

At Port Said, late in the evening, we took the steamer "Jupiter" for Jaffa. It was crowded with pilgrims from all parts of the world, going up to Jerusalem for Easter. The night was soft and balmy as a night in June. It was Sabbath, and the day and our near approach to the Holy Land conspired to make it an occasion of great interest.

Next morning at the first glow of dawn we caught our earliest glimpse of the blue hills of Judea. In about an hour's time the sun appeared from behind the mountains and in a moment lit up the whole coast from Gaza in the south up to Mount Carmel. There it lay before us at last, the storied land of never-dying memories and associations. As we sailed along the coast and gazed at it from the deck of the steamer our hearts were glad that in the good providence of God we were permitted to see it.

This is the land to which Abraham came as a pilgrim father and erected the first altar to the true God.

It is the land in which David rose from the rank of a lowly shepherd to be a victorious king. Among yonder hills the prophets of Israel taught and the hosts of Israel fought. Here Jeremiah wept and Isaiah sang. This is the land in which Rachel died and the dark eyed Ruth gleaned the wheat and captured the heart of Boaz. Behind those hills, the most extraordinary Man of all time lived and died. It was over those hills at which we now gaze that he introduced forces and taught truths that renewed men's lives and changed forever the course of human history. It was there he formed his church with a handful of men, small and feeble at first as a mustard seed; but which has grown and spread until countless millions are sheltered beneath its branches. He is a poor Christian who is not moved when for the first time he looks upon the Holy Land! It was a memorable day to us when our eyes first rested on the hills of Judea and our feet touched the sacred soil of Palestine.

But look! yonder is Joppa—the gate-way to Palestine. As seen from the sea it was a vision of beauty. It was early Monday morning, March 23, when the steamer dropped anchor before that celebrated seaport of the Holy Land, now called Jaffa, but known in ancient times as Joppa. Arab boatmen hasten from the shore for our steamer is anchored half a mile from the landing.

Although Jaffa is the only natural harbor on the coast it has no wharf and it has always been regarded as a dangerous landing place. It is encircled by great rocks, some of which lift their savage tusks above the waves, while others lurk below the surface ready

to tear the keel of the boat or vessel. Between the narrow passage-ways cut in these great rocks—about ten feet wide—the little boats ply back and forth from the shore to the steamer, and in this way, passengers and freight have been landed all these centuries. When the sea is rough it is impossible to land and the earthly pilgrimage of many a pilgrim to Jerusalem has ended here in making the attempt. Whole fleets of crusaders, Syrians, Romans, and Egyptians have gone to splinters on these rocks. Near the shore may now be seen the funnel of a Russian steamer rising above the waves, the sole remains of a wreck which occurred here a few years ago, when three hundred lives were lost. Why a proper harbor is not made at Jaffa it is difficult to understand. The one explanation for all evils in this evil ridden land is—that it is governed by the Turks. That means no enterprise, no improvements, no business activity. The blighting influence of the Turkish government is everywhere apparent. It is a government of injustice, robbery and plunder. The people are oppressed and over-taxed. There is much truth in the proverb that says: "Where the Turkish horse sets his hoof the grass never grows."

Fortunately for us the morning we landed at Jaffa the sea was calm and still but the Arabs do everything with the greatest possible noise and the least possible order. As soon as the steamer lowered her anchor the boats were alongside. Several half-clad Arabs manned each boat. Each man was howling and yelling and striving to get a good position to secure some tourists as passengers. No two were doing the same

thing, but all were doing something and all were talking. To the uninitiated the experience is terrifying; to those who have seen it before it is amusing. After a time we were piloted through a narrow passage between the rocks, and so safely landed. Soon we pass through the custom house; reach the Palestine Hotel where we are pleasantly situated and provided for, very grateful to the Great Sovereign of the sea and land that He thus far prospered us on our journey and saved us from the perils of the deep, as well as from destruction at the hands of the Arabs.

Jaffa is in reality one of the oldest cities in the world. It is very pleasantly situated, built on a stony eminence, which gradually rises to a height of 150 feet. It has been destroyed again and again, and as often rebuilt. Nearly all the nations of the world have been here on missions of war or peace. It is now a prosperous city. It has always been a business city, and notwithstanding its dangerous landing, pilgrims have century after century, from every quarter of the globe made their way through this war-scathed city to the Holy Sepulchre. This has been a source of great gain to the place. The streets are narrow and crooked, and very uneven and unclean. They are crowded with men and women, donkeys, mules and camels—especially at the market place. If Peter walked these streets today he would have no difficulty in seeing unclean things without their being let down from heaven. It is inhabited by people of many nations and religions, as is usual in seaport towns. The present population is about 23,000. The great majority of the people are dirty, lazy and poorly clad. This

is generally true of the Arabs throughout the whole land. They toil not, neither do they spin, and it follows without saying that they are not arrayed like Solomon in all his glory. We found that one of the most important articles of trade in Jaffa was soap and concluded that more home consumption and less exportation would be a great benefit to the city and country.

Very different, however, was the little Presbyterian mission that we visited in the afternoon where we found half a dozen devoted teachers in a neat attractive room, teaching bright, clean-faced children. Godliness and cleanliness always go together and these above everything else this land needs at the present time. There is a splendid beach but no bathing houses—men and women bathe upon the beach. Sharks are numerous and bathing is dangerous, both on account of the sharks and the ground swell of the ocean. Every year some lives are lost in bathing. It is told of a priest, who was a very good swimmer, that a shark bit off his leg; he struggled bravely to the shore and it is added, tied up the limb himself before help could reach him and thus saved his life.

Jaffa boasts of a custom house and postoffice but both are badly administered. Duty is demanded for almost everything. Letters and newspapers containing anything prejudicial to the Turkish government or people are burned or otherwise destroyed. The administration of justice throughout the country is a farce and a shame. Reliable authorities say that you can get as many witnesses for a dime each as you want, to swear to anything. Indeed it is said they

stand outside the court house waiting to be hired. He who can afford to give the largest amount of "baksheesh" wins the day.

Baksheesh is the Arabic for a gift or a piece of money. It is the first word the traveler hears on landing and the last when he leaves. If the waiter at the table is not attentive to your wants, a baksheesh will make him mindful. If you are passing through the custom-house and the officer is slow, a baksheesh will accelerate his movements. When you pay your donkey boy for a ride he holds out his hand for an additional piastre (five cents). Every beggar you meet, and they are legion, asks for an alms or baksheesh. You hear it everywhere from old and young as if it were the "chief end of man." It opens the door to everything worth seeing in the land, except the cave of Machpelah. Morning, noon and night, from city, country, desert and mountain side arises throughout the whole land the unvarying cry, "Baksheesh, baksheesh!" The best way is to reply firmly, "Ma fish" (I have nothing for you); or to a beggar "Allah ya 'tik" (May God give thee).

Jaffa is famed for its beautiful gardens. It is a great fruit center and its gardens are a source of wealth. They are rich in orange, lemon, apricot, olive and fig trees, beside which acacias, cactuses and oleanders flourish. It is said that there are more than three hundred and fifty gardens of fruit-bearing trees, which join each other in one continuous belt, stretching north and south for seven miles and extending inland about one and a half. At the time of our visit the trees were heavily laden with ripe golden fruit.

The oranges were especially large and luscious and a dozen of them could be bought on the streets for a few cents. It is estimated that over 8,000,000 oranges are raised every year in Jaffa alone. The Jaffa oranges are famous the world over.

Jaffa is also rich in historic associations. A thousand years before Christ it was a busy place in connection with the building of the temple at Jerusalem. It was to Jaffa that Hiram sent cedar from Lebanon. Here Ezra received cedars for the building of the second temple. From this place Jonah sailed when he purposed to go to Tarshish, which was probably in Spain, where even now there is a place called—Tartessus. At Joppa, Tabitha or Dorcas lived and died and was brought to life by Peter.

The place in Joppa most visited by pilgrims is the reputed house of Simon, the tanner, where Peter tarried many days and received the vision which taught him and the world the universality of the Gospel and the brotherhood of man. We went, of course, to see the house. We enter the street door and pass into the court yard which is washed by the waves of the sea. In this yard, a short distance from the sea is a spring of water, which has been used for many centuries for tanning purposes. Then we ascended to the housetop and looked out upon the scene of Peter's vision. It is not the same housetop, but one just like it. The question is not whether we enter the same material houses, or tread on the identical clods which apostles and prophets trod upon, but in this unchanging East we feel sure it was *such* a housetop as this, for houses are the same now as then.

On this glassy sea Peter looked, for it has not changed since then. Along that shore to the north of us, messengers from Cornelius came and went, and through that widest channel between those rocks, Jonah fled. Our bodies may not, can not, touch the identical particles of earth but our eyes gaze on identical sights and scenes.

The story of Peter's vision is told in the tenth chapter of Acts. Here we have for the first time the world-wide scope and spirit of the Gospel declared. It was while Peter was standing with his face towards the west that this new revelation came to him.

Up to this time the Jews claimed for themselves a monopoly of the Divine favor and the sole right to the kingdom of heaven, and they looked with contempt upon all other nations. Even the efforts of Christ himself to teach the disciples the universality of the Gospel had partially failed; but now Peter learned the equality of all men in the sight of the Lord, for he says, "God has showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean, for of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons."

It was at this time the infant church under the guidance of God took a new departure and entered upon the world-wide mission in which it is still engaged. The revelation which Peter had that day led him most fearlessly and successfully to strike the death blow to all exclusiveness in religion, and the church is learning this great truth today as never before. The dividing lines are growing thinner and the Gospel of Christ is breaking down denominational fences and climbing over sectarian walls. Never since that day to this were

the great doctrines of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man so recognized and emphasized as they are at this very hour.

We have another foreign missionary who came to Joppa but who instead of delivering the message that God sent him to deliver, as Peter did, ran away from it. God told Jonah to go to Nineveh and "cry against their wickedness," but instead of doing that he came to Joppa. He made a hundred excuses why he should not go to preach at Nineveh so he enters a ship for Tarshish to hide from the presence of the Lord. Vain attempt to flee from duty!

We have still another missionary who lived and labored in this city—Dorcas—the home missionary of Joppa and the founder of the first Ladies' Missionary Society. Were it for nothing but this Joppa ought to be remembered. All we know about Dorcas is, that she "was full of good works and alms deeds which she did"—but that is enough. There were poor, half-starved people in Joppa then as now, and judging from the ragged clothing of the people there now, she has had no successors. It would be hard to find a place where Dorcas societies are more needed than in Joppa. We are told that Dorcas made garments for the poor with her own hands. Day in and day out her heart and her hands are set upon helping the needy and the afflicted.

Was she appreciated? Yes, for when she died there was sorrow from one end of Joppa to the other. Widows and the poor stood around weeping and showing the garments she had made for them as a testimony

to her good works. Dorcas is dead but she still lives in the lives of other women who follow her example.

Having seen Jaffa and learned its lesson, our faces are turned towards the Holy City. Here we begin the journey of thirty-seven days which is to end at Beyrout. From Jaffa we go up to Jerusalem, distant about forty miles over a good carriage road, perhaps the best in the land. Jaffa is also connected with Jerusalem by a railroad fifty-four miles in length, carrying you there in about three or four hours. The fare is \$3 for first-class and \$1 for second class. When the train first started it caused great indignation among the Arabs. They attempted to upset it and would stand on the track, thinking the train would stop for their convenience. An engineer deliberately ran into one of their camels and cut it to pieces: now they keep off the track.

The best and most satisfactory way to see the land is to travel on horseback, for you can go anywhere with your horse and see what you want, and in this way our party made the journey.

How did we travel through the land? Just as our fathers the patriarchs did. Like Abraham we came from a far country and must have servants and horses and camels. Like Jacob, we are plain men dwelling in tents.

At Jaffa, we get our outfit of tents, horses, servants, provisions and guides. Rolla Floyd took charge of our party and provided us with everything necessary for speedy and comfortable travel at the rate of \$6 per day for each person. To travel in this land we must have a guide who knows the geography

and history of the country. It is very important to have a reliable and intelligent man, for the success and safety of the party depend largely upon him. We were very fortunate to secure for our guide Habeeb, a native Syrian and a graduate of the Beiruit college. He was a pleasant, business-like fellow; a professed Christian and intimately acquainted with the land and the Bible.

Our tents were marvels of comfort. They were not only comfortable but beautiful. Living in tents illustrates the way the patriarchs lived. Bedouin encampments may be seen today in nearly all parts of the country. The tents used by them are made of black haircloth, like the black tents of Kedar. They are low, long and narrow and sometimes are little more than a shelter from the wind and rain.

Our tents were made of white canvas and built about a center pole, fifteen feet high, and about twelve feet in diameter. They are known as wall tents; have a double roof, and are handsomely decorated within by needle work in colors. Each tent was furnished with iron bedsteads, good mattresses, pillows and clean white sheets, with plenty of bedding, a table, wash basins, etc., with rugs sufficient to cover most of the ground within the tent's enclosure. Tallow candles furnished us with light, and on the center poles were hooks to hang our clothes. At night the tents were pitched in the form of a circle and numbered, and in the same relative position so that each person could easily find his own tent.

Our camp forces included twenty-eight men and sixty-six horses, mules and donkeys. We had in all

nine tents; seven sleeping tents, one cooking tent and one dining tent. The dining tent was a spacious saloon large enough to seat at one time the whole party of nineteen, and was used only for breakfast and evening dinner. The cooking tent was fully equipped with everything necessary to prepare the company's meals and was in charge of a trained Arab cook. The mules and the donkeys carried our well packed tents and luggage and provisions. Each member of the party was provided with a horse which he himself had to select. Quite a number of our party knew no more about horses than they knew about the planet Mars. To listen to their questions and to witness their desperate efforts to stay mounted on some of these high spirited horses, would bring a smile on the face of a clock.

One member of our party was so unmercifully bounced by his horse that at every stride you could see a great strip of Palestinian landscape between him and the saddle. The horses used for travel are generally small but as a rule are plucky and thoroughly trained for their work. They are sure footed and have great powers of endurance—indispensable qualities on such a journey, for the roads are rough and stony. Most of the way from Jerusalem to Damascus is over a road that is little more than a bridle path. The way winds over mountains and up and down precipices, across unbridged streams and miry marshes, and over plains where the horses delight in a gallop, which sometimes becomes a race. Along paths which seem impassable, these horses pick their way. Unsheltered at night from wind and storm

they endure all kinds of hardship and exposure and still seem to thrive. They are provided with English saddles and bridles. A muleteer cares for them, providing food, which consists of barley, broken straw and grass. This entirely agrees with the old time ways implied in descriptions of travel in the Scriptures.

When Abraham's servant went to get a wife for Isaac we are told that at the end of his journey "he ungirded the camels and dromedaries and gave straw for the camels." In I Kings 4: 28 we read concerning the feeding of Solomon's horses, "barley also and straw for the horses and dromedaries." Barley is much more grown in Palestine than oats or beans and is the common food for horses. The broken pieces of straw are made by the treading out of the grain in the threshing floor.

At Jaffa we selected horses. In an open park a large number were brought by muleteers from the country round about, and from these we made our choice. Nearly all the members of the party had selected their horses before I reached the park. At one end of the field I saw a raw-boned animal tied to a post and half asleep. Unloosing him, I mounted him, to try his gait and spirit. I began pulling on the bridle rein to urge him to go on, but in place of going forward he went backward. I appealed to the dragoman for help and instruction. He said I must learn enough Arabic to drive my horse, for he did not know any English. Having taught me the necessary Arabic word to start him, "ge," he told me to let go of the reins of the bridle altogether, hold on to the

pommel of the saddle, and speak the talismanic word. I obeyed orders and so did the horse. Down the street he started at a regular John Gilpin pace. But now came my dilemma. I had learned enough Arabic to start him, but I had forgotten to learn enough to stop him, and still he madly rushed on. Happily for me, however, he came to a gate and my troubles were at an end.

I at once selected him for the journey and he proved a most faithful animal. He carried me over five hundred miles without a balk or an accident. This is saying much when you take into consideration the wretched paths that we followed, some of which are graphically described in the patriarch Job's words: "There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen; the lion's whelps have not trodden it nor the fierce lion passed on it." He never went back on me when going up hills that nearly approached the perpendicular, nor tossed me over his head in going down. When there was a spot half level and smooth enough for a little race and he wanted to dash ahead I never curbed his impetuous spirit, nor tried to prevent his coming out ahead.

Another mode of transportation is the palanquin, which was used by one of our ladies. It is like the top of a covered carriage placed upon two stout shafts, extending an equal distance front and rear. It has no wheels and is carried on the backs of two mules. A mule is harnessed into the rear shafts with its face close to the covered top. The inability to see anything ahead compels him to look to his feet, which is quite necessary in the rough, stony country. The

other mule is harnessed in front and sometimes has a little donkey hitched to him to draw him along and a boy rides the donkey to guide and inspire him. Two men walk beside the palanquin to prevent it from tipping over and to guard the occupant against any possible accident. These muleteers and men to look after the whole outfit, and a dragoman on horseback to shout at them, usually make diversion enough to distract the attention of the occupant of the palanquin in dangerous and critical places.

What kind of food did we have? We lived partly on native and partly on imported food. Mutton and chicken were bought as we went through the country, and these we had three times a day for thirty-seven days. We had the benefit also of imported foods, such as flour and preserved jams which came from England, butter from Norway, tea from China.

A narrative of our two days' experience in saddle and in camp going up to Jerusalem will give the reader the leading features of travel and tent-life in eastern lands. All aboard for Jerusalem! It is early Tuesday morning. We are in our saddles bound for the Holy City. A motley crowd gathered to see us start and watch us as we straightened ourselves in our saddles looking as dignified and unconcerned as possible, but how unconcerned we felt about the swaying seats beneath us some of us will never relate in public. The signal for the start was given by Habeeb blowing a horn, and we are off. After passing through the only gate on the land side of Jaffa we ride through orchards of oranges, lemons, and other fruit, until we enter the beautiful plain of Sharon. Our

MAP of PALESTINE

to illustrate
"MY TOUR IN PALESTINE"

by
F B Deverell

Statute Miles
0 10 20 30

— Author's Route
— Railways



road lies directly across the plain to the foot of the hills of Judea. All along the way our eyes feasted on the beauty of the plain and the rugged grandeur of the Judean hills. Sharon is enshrined in sacred poetry. In Bible times it was noted for its fertility and beauty. Once its whole extent was cultivated and well watered and teemed with a contented, prosperous population, and still it is one of the best cultivated and most fruitful portions of Palestine. The plain is about forty-four miles in length, varying in width from six to twelve miles. It is not a uniformly level plain. From the sea to the mountains there is a gradual ascent of nearly 200 feet, so that all the time we are literally "going up" to Jerusalem.

There are a few ridges or hills rising 300 feet above the general level, but the greater portion is level pasturage, with here and there great fields of wheat, and grain, gardens and groves of fruit trees, clustering around the scattered villages.

The traveler does not readily forget the wild flowers of Palestine, for the whole country is radiant with them and in all our wanderings they were a source of unfailing delight. In the early spring the plain of Sharon is covered with millions of flowers; such as cyclamens, daisies, poppies, oleanders, and anemones. We were told that the anemone is the rose of Sharon spoken of by Solomon. By some it is claimed to be the "lily of the field." The flower is a brilliant, cardinal red, and in the distance looks much like the poppy. These flowers were the first of the many recurring reminders which filled the journey with pleasant thoughts and profitable remembrances of the Gospel story. The

"Holy Land is like a stringed instrument, every touch upon which brings forth some sweet or musical sound, for it vibrates at every turn with some suggestion or beautiful passage of the Divine Word."

At noon we reached Ramleh, twelve miles from Jaffa, and the first main station on the railroad. It is one of the most prosperous towns on the plain, has a population of 6,000 and is pleasantly situated in groves of fruitful orchards and olive trees. Ramleh was a halting place of the Crusaders. There remains still a massive tower which was built by them and which is the principal object of interest in the place. From the top of the tower a splendid view of Sharon extending from the sea to the central mountain range may be obtained.

We could see Lydda, the place where Aeneas, sick of the palsy for eight years, was restored to health by Peter, a miracle which had such an effect on the people that it is said "all that dwelt at Lydda and Sharon saw him and turned to the Lord." (Acts 9:32). Here we took our first noonday meal at a roadside inn. Generally it was eaten beside some brook or spring, or under the branches of some shady tree, as Elijah under the juniper tree. The meal consisted of mutton and chicken, bread and butter, hard boiled eggs—all served in abundance. Lemons were provided out of which some made lemonade; then followed desert, of oranges, figs and dates, with nuts and raisins. After lunch two or three hours were generally spent in reading, writing and resting. We avoided travel under the hot Syrian sun.

At three o'clock we were again in our saddles. It

was a twelve-mile ride to our camping place for the night at the foot of the hills of Judea. Our tents and provisions were sent on the day before, to be in readiness for us on our arrival. That afternoon's ride was very tiresome and fatiguing. The sun was hot, the roads dusty, and we were not yet accustomed to our horses and saddles. It was not until six o'clock in the evening that we reached our tents. How glad we were to reach them and find them ready for occupation!

This was the first day of our pilgrimage in the Holy Land. Already we had seen much to illustrate Bible statements and incidents. Along the road we frequently saw men plowing the fields with their primitive one-handled plows, drawn by cattle and camels—men holding the handle in one hand and the pronged goad in the other. Shepherds are seen leading their flocks and goats out into the fields for pasturage. At intervals stood massive stone watch towers for defense built within the last forty years. Looking towards a forlorn little village, our guide said that is the place where Samson caught the three hundred foxes and sent them with burning fire brands into "the standing corn of the Philistines." Later on we passed the village, the alleged site in which was the house of David, to which the Philistines took the Ark of the Lord.

At Ramleh we for the first time saw lepers. Here we were also reminded, "Samuel judged the people and here the elders of the Hebrews assembled to demand a king." Beyond Ramleh we came to the brow of the hill where before us lay spread out the lovely valley of Ajalon, rendered famous as the place where

Joshua "commanded the moon to stand still," and where he gained a great victory over the five kings of the Amorites. When Habeeb announced this as the place where the moon stood still one of the learned doctors of the party disputed his statement and said that it was the sun that stood still in the valley of Ajalon. Habeeb replied that it was at Gibeon that the sun stood still: a reference to the Bible proved that he was correct.

We passed the beautiful valley of Beth Shemesh, where the cart with the ark was drawn and where they who were reaping their wheat harvest "lifted up their eyes and saw the ark and rejoiced to see it."

At a place called Bab-el-wady (The Gate of the Valley) the road runs through a narrow path between two hills. This is a place of much interest, for this road is a highway up to Jerusalem and also down to Gaza and into Egypt. The ceaseless procession of travelers of all ages have passed this way, "going up to Jerusalem," and we can almost hear the tramp of the historic hosts of Israelites, Egyptians and Crusaders, on their way to the Holy City. Already we begin to see that the Bible history is real and true. Hourly, we see facts and texts fit each other. The history involves the locality; the localities illustrate the history.

But now the dinner bell rings, and never sweeter toned bell echoed among the hills of Judea—for we were tired and hungry, having ridden twenty-four miles since morning. Everything about the table looked homelike and inviting. Our Arabs knew but few English words. When they had something pala-

table to serve or you seemed to enjoy your meal, they said "Good." When any part of the course was done and there was no more to serve they said "Finish." When anything was heavy or they did extra work they said "Much." They always seemed to know what a hungry man wanted. Then followed a bill of fare of four courses, of which the noonday luncheon was only a foretaste. Soup was the first course. This was followed by mutton and chicken prepared in different ways and served with potatoes. Then followed dessert, consisting of karamel and apricot pudding, with oranges, figs and nuts, concluding with a palatable cup of tea or coffee. This meal was a fair sample of the dinners served during our journey in Palestine. Indeed, "we fared sumptuously every day."

While we were enjoying our tea and coffee Ha-beeb entered the tent and announced the program for the next day in the following speech: "Ladies and gentlemen, after dinner this tent is at your service for writing or reading until 9 o'clock. Tomorrow morning you will rise at half-past 5. Ashab will ring the bell and you will have half an hour to dress and pack your valises. Breakfast will be served at 6 and at 7 o'clock we will mount our horses. The journey tomorrow will be over the hills of Judea. The road is at first very steep and rough, but easier later on. At 4 o'clock we expect to be at Jerusalem. Good-night. Salaam."

Then came a service of Scripture reading, recalling the scenes through which we had passed during the day, closing with song and prayer. After that some

time was spent in filling up our journals, studying our Bibles and Baedekers and writing letters to the friends at home. Then we retired to our tents and like the Psalmist of old, laid ourselves away to rest. We slept soundly until the irrepressible clang of Ashab's bell awakened us next morning. That bell made enough noise to arouse the seven sleepers of Ephesus. After all it was only the same dinner bell which sounded so musical to our ears the night before when it announced our dinner, on this occasion augmented by two large tin pans vigorously beaten by Ashab. Presently we could hear the tentmen loosening the ropes and tent pins and giving other evidences that our earthly house of this tabernacle was soon to be removed. After that if one put his head out of the tent door it was taken as a sign that he was ready to get out and at any moment he might expect to see the tent come down over his head.

Then came breakfast, which consisted of the same materials as the noonday meal, but it was eaten in the saloon tent and served hot and supplemented by tea and coffee. While at breakfast the white city of the night had almost vanished, for the tents and luggage were packed away in boxes and bundles and men were putting them on the backs of mules and donkeys to be carried to Jerusalem—our next camping ground. At 7 o'clock we were in our saddles, fresh as a Joppa orange. The signal for a start was given by Habeeb and in the fresh morning air we wended our way over the hills and mountains of Judea on the way to the city of the Great King. Having left the plain of Sharon we now climb up

the side of the mountain until we reach the summit, with the road leading between gray, rocky hills, with scanty patches of green and scenery in many places resembling the wildest glens of Scotland. Vineyards and cities once crowned these hills and valleys, but very little is to be seen today, except here and there a carefully tended garden or a cultivated field.

Now we begin to understand the force of the Scripture expression, "the land whither we go is a land of hills and valleys," and also that other Scripture expression, "the hill country of Judea." From this high eminence we soon begin to descend into the valley of Elah, where tradition says David killed Goliath. On the way we passed the reputed site of Kirjath-Jearim, where the ark of the Covenant which was brought here from Beth Shemesh rested for twenty years. Here also is the supposed site of the house of Obedom, where David left the Ark for three months after the death of Uzzah, prior to its removal to Jerusalem.

We stopped for our noonday meal at an inn in the valley near Kolonieh, said to be the ancient Emmaus. After luncheon we went down to a brook, then nearly dry, called "David's brook," from which it is said David took the five smooth stones with which he went forth to meet the boasting Philistine.

At half-past two we started again and crossed over the brook by a bridge. A ride of less than two hours will bring us to Jerusalem. Already our thought is upon the great city before us—for no city on earth appeals so powerfully to the heart as does Jerusalem.

Slowly and wearily we make the ascent from the

valley, up, up, up, for Jerusalem is on a higher level than we have yet scaled. We thought we had gained the highest point and strained our eyes to get a glimpse of Mount Zion and the Mount of Olives. Still there was another height to climb. The last fifteen minutes ere we reached the summit, which we knew commanded the first glimpse of Jerusalem, seemed very long and were most exciting. But at last we reached the long looked for point and caught a glimpse of the walls of the city and the mountains round about it. Involuntarily we exclaimed, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, the city of the Great King!"

"Lo, towered Jerusalem salutes the eye!
A thousand pointing fingers tell the tale;
'Jerusalem!' a thousand voices cry;
'All hail, Jerusalem!' hill, down, and dale
Catch the glad sound, and shout, 'Jerusalem, all hail!'"

In a short time we reached our tents, pitched about two hundred yards west of the Jaffa gate, the usual camping place. We did not then stop at our camp, but rode out to the Mount of Olives, where we could look over the walls and get a view of the city. From that Holy Mount we had our first sight of "the holiest city in all the world, the scene of our sweetest fancies, our childish prayers, and household psalms, and the object of the world's pilgrimage for nearly two thousand years." For over five weeks we had been journeying hitherward. We had traveled over six thousand miles to see it. The dream of a lifetime was realized. We had seen Jerusalem!

The journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem we could not but contrast with the journey of life. The path-

way of the Christian life is like that of the traveler who lands at the famous port of Jaffa on his way to Jerusalem. Jaffa is the only natural gateway to the Holy Land, so there is only one gateway into the holy life. Like the way to the Holy Land, it is narrow, hard and difficult. It is the way of self-surrender and self-sacrifice. When the traveler leaves Jaffa he at first rides under the shade of palms, under golden orange groves, beside crowded fountains, with almonds and fig trees breaking around him in blossom, but soon he leaves behind him these lovely groves; he enters on the bare and open plain, the sun burns him, the dust clouds whirl about him, the mountains rise before him, but even there the path is brodered by the quiet wayside flowers, and when at last he has climbed the bleak, bare hills his heart bounds within him, for he knows he shall soon enter the holy city.

So every Christian in the Holy Land of his short pilgrimage upon earth recalls just such an experience. He starts out full of hope and zeal. Soon he meets with trials and difficulties. His life has its plains, its green pastures and bare mountain tops. But if from the golden morning to the blaze of noon, and from the burning noon to the beautiful twilight, he walks the way of life and duty he will one day enter the gates of the New Jerusalem.

After feasting our eyes upon the city and country round about for an hour we returned to our tents. Thus we journeyed for thirty-seven days through the Holy Land of the Christian world. It is the ideal

môde of traveling. It is the true way of seeing the land. It is the best way to study the customs and manners of the people.

There is an increasing charm about this tent life and travel in the Holy Land. The exhilarating influence of the eastern morning air, the new mode of living, the sense of freedom and adventure, the coming in contact with new life and new civilizations, and above all, the magic influence of the land itself, with its sacred places and holy associations—all put together make the days spent in such a way and amid such scenes bright spots on the landscape of memory.

CHAPTER IV

THE HOLY CITY WITHIN THE WALLS

JERUSALEM PAST AND PRESENT—THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE—THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE—CELEBRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

*"Jerusalem * * * the City of the Great King."*
—*Psa. 48:2.*

Jerusalem is the great city of the Bible. It is mentioned no less than eight hundred and eighteen times. No other city in the world has so many sacred places. No other city has such a checkered and changeful history—a history strangely made up of holiness and crime, prosperity and adversity, triumph and despair. Twenty-seven times it has been besieged, taken and destroyed, and yet it is still in existence. As in Rome, there is a city under a city, so here is a Jerusalem overlying another. Seven times since the birth of Christ it has been captured, and twice at least its walls and important buildings have been demolished. Here still among its hills it stands with the mountains round about it as of old. It has outlived Greece and Rome, having stamped its history upon the heart of the world, and still stands among its historic ruins, waiting in silence for what future—no one knows.

From all parts of the world thousands of people visit it. Three thousand years ago it was spoken of

as "being the joy of the whole earth," and to this expression there is still a hearty response. The heart of the Jew turns to it wherever he is. To the Mohammedan it is second only to Mecca. But to the Christian it has far more endearing associations than to Jew or Moslem. It witnessed the crucifixion, the resurrection and ascension of our Lord.

"There are two things in the history of that city which make it absolutely unique, one of the two its perpetual glory; the other its perpetual shame. The Temple of God and the Cross of Christ. There was one temple which God chose to place his name; there can never be another. There was the wondrous cross on which the Prince of Glory died; there never can be another. In respect to these two things Jerusalem, the City of the Great King, holds an absolutely unique place among the world's cities." Some one has said "the value of a book lies not so much in what it tells as what it suggests." This is true of Jerusalem. The principal enjoyment is in that which it suggests or recalls. "There is no city wherein utter disappointment and intense enjoyment alternate with a rapidity which is confusing and bewildering; no city where the visitor needs the gift of seeing and at the same time not seeing; of looking through and past the scene which is temporal and often repelling, and discerning with undimmed eye and reverent heart the unseen which is spiritual."

A plain, hard-headed, matter-of-fact tourist will find an old city upon a high elevation, with old walls, dirty, crooked streets, unsavory odors, a great crowd of motley people and many so-called "sacred places" with little but their names to commend them and noth-

ing to excite admiration, and he will wonder if it was worth the while to come so far, to see so little. But a mind familiar with the Scripture suggestions, a nature full of poetic feeling, will feel a peculiar thrill as the Holy City rises before him and as he visits its sacred places. Slowly it comes to him that he is in Jerusalem, the Holy City of all believers, and that here beneath the cloudless sky the Son of God walked in human form. So it ceases to be that which one sees, but largely that which it recalls or suggests. The present condition of the Holy City within the walls disappoints and frequently shocks, so that often when the heart would feign grow tender it finds itself becoming cold and confused. Yet with all the uncertainty and doubt, wretchedness and disappointment, the Christian's interest increases the more he studies its glorious past. No reasonable person expects to find Jerusalem a large, beautiful city with fine streets and buildings and surroundings like our western cities. There are no such cities in the East. The Jerusalem of today is literally a city built upon a heap of ruins. The prophecy of Jeremiah (30:18) that "the city shall be builded upon her old heap" has been fulfilled many times. Evidences of oppression, ignorance and dirt are everywhere apparent.

And yet beauty can be discerned in its desolation. It is the city of David—the city of God. The mighty framework of the everlasting hills upon which it rests, the deep valleys at its side, and the mountains round about it are the same as of old.

Note some of the striking features of Jerusalem.

Its situation is singular among the cities of Palestine. It is remarkable for its elevation, as it is on the

edge of one of the highest tablelands in the country. Jerusalem is beautifully situated, though the city itself is not beautiful. Seen from a distance it looks like a mountain city. It is literally a "city on a hill." It is 2,500 feet above the Mediterranean Sea, which is only 32 miles distant in a direct line. It is 3,800 feet above the Dead Sea, which is only about 18 miles east. Bethel, 12 miles to the north, is 400 feet lower than Jerusalem. On the south, however, the hills of Bethlehem and Hebron are a little higher, so that from that point you approach it at a slight descent; but from every other side you "go up" to Jerusalem. Thus from its lofty situation is it well fitted to be a holy city.

Another striking feature of Jerusalem is that it is surrounded on three sides by a natural trench, a valley from 300 to 400 feet deep. On the western side is the valley of Gihon, on the eastern the valley of Kedron, and on the southern side the valley of Hinnom. The city thus being entrenched in its mountain home gained for it to a large extent its early strength and subsequent greatness.

It was impossible on three of its sides for a hostile army to enter. It was a natural fortress. The city itself could not spread out in any direction except on the north, and hence the meaning of the text, "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together." It had unity and limit without and was compact and crowded within.

Again, it is surrounded by a stone wall.

This is the first thing which catches your eye as you approach it. Damascus and Cairo have outstripped their walls, but Jerusalem has always been

a walled city. At different times it was fortified by three walls. It is impossible to tell at the present time where all these old walls stood, although recent explorations are doing much to locate them.

The walls which now enclose the city were built by Sultan Suleiman, 1542 A. D., and rest for the most part on the old foundation. They are strongly built, the material used being largely drawn from the rubbish heaps around, which represent various styles of workmanship, characteristic of widely separated centuries. The walls around the Temple grounds are in places 60 and 70 feet above the ground, but in general the height ranges from 30 to 40 feet and from 10 to 15 feet in thickness. The circuit outside the city walls is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, which can be easily walked in an hour.

The city is in outline a kind of square. It has battlements, angles and at intervals is strengthened by three or four massive square towers. There is a broad terrace on top wide enough for two persons to walk abreast, and from this elevation one can get a fine view of the city within and the country around. But to see the city within aright you must enter one of its gates, walk its streets and enter its homes.

There are four principal gates—the Damascus gate on the north, the chief entrance for pomp and honor; the St. Stephen's gate, leading out towards Bethany and Olivet, on the east; Zion Gate, on the south leading into the tomb of David, and Jaffa gate on the west, the chief entrance for trade and pilgrimage. We enter by the Jaffa gate. The area within the walls is 210 acres, the greater part of which is thickly crowded with houses, although there are some va-

cant plots. Two of the principal streets, David street running eastward from Jaffa gate, and Damascus street running southward from the Damascus gate, traverse the city at right angles and divide it into four unequal sections.

Each quarter is assigned to the four principal religions which prevail and is distinguished by some great structure. One quarter is assigned to the Armenians. It is marked by the tower of David. The second to the Jews, having two large synagogues. The third quarter is assigned to the Mohammedans. It has the Mosque of Omar. The fourth quarter is that of the Christian, its principal structure is the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre."

We cannot see the city in any better way than by walking through it from quarter to quarter. We will begin with Mount Zion, the oldest part.

The Armenians occupy the southwestern part of Mount Zion. The most interesting monuments of the past in this section are the tower of David and the tower of Herod, which mark the northwest corner, directly opposite the Jaffa Gate. David's tower was built more than a thousand years before Christ. Its construction is very singular. Some of the stones used are of immense size, measuring 13 feet in length and 4 in width, and are bevelled, showing Jewish workmanship. The tower of Hippicus, built by Herod and near it, is 45 feet square, cut in part of solid rock, a fact which goes to prove its identity. It could not well be destroyed. Cisterns, walks and gardens were enclosed in these towers. There seems to be no doubt that this tower was left standing by Titus when he destroyed the city. If this be true, it is one of the

most conspicuous monuments of Jerusalem, one which stood in the time of Christ and upon which he doubtless often gazed.

The Jewish quarter is on the southeastern slope of Mount Zion. This division contains several large synagogues, but no imposing buildings, as in other parts of the city. The houses are crowded and old. The streets are narrow and dirty. The people are poor, living in filth and degradation, and largely dependent for support on the bequests of rich Jews in Europe.

On the eastern boundary of this quarter is the wailing place of the Jews.

This is the only place in the city to which they have free access. It is one of the saddest sights in Jerusalem today. Here the Jews assemble to weep over the desolation of Zion and their fallen estate. Jerusalem is certainly trodden under foot by the Gentiles; one-half of Zion is a ploughed field and burying ground, the other half is occupied by the Armenians. The wailing place is a small unroofed enclosure, some 75 feet by 20 in extent, before an ancient wall of stone, which is claimed to be a part of the actual wall of Solomon's temple. This portion of the wall is 155 feet in length and 55 feet in height, built of immense blocks of stone, one measuring 16 feet in length and another 13 feet. Against these rough stones every day, and especially on Fridays, are seen Jews of all countries and of all ages, of both sexes, rich and poor alike, weeping and bewailing the desolation that has come upon them and upon their beloved city. Their grief is real. They stand before this wall putting their fingers into its clefts; they kiss the great stone, beat

their breasts, rend their garments and real tears stream from their eyes. They read the lamentations of Jeremiah and the mournful words of Isaiah and pray to the God of Abraham that they may get their own again.

The Moslem quarter is the eastern part of the city. It is the largest division and includes the site of Solomon's temple, on which now stands the magnificent Mosque of Omar. It contains the governor's palace, the Church of St. Anne, the pool of Bethesda and the so-called Via Dolorosa, which runs from the governor's palace to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The pool of Bethesda has been identified with the pool which was excavated near the Church of St. Anne in 1888. It measures 55 feet by 12 feet and was cut into the rock to a depth of 30 feet. A flight of 24 steps leads down to the east end of the basin.

The Christian quarter is on the northwest. The objects of special interest in this division are the pool of Hezekiah and the famous Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which covers the traditional site of the crucifixion and burial of Christ. In the very heart of the business part of the city and completely shut in by surrounding buildings is the pool of Hezekiah, a large reservoir 240 feet long and 140 feet wide. Its estimated capacity is nearly 3,000,000 gallons. The bottom of the reservoir is natural rock, leveled and cemented. The pool receives its water supply from outside the city, through an underground channel.

The population of Jerusalem has been increasing rapidly in recent years, especially outside the walls. According to the latest edition of Baedeker the population numbers over 60,000, about one-half of which

is within the walls and the other half without. Of these about 41,000 are Jews, 7,000 Moslems and 12,800 Christians. The Christians include 4,000 Latins, 6,000 Greeks, 900 Armenians, 100 Copts, 100 Syrians, with about 1,400 Protestants.

In spite of the fact that the Jews are forbidden by the Turkish government to go there or own landed property, the number steadily increases. There are over seventy synagogues in Jerusalem.

As Palestine is under the control of the Turkish Government, the City of Jerusalem, is largely governed by Moslem officials.

The Orthodox Greek Church is the strongest in the city as to wealth and influence. It is backed by the power of Russia. It holds its services in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

The Latin or Roman Catholic Communion though smaller is more active and derives its chief support from France and Italy. It has a number of Churches, Monasteries, and Schools.

The Protestants form the smallest of the Christian community, but are growing in influence. There are three Protestant Congregations in Jerusalem, an English, a German, a native Arab, but they are all small. It seems strange to find only a few Christians in the birthplace of Christianity. It is said, however, that in all the changeful history of the place, there never has been a time that some were not found there.

Modern Jerusalem is a city of surprises and contrasts. Conder calls it an ugly city. All travelers are agreed that it is a dirty city. No one has ever accused it of being a clean city. There is no city for which so many have wept; so many lives have been sac-

rificed, so many battles fought. It is probable that within these walls more human blood has been poured out than in any other city in the world. Canaanites, Egyptians, Israelites, Assyrians, Chaldeans, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Turks, Franks have fought within it and around it. The three great religions which differ in almost everything else unite in making pilgrimages there. But while Jerusalem is a sacred city, it is anything but a religious city. As holy places multiply, holiness departs; the worship which centers upon stones and sepulchres, drives out the worship which is in spirit and in truth. What Luther found in Rome, what Christ found in the Temple, is present everywhere here. The house of prayer has become the den of thieves.

Jerusalem is also unique in that everything is so solemn, serious and severe. It seems to have lost its heart and life. It has no clubs, no lecture halls, no theatres, no places of amusement of any kind. No street lamps, no policemen, no postmen, no newspapers, no printing presses, no book stores, except one outside the walls for the sale of Bibles. The people do not sing, nor laugh, and even the children do not play as in other cities. It is a holy city but not a happy city.

Jerusalem is a cosmopolitan city. Nearly every nationality in the world is represented there. Over forty languages are spoken among Jerusalem's 60,000 souls. Jerusalem is difficult to describe. No pen or brush can picture it. It must be seen. It is a mass of "beautiful bits," as artists say. Let us look at it in our imagination.

Imagine a city, with a high stone wall all around it, within which are 25,000 or 30,000 people of all races and from all places,—living in small stone houses, old and ragged, without plaster or finish, flat-roofed with lattice windows; streets roughly paved, never straight for fifty rods, never cleaned and so narrow that standing in the center you can almost shake hands with the shop-men on both sides! Situated on these streets, the business houses of Jerusalem with their tiny shops and booths, eight by ten, mere show windows, in the midst of which sits the merchant cross legged and smoking, waiting for customers; the bazaars and stores a mingled mass of food supplies, trinket shops, museums of antiques, curios, old pictures, old shoes, candles, where everything can be bought from fine damask silk to dry dates. Here and there a photographic stall, or a workshop, or a grist mill,—now and then a tin shop, a bread stand, or a coffee shop,—where one pays a cent for a tiny cup of coffee and a smoke included; in one part of the city, baskets of seed or sacks of grain piled up along the walls of the houses; in another, cafes crowded like saloons; everywhere the water carrier and the bread peddler with bread in the shape of pancakes, large, flat and tough; everywhere vendors of olive wood curiosities, such as napkin rings, pen holders, necklaces; everywhere the poor man crying “baksheesh,” praising the eternal God and calling his blessing down upon you; the market place, full of noisy, shouting, screaming people, fighting over so small a thing as half a cent; shoemakers and barbers plying their business on streets not wider than an ordinary tea table; Moslems on the house tops, with their faces toward Mecca,

saying their prayers to Allah,—women with long white veils on their faces, flitting here and there like walking ghosts,—Jews in flowing robes of fur and velvet with comical cork-screw curls,—beggars ragged and ravelled out like a piece of old cloth,—children arrayed like Adam as he came fresh from the hand of God,—money changers on the corners of the streets,—camels stalking along the street with great boxes on their backs,—monks and nuns on their way to convents,—shepherds from the Judean hills,—donkeys no larger than a Newfoundland dog with big, fat Turks sitting on their back almost at the end of the tail,—blind men sitting by the wayside begging for alms,—churches, convents, mosques, synagogues, schools, in every quarter of the city,—native people of nearly every race with their varied nationalities, mixed customs, conflicting religions, tourists and pilgrims from all parts of the world: innumerable sights, irrepressible noises, indescribable smells——that is modern Jerusalem.

Yet this modern Jerusalem still takes hold of the traveler as no other place. It is the city over which Christ wept—the city saddened by man's darkest crime and consecrated by the most marvelous sacrifice of love ever made.

We have had a glimpse of modern Jerusalem; let us look at ancient Jerusalem,—Jerusalem of the Old Testament first and then Jerusalem of the New.

The history of this mountain city has a large place in literature, and is interlinked with the history of all the leading nations of ancient and modern times. Jerusalem was not the religious center of the nation from the first, nor was it the civil center until the reign

of David,—the second king of Israel. Jerusalem then became the metropolis of the kingdom. David brought the Ark into it and built his palace there. Then Solomon built the Temple and since the time of Christ its history is a succession of changes and desolation up to the year 1244 A. D.—when it was taken by the Mohammedans. It has been held by them ever since.

At almost every step in his journey through the city the traveler will be shown sacred and historic places, but almost every site is a matter of dispute. The Palestine Exploration Fund, however, has done much and will probably do much more in locating disputed sites and settling disputed questions.

Solomon's Temple.

The one spot which exceeds in interest every other in Jerusalem as an Old Testament city, is the hill on the east side—the site of Solomon's Temple. This is one of the genuine sites of Jerusalem, and it has never been disputed.

The Temple of Solomon was the most sacred building of the ancient world. "Solomon began to build the House of the Lord in Mount Moriah," on the eastern side of the city; with Mount Zion on the western and separated by a deep valley. In Solomon's day Mount Moriah was quite a hill or ridge with deep valleys bounding it. When Solomon came to build the temple, the first thing to be done was to make for it a platform on the top of the hill. To do this meant an immense amount of labor, for originally it was a rock. Wishing to make a broad level area on the top of the hill and nearly on a level with its sharp summit, he

laid the foundation of the eastern and western walls near the foot of the mountain on each side and built them up perpendicularly until they were on a level with the top of the hill. This was done not so much by a process of levelling down as of filling up.

Walls were built from the bottom with great pillars erected here and there, and the hollows and spaces filled up with large stones and rubbish. The rocky hill was left largely in its natural state. Over this structure was put a floor of timbers and stones, and then the platform for the temple was laid. This level area which was built up, covered about thirty-five acres, and was enclosed by a wall of great strength,—a part of which remains to the present day. On this raised platform stood the Temple of Solomon. Here also stood an inferior one built by Nehemiah, and the magnificent Temple of Herod which took forty and six years in building. Here Abraham offered up his son Isaac to God on the altar. Here David prayed and Solomon sacrificed. Here it was that the cloud of incense filled the temple so that the priests could not minister because “the glory of the Lord filled the house of the Lord.”

Not a trace of these temples remains today. The prophecy of the Lord, “there shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down,” has been literally fulfilled. The Temple area enclosed by a wall in the days of Herod, remains nearly the same today as then. It is a beautiful green field, covered with flowers, with olive, orange and cypress trees growing around the court. Near the center is a raised platform, paved with slabs of white marble, covering an area of about five acres. On this raised platform

now stands the Mosque of Omar, one of the finest buildings in any land. It is the most beautiful object in Jerusalem and the most graceful building in the East. It is not massive nor magnificent; but the dome like all oriental domes is so elegant that the eye lingers to see it float away or dissolve in the ardent noon. It belongs to the Mohammedans, and next to the Kaaba in Mecca is the most sacred building in the Moslem world. It is an eight sided building, each side being 56 feet long. The lower part is of white marble, the upper part being covered with porcelain tiles whose colors intersect each other in beautiful designs. The inside is beautifully wrought in marvelous Mosaics and the windows are pictures of art and beauty.

On the floor of the Mosque the sheik showed us a little square of green marble, in which were holes once occupied by nails. He said that Mohamet drove these nails in and that one falls out every hundred years, and when all are gone the end of the world will come. After repeating this story he declared that if we put some baksheesh into these unoccupied holes we would certainly go to Paradise when we died, and all of the party took the insurance policy.

The building is crowned with a magnificent dome, covered with gold without and elaborately wrought in marble mosaics within. Under this great dome is a rock which has a history; it is the famous rock called the "holy rock." It has always been there. It is the natural rock, the top of the hill left untouched by Solomon when constructing the foundation for the Temple. It rises about five feet above the floor and about fifteen feet above the level of the raised plat-

form. It is surrounded by a strong iron railing six or seven feet high and no one touches it except by permission of the Sultan. It is unquestionably the summit of Mount Moriah.

What does this rock mean? It is one of the genuine sights within the city walls. It must have been there in the time of Christ as it is now. It was there in the time of David, in Solomon's and even Abraham. It was there since the dawn of time.

What makes it so sacred? The answer is, It is the site of the "Holy of Holies," the place of sacrifice in the Temple. If this is so (and there is little doubt about it) then it is the most sacred rock in the world and the most impressive sight in all Jerusalem.

The Temple in its sacrifices and forms is a happy type of the church of our Lord and in the end the Jewish services and sacrifices are fulfilled in the better service and sacrifice of the Christian church. The church is the only divine institution; Jesus Christ is the chief corner stone in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth into the holy Temple of the Lord.

The engineers of the Palestine Exploration Fund, by sinking shafts along the walls of the Temple came to the original foundations. They were seventy feet below the surface and at the bottom they found the corner stone, four feet thick and fourteen broad. When we read this and think of the great foundations under the Temple, of its massive walls and great body of rock, we find striking and substantial illustrations of such texts as "his foundation is in the holy mountains," "For other foundations can no man lay than that is laid * * * Jesus Christ being



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR AND HOLY ROCK.

the chief corner stone;" "Upon this rock will I build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;" "They that trust in the Lord shall be like Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever." These texts give some idea of the permanency of the church and the unchanging character of Him who is its head. Empires and temples may rise and fall, but "the carpenter's Son still rules the hearts of men and the church of Christ will forever tower above the wrecks of time."

It is a striking omission from the vision of John at Patmos that in the New Jerusalem there will not be a temple, for one greater than the temple will be there. "Taken as a whole, with its strip of walls, its grand portals, its spacious courts, its galleries and store chambers, its porches and cloisters, the Temple of Mount Moriah was an immense structure, the like of which for beauty and costliness has probably never been equalled on earth."

As seen from the Mount of Olives:

"The Holy City lifted high her towers;
And higher yet the glorious Temple reared,
Her pile far off appearing like a Mount
Of Alabaster tip't with golden spires."

We pass now to Jerusalem of the New Testament. The greatest events in connection with the New Testament are associated with Christ. The sacrifices were offered up in the Temple and elsewhere, age after age, until the one perfect sacrifice for human sin was offered up at Jerusalem. During his life Christ paid many visits to this city. At twelve years of age he was found in the Temple with the doctors. He

wrought miracles in the city, one at the pool of Bethesda, inside the walls, and one at the pool of Siloam, outside. But it is at the close of Christ's life that Jerusalem comes before us most distinctly. We read that "when the time was come that He should be received up he steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem," for "it cannot be," he said, "that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem." When the time came he died on the cross and was buried in the new made tomb.

Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

The traditional place of his death, burial and resurrection is in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, within the walls of the present city. It was first built by Helena about 336 A. D. It was afterwards destroyed but rebuilt in the same spot by the Crusaders. The present building is about 250 feet long and 230 feet wide, and is the joint property of the Greeks, Catholics and Armenians. It is in reality a vast collection of churches, chapels, vaults, tombs, all grouped together under one great roof surmounted by an immense dome. Within this building is shown every spot connected with the death of our Lord: the place where he was scourged and where he was nailed to the cross. The place of crucifixion is reached by a flight of twenty stone steps. The hole in the rock in which the cross was placed is shown and also the rent made in the rock by the earthquake. But the chief place of all is the Holy Sepulchre itself. This is in the center of the church, underneath the great dome. It is held in greater sanctity than any other in the church, or even in the city.

The tomb is enclosed in a small marble chapel of two rooms 26 feet long and 18 feet wide. It is built on the pavements of the church and is surmounted by a small dome and supported by sixteen marble pillars of white and yellow stone, very beautifully carved and finished. In the inner chamber is the so-called tomb of Christ. The vault containing it is quite small and stooping down you enter it. The stone couch on which the Saviour lay is covered with a marble slab, over which several lamps of silver and gold are kept constantly burning. This is the supposed tomb in which Christ was laid for burial. It is a very sacred place and from this altar prayer goes up in nearly every tongue spoken by Christians.

One cannot believe all that is told about these places in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but one thing is very striking and pathetic—it is the great stream of people who are passing through the door, going down on their knees and kissing these stones until they are actually hollowed and worn by generations and centuries of human lips. The tomb of Christ is seldom seen unoccupied.

Yonder comes a woman so shrouded in black robes that it is impossible to discover her nationality; she crouches in the corner at some shrine,—her only audible prayer being a broken hearted sob.

After her comes a rough-garbed shepherd from the Judean hills, who treads the marble floor with his brown unshod feet and reverently removes his turban—which he would not take off for any human dignitary—and there repeats his prayer at the Tomb of the Christ of Bethlehem. Then the Greek priest pauses at the entrance, to take off his black cap before he kneels

at the altar,—he is followed by a Latin monk who kneels and crosses himself in earnest devotion, and so they come and go, day after day, rich and poor of every race and place—worshiping at a common shrine. May not this be a rough foreshadowing of the time, when every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Christ is “King of kings and Lord of lords?”

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a good place to study the people in their religious devotions. In Jerusalem one finds nearly every form of worship and religion,—the Moslem, the Jewish and the Protestant being the principal. There are three Sabbaths in Jerusalem. Friday for the Moslems, Saturday for the Jews. Sunday is observed by the Greeks, Catholics and Protestants. The Moslem worships at the Mosque of Omar,—the Jew on Mount Zion, while at least four different sects which represent (or rather misrepresent) Christianity worship within the walls of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Each sect has a chapel of its own within this building. But each must keep to itself and not venture on another’s property. The idea of a union, interdenominational meeting has never yet dawned on their narrow minds. Indeed these bigoted and fanatical people can not always meet under the same roof in harmony. More than once having come to worship and pray, they have turned aside to quarrel and fight.

As all the people have to enter the building at one door and this is often crowded, a company of armed Turkish soldiers stand there to prevent the professed followers of the Prince of Peace from destroying each other. Once it was said—“Behold how these Chris-

tians love one another," now behold how they hate each other. There are missionaries now at work in the midst of these people, but in no place around the world, it is said, does the work of missions seem to be so hard and discouraging as in Jerusalem; the place where the Son of God taught, the place where the Holy Spirit was poured out and where the early church was founded. Why is this so? Several things may be suggested as accounting for the present spiritual condition of the Holy City. The fact is that Jerusalem was never a quiet, peaceful, religious city. Nearly every chapter in its history is marked with bitter factional strife or terrible wars and bloodshed. There is a certain feeling among people that because Christ lived and died in Palestine it ought now to be a land of holiness and peace; and that if its people now do not show the best type of Christianity then there is some defect in Christianity itself. Christ being crucified in Jerusalem did not regenerate it or make it a holy city. It was antagonistic to him before his death and continued in antagonism after his death and ascension. The rejection and crucifixion of the Son of God constitute one great reason for its corrupt form of Christianity. There is also the neglect of former high privileges and the resting of faith on holy places, rather than on the Holy person of Christ.

While this church is so greatly venerated it is now doubted whether it really covers the site of the Crucifixion and entombment of Christ. The true site of Calvary is now placed by modern scholars, outside the present walls of the city and near the Damascus gate. This place certainly answers better to the requirements of the Gospel narrative.

Some time was spent in visiting Mount Zion,—the oldest part of the city. Here David lived and reigned as King of Israel. Here he was buried. We were shown his tomb on the southern slope of Zion on a site covered by a very large building. Whatever may be the date of the actual building it is doubtless over or near the real tomb of this great king. It was known to Peter in his day. For speaking of David, more than a thousand years after his death, he said in Jerusalem, "Men and brethren, let me freely speak unto you of the patriarch David that is both dead and buried and his sepulchre is with us to this day." (Acts 2:29.)

In an upper room on this Mount Zion Christ washed the feet of his disciples and here to this day the Monks on Thursday wash the feet of pilgrims as our Saviour did. Here Christ instituted the Lord's Supper. From this place he went out with his disciples into the Garden of Gethsemane—on the way to the hall of Pilate and the Cross of Calvary. Here the Holy Spirit was poured out on the day of Pentecost when Peter preached and three thousand souls were converted. The thought of being at or near the place where the Lord's Supper was instituted and where the words, "This do in remembrance of me," were first uttered, came to our minds and hearts with solemnity and tenderness.

Being in Jerusalem during Easter week, our party decided to celebrate the Lord's Supper in the place where it was first observed in remembrance of his dying command. It was determined to do so on Thursday,—the anniversary of the Lord's Supper and to follow as closely as possible its significant events.

An invitation was received on the day of our arrival from Ben Oriel, Superintendent of an Independent Mission, outside the walls of the city, to celebrate the Sacrament at his mission and afterward walk out to Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives. This invitation was, however, declined and it was thought best instead to follow our original plan; to secure an upper room in Mount Zion and there observe the sad but sweet memorial of the Redeemer's death. At an expense of one pound sterling, paid in its equivalent of French gold, a comfortable room was engaged by our guide.

Ascending to it by stairs from the outside, we found it within well fitted for the purpose and furnished with good lights, with reclining places on three sides of it. Bread was taken from our own supplies in the camp and the wine was secured from some of the vineyards near the city. At eight o'clock in the evening we quietly walked from our camp into the city, a silent but deeply thoughtful company of believers. At that hour the city was all ablaze with lights and noisy with shouts in honor of the Sultan's birthday. These demonstrations were scarcely noticed by us,—so intent had our hearts become to honor in a different and in a far better way the memory of the death of the King of kings. The room secured for us was said to be the house belonging to St. Mark and over the exact spot where stood the house of Rhoda, the place where Peter found refuge after being delivered by the angel of the Lord. It was on Mount Zion and could not be far from the place where the Lord and his disciples, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, celebrated the first Lord's Supper. To this upper room were admitted two special guests making in all twenty persons—(one of our

party was absent through illness). Without confusion, we disposed ourselves on the broad couches, arranged about the three sides of the room. A small table was placed near the eastern side, or the unoccupied part of the chamber, for the reception of the bread and wine. These were speedily arranged by the lady members of the party. A feeling of solemnity and awe took possession of us and no one spoke a word. No service could better recall the institution of the Lord's Supper, and the scenes that took place on the night before our Lord was crucified. The service was presided over by the Rev. Dr. Riggs. The following order was observed:

Invocation.

Reading of the seventy-second Psalm.

Singing of the hymn—"There is a green hill far away," but changed to read,

"There is a green hill *not* far away,
Without the city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all."

Selections from the 14th, 15th and 16th chapters of John were read, which in all probability were spoken by Christ on Mount Zion.

Then the Consecration prayer was offered and the Apostles' creed recited by all present.

The bread and wine were served, and partaken of in solemn silence.

The hymn "Rock of Ages" was sung, and the benediction pronounced.

At the close of the service we went out to the Garden of Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives, leaving the room without conversation other than that which

directly expressed our sense of the Divine presence and the enjoyment of the service. We walked two by two through the city with lighted candles in our hands and our guide at the head of the party. We went over the Via Dolorosa—the street of Sorrow, then out at St. Stephen's gate, across the brook Kedron, up to Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives, the same way Christ and his disciples went on that memorable night. When we got beyond the city walls, the full paschal moon shone down upon us so that we could see the whole of the Mount of Olives and the Holy City. The night was very beautiful and clear and a solemn stillness pervaded all around. The Garden of Gethsemane was closed, the Monk in charge having retired for the night. Near by we came upon a company of pilgrim Christians who were there in the same spirit as ourselves. They were singing some grand old hymns in praise and memory of our common Lord and Master. We all joined with our friends in singing such hymns as—"Jesus Lover of my Soul." "If ever I Loved Thee, My Jesus 'Tis Now."

"'Tis midnight; and on Olives' brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the Garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone."

The singing was led by Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins of New York city, and continued for over an hour. After an interchange of greeting and fellowship with our pilgrim friends we turned our steps toward our camp. Returning by the northern road, with the bright moonlight flooding our pathway, we passed on our right, the new Mount Calvary, where our dear Lord was crucified, and pursuing our way we reached

our tents at eleven o'clock. Physically, we felt somewhat weary, but spiritually rewarded with an experience never to be forgotten; a service the memory of which will go down with us to life's latest hour.

This was a notable and memorable day in our trip. The morning we had spent in the Holy Sepulchre, visiting the tomb and place of Christ's death and resurrection; the evening, in sacred thought of his memory, love and sacrifice. We had been to the four most sacred spots connected with the closing week of Christ's life. We had been at Gethsemane—the place of sorrow; Calvary—the place of suffering and conquest over sin; the tomb—the place of victory over death and the grave, and Olivet—the place of triumphant ascension.

And perhaps this account of Jerusalem can not be better closed, than by leaving both the reader and the writer in sight of those four sacred spots,—the most sacred of all places, even in this land of sacred memories.

CHAPTER V

A SABBATH ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

THE HOLY CITY WITHOUT THE WALLS—THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE—THE NEW CALVARY—VILLAGE OF BETHANY.

"And He went out to the Mount of Olives."—Matt. 26:30.

David said, "Walk about Zion and go round about her." If we would see Jerusalem aright we must obey his directions. This we did and found that outside the walls was much more satisfactory and real than the city inside. One walks about the walls and descends into the valleys or climbs the hills with ever fresh delight. The views are beautiful and the associations less disturbed by modern changes and baseless traditions. Here are localities that we have heard about since we were children; the Valley of Kedron, the Pool of Siloam, the Garden of Gethsemane, Mount Calvary, Mount of Olives and Bethany. All these are outside the walls and must have been of old much as they are today. To walk over these holy places greatly ministers to faith and devotion. It certainly does greatly help to realize the humanity of Jesus to be in these places. These hills and valleys are radiant with the footprints of the Man of men. It is easier to believe that Jesus was a man and lived as a man in Palestine when you have seen the inn at Bethlehem where he was born; when you have slept at

Nazareth, where he worked as a carpenter; when you have walked by the shores of the Sea of Galilee, where he ate with his disciples; when you have sat with him on Jacob's well or walked with him over the Mount of Olives to the little home at Bethany, then the truth of Christ's humanity comes to you with startling distinctness and you realize as never before that "he took upon him the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men."

We begin our journey at the Jaffa gate on the west side of the city. The growth of Jerusalem outside of the walls during the past twenty years is remarkable. The Jaffa suburb is the largest addition to the modern city and is known as the Russian settlement. It has grown very rapidly in recent years. Thousands of pilgrims from Russia flock here every year. A recent traveler says: "To the cluster of Russian buildings which a short time ago stood alone there have been added an imposing collection of schools, hospitals, orphanages and residences of various styles, surrounded by fruitful gardens, orchards and olive yards. The terminal station of the railroad from Jaffa is only a short distance from here and the new lepers' hospital and the Jewish hospital are both near the railway station."

Leaving the old Jaffa gate we turned to the left and down the road that leads to Bethlehem. On the right is the valley of Gihon, with an average width of 100 yards and depth of 50 feet. In the valley are two large reservoirs called the upper and lower pools of Gihon. The lower one was formed by building a dam across the valley at its lowest part. It is the

largest pool in the vicinity of Jerusalem and is now broken and in ruins. The valley of Gihon turns, is crossed by the Bethlehem road, and is then called the valley of Hinnom, which runs along the south side of Jerusalem. The valley of Hinnom is very oppressive in its historic features and even now is wild and gloomy. On one side rises Mount Zion, rocky, bold and desolate; on the other side the so-called Hill of Evil Counsel. In the lower valley Solomon built "the high places of Moloch," where children were burned in sacrifice. The horrible rite practiced here in the age of the kings and its selection as the place of burning, where the offal of the city and altar were consumed, has made its name infamous to all generations. At a later period it was called by the Jews "Gehenna." Towards the east end of the valley is the traditional site of the place called the Potter's Field, bought with the money for which Judas sold our Lord.

Leaving this lonely valley we enter the Kedron valley, which runs on the eastern side to the city. Through this valley runs the brook Kedron, which rises at the north of Jerusalem and continues its course in the deep gorge to Mar Saba and the Dead Sea, being in fact a drain for the waters of Jerusalem. Turning aside from the valley we visited the pool of Siloam, the only pool near Jerusalem that has retained its Bible name. It is about 53 feet long and 18 feet wide. It is an artificial reservoir and dependent upon other sources for its water supply. There was some water in it when we saw it. The verse

"By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows,"

ought to be changed, for while the rill is there, the bushes, trees and flowers are wanting. It was here the blind man came and washed and received his sight. Directly opposite is the village, near which must have stood the tower of Siloam, which "fell and slew eighteen persons."

In 1880 an Arab boy accidentally discovered a tablet here which is regarded by scholars as one of the most important monumental records of Old Testament times. The translation gives a partial history and description of the pool. This Siloam inscription, it is said, represents the oldest specimen of the Hebrew language that has come down to us, except the writing on the Moabite stone found in 1868 and now in the Louvre in Paris. Excavations made in 1896-97 by the Palestine Exploration Society, under the direction of Dr. Bliss, have thrown much light on the pool of Siloam and its surroundings. The modern pool, 53x18, has been found to be much smaller than the original one, which was almost square. As restored it is 75 feet on its north side and 71 on the west. The greater part of the western wall was cut out of solid rock. Here Dr. Bliss discovered and unearthed an ancient stairway leading up towards the city. The number of steps is thirty-four and consist of hard, well jointed stone laid in a bed of mud and lime. Above the flight of stairs a paved road was traced for some distance which appeared to be a continuation of the grand stairway and is of the same class of work. Says the author of "The Land of Israel": "The enlarged pool, which Dr. Bliss has just restored piece by piece, is without doubt the Biblical

pool of Siloam. Its genuineness has been attested by several lines of evidence and it is safe to say that no site in or about Jerusalem has furnished so many interesting mementoes of the past or has been more fully identified. The paved street and the majestic flight of stone steps, with evidences of older foot wear on the rock beneath, suggests 'the stairs that go down from the City of David' as well as the way of descent by which the blind man reached to its healing waters in obedience to the command of Jesus (John 9:7). It was from this pool also water was brought in the golden pitcher on the 'last great day of the feast' and poured out on the altar of sacrifice amid the shouts of the rejoicing multitude." (John 7:37.)

As we ascend the valley the scene becomes picturesque and strange. On one side the rich yellow walls of the temple and the city, creep along the hills above them in which some stones 16x20 feet long are still to be seen. Here Sir Charles Warren made excavations, and at a depth of 78 feet discovered a foundation of one of Solomon's walls. As we now see the wall it is about 45 feet high outside, but "if we could clear it of these vast accumulations down to its rock foundation, it would rise before us to the amazing height of 170."

On the other side of the valley is a square structure with three smooth sides cut from the solid rock which is called the tomb of Zachariah. Beyond, high above us was another structure, 20 feet square with corner columns surmounted by a tapering tower,—this is the reputed tomb of Absalom. Within it is a compartment eight feet square with spaces for two tombs.

The Jews of today, believing it to be the tomb of Absalom, David's disobedient son, throw stones at it, and spit upon it to show their detestation of treachery to a father.

The eastern side of Jerusalem is always considered the sacred quarter, for it was on that side the temple stood. The gates on the eastern wall were the finest. The grandest of all was the Golden Gate. Its materials and workmanship were more beautiful than any of the other gates. In Herod's time it was called the "Beautiful Gate" because it was overlaid with fine Corinthian brass. Through this gate the way led from the Valley of Kedron to the inner courts of the temple. It was through it that Jesus entered Jerusalem on that memorable day when the people strewed his path with palm branches crying, "Hosanna: Blessed is the king of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord." Through this gate the scape-goat was annually led into the wilderness of Judea. This Golden Gate is now kept completely walled by the Mohammedans, who have a tradition that some day the Christians will enter it and destroy Islam. They say that when it is opened the day of Judgment will come.

Another place of great interest not far from here is St. Stephen's Gate. It is modern and probably near the place of the ancient Sheep Gate through which the sheep entered to be offered up in sacrifice in the temple. The Jews stoned Stephen and the Christians have given his name to it. It was the Gate of Sacrifice. The sheep came from the wilderness of Judea, the plains of Bethlehem and the Jordan. Near the gate, inside the walls, was the Pool of Bethesda and

here the sheep were washed from the stains of the wilderness and made pure and white before being presented to God on the altar. The sheep gate was also situated on the eastern wall of the city. That side was the side of the rising sun. The east was the quarter of the morning. The New Jerusalem which John saw in the vision had three gates on the east, three gates on the north, three gates on the west and three gates on the south. This was a fulfilment of the vision of the words that Jesus spoke, They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God. Dr. MacMillan of Scotland says, "There is surely more meaning in the vision than the mere quarter of the earth from which the inhabitants of the New Jerusalem are to come. The gates on the east side admit those who enter heaven in the morning of life, when the sun is just rising and all is fair and bright, and full of beautiful promise. The gates on the west side, admit those who enter heaven with a weary step at the close of a long life when the sun is setting. The gates on the cold and wintry north, admit those who have had few advantages in life and perhaps through much tribulation, enter the kingdom. While the gates on the warm and sunny south admit those for whom everything has been favorable and pleasant, who have no difficulties in life and no trials to endure. Such I believe to be the deeper meaning implied in the position of the gates of the New Jerusalem. The gate on the east side is the best gate to enter heaven."

The path which we have been following around the city now unites with the road which leads to Bethany

and the Jordan. Turning to the left and following the main road we soon reach the Damascus gate on the north side. This is at present the handsomest of the gates. It is comparatively modern, having been built about 300 years ago, but excavations made prove that the foundations are of great antiquity.

Near by is the entrance to what is known as Solomon's quarry, underneath the northern quarter of the city. It was discovered in 1855 by a missionary at Jerusalem, with the accidental aid of his dog. Noticing his dog scratching at the city wall and suddenly disappearing from sight, he went to the spot, and found an opening to an ancient quarry which had been undisturbed for ages. Entering it he found the quarry divided into chambers, the marks of chisels on the stones and grooves along which the great stones were carried.

We visited it one afternoon with our guide, wandering through it with the aid of lighted candles. The cavern is about 700 feet long and varies in breadth from 60 to 300 feet. The roof is supported by great pillars of the native rock and averages about 30 feet in height. The material is a white limestone—so soft that it may be cut with a pen knife; but on exposure to the air it becomes as hard and durable as granite. It is not improbable that the great stones in the temple and surrounding walls were obtained from this quarry.

Down in this underground workshop near the temple area the stones would be easily dressed and as easily removed to the platform. The fact that the quarry was higher than the temple ground would make it easy to slide the great stones down to the place and thus be put in the temple without sound of either ax

or hammer. It is worthy of note that the cedar used in the temple was almost as imperishable as the stone. It never decayed; insects or worms would not eat it.

Passing along the road on the west side we come to the Jaffa gate where we began our tour, having gone all around Jerusalem outside the wall.

Interesting as these places may be there are other places outside the walls, but some distance from it, that are sacred and historic and around which more holy memories cluster,—Bethany, Garden of Gethsemane, New Mount Calvary and the Mount of Olives. We will now visit them in the order named.

The Town of Bethany.

Bethany is about two miles east of Jerusalem, situated among groves of olive and fig trees, on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives. Its situation is pleasant, but the village has no charm except its seclusion and nothing to interest the visitor except its Gospel History. It looks as if it were shut out from the rest of the world for there is no town or human dwelling visible from it. The great wilderness of Judea opens out before it, and the steep side of Olivet rises close behind it. It is inhabited by a few Arab families who live in small rude houses. Few towns would be less worth going to see because of its attractions; few are more worth seeing because of its associations. No place has been favored with greater manifestations both of the humanity and divinity of Christ. With his earthly sojourn, Bethany is as closely bound as his own city,—Capernaum. Here was the only home he ever had. Here dwelt his friends, Mary, Martha and Lazarus, who opened up to him their home

and made him a welcome guest. This one little stone house that gave a hospitable reception to the Son of God has made Bethany forever famous.

There are three paths to Bethany, each leading over the Mount of Olives; one ascending almost directly over the top and then down the eastern side to Bethany; one which inclines toward the northern slope and the other round its southern shoulder. The last named was the most used and the common one for loads and beasts of burden leading down to Jericho and the river Jordan.

To this Bethany home Jesus loved to go for rest and refreshment. The first recorded visit he made there was about the middle of his public ministry. He was on the eastern side of the Jordan, spending some time in retirement and returned to Jerusalem to the feast of the Tabernacle. Passing by Bethany on the way he stopped there, and was entertained at the home of Mary and Martha. Jesus was tired and hungry from the long weary walk up the steep rugged road from Jericho. Martha seems to have been the elder sister and was the housekeeper, for it is said, "She received him into her house." Martha was a busy practical woman, inclined to be over anxious.

Mary on the other hand was quiet and studious. She said less than her sister, but thought more. She loved retirement and meditation.

The word of Jesus does not encourage idleness or rebuke activity. It should be our aim to combine the calm devotion of the one and the unresting energy of the other. There are times when speech and action are the first duties, and there are times when silence and thought are the most excellent virtues.

Christ wants many ministers in the world and silence is as pleasing to him as speaking, when it is for his sake. There are times of trial and provocation when it takes the greatest talent to keep still. The hardest command of the Great Master is the one he requires of us to keep still and do nothing, when our hearts are burning within us to do something. The demand of the age is for men of action, men to face difficulties and fight battles, and yet it were well if there were more men of thought and devotion, more men of conscience and faith. These two qualities ought to go together.

The second visit Jesus made to Bethany was in the time of sorrow. The eleventh chapter of John which is the great Bethany chapter tells us about it. Into this loving and lovely home the angel of death entered. Lazarus, whom these sisters loved with all the wealth of their womanly affection, dies. In their distress they sent word at once to Jesus beyond the Jordan. He knew them best and had their fullest love. The message was "He whom thou lovest is sick," a very touching message breathing the true spirit of resignation. They did not say, "Come at once," or "Do something," but simply spread the case before him to do with it as he thought wisest and best. We read that "he abode two days in the same place where he was." It was that the Son of God might be glorified thereby. At length he leaves Perea. Christ's delays are not denials. At last he reaches Bethany. They took him to the place where Lazarus was buried. The tomb of Lazarus and the home of Martha are still shown, but they are not the real places. He orders the stone rolled away; He utters the majes-

tic words, "Lazarus, come forth!" and the dead brother is restored to life. Marvelous moment! Sublime victory! The raising of Lazarus was the seal of Christ's divinity and the pledge of our future resurrection.

The third time Jesus went to Bethany was when he was present at the supper. It was a few days before his death; supper was served at the old home and the same people were there. Martha is there, serving as usual, but she has lost her worry. She is as busy as ever, but she is not cumbered. Since last we saw her, her brother has died and has been restored. Sorrow and death have taught her many things. Mary is there and at the same old work—sympathizing with Jesus and sharing her love with him. She saw by the quick intuition of love the shadow of the cross resting upon him. He was lonely and Mary knew it. She remembered how he had sympathized with her in her sorrow. Her heart is moved in love and she says to herself, "What will I do to show that I love him?" She instantly decides to give him the best and the costliest thing she has, "her alabaster box of ointment." She takes it, breaks it, pours it upon his head. That's what love will do, and the doing of that act has brought Mary immortal fame, for the Master himself said, "Wheresoever the Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, this shall be told for a memorial of her." A good work wrought for Christ does not die away in the doing of it. Mary is pouring out her ointment still in a constant endless stream and the perfume which at first only filled the room at Bethany is now filling the world.

Bethany might appropriately be called "the place of love." These exhibitions of love on the part of Jesus and his friends entitled it to the name. The world will not forget Bethany. Nearly all the great and memorable things done in the world since have had their origin in love. Love is the keynote of religion. It is central in Christianity. It is the main-spring of life. Love is a transforming power. Love kills selfishness, avarice and jealousy, and melts the hardest heart.

Dr. Hillis in his "Man's Value to Society" says: In "Silas Marner" George Eliot tells us how avarice is utterly killed before the touch of love.

You remember that Silas Marner was made the victim of the blackest ingratitude, his friend was a thief who thrust upon him the blame of a great crime. Suddenly this innocent man found all houses closed against him, while all markets refused to buy his wares. Through two long years right bravely he looked all men straight in the face. At length he could stand it no longer for hunger and want drove him away from his home. Then he shook the dust of his feet against his false friends who betrayed him. He lost faith in God and man—kindness in him soured into envy, sweetness into bitterness. Journeying away from home he went to a distant village and there began to work again. There he toiled for fifteen years and at the end of that time he had a pile of gold,—but he was a miser. His gold he hid under the brick floor of his house when he was at his work. Each night he locked the door, then took his gold and poured it on the table and counted it.

But one evening on returning from his work, he

lifted the bricks of the floor and to his amazement the hole was empty. His gold was gone. Benumbed and crazed with terror he went everywhere looking for his money, but could not find it. Then when it dawned upon him that it was gone, he sent forth a wild cry, and in his grief he rushed out of his house into the rain and storm of a wild night, and wandered on and on stupefied with pain. In the early morning he returned to his house. On nearing his home he saw through the door the glint of something yellow by his hearth. With a wild cry he rushed forward and caught it, thinking it was his gold. But it was not gold;—it was something better. It was the yellow golden curls of a little child who had strayed into his house. Broken hearted, he took up the deserted child in his arms and pressed her to his bosom. As the weeks went on the little child took hold of his heart. For the child's sake he turned again to his loom, love brought back again industry and work. For the child's sake he bought carpets for the bare floor, pictures for the walls, love made him tender and unselfish. For the child's sake he knelt one night and recited a child's prayer, love would fain make a Christian of him, but still he hated men.

Years went on and the child grew to young womanhood. One day a rich man's carriage stopped before his cottage door. Then the rich man told how this beautiful girl of eighteen was his daughter. She wandered away from home and they could not find her. Her father had a beautiful mansion and great wealth which she would inherit. He told her about it all. But she refused to go home. She turned away from

it all, and for the love she bore Silas Marner, she put her arms about his neck and said, "he cared for me and toiled and brought me up." Then something gave way and Silas Marner wept. His heart was won and made over again. Then came confidence in God and man. Love destroyed avarice and purged away sin and ingratitude for love is a cleanser,—love is a transformer. It makes saints out of savages. It made a noble man out of Silas Marner, miser and atheist.

Garden of Gethsemane.

From Bethany, Jesus set out on his last entry into Jerusalem. The night before his crucifixion he ate the Passover with his disciples in the city and afterward passed out into the Garden of Gethsemane. Very few places in all the Holy Land are so dear to the Christian. Here the Saviour struggled with the tremendous burden of sin laid upon his soul. As in the beginning of his ministry he struggled in the wilderness with a mighty temptation, so now, at the close of his ministry he entered into a still greater conflict.

Gethsemane is located at the base of the Mount of Olives, just across the brook Kedron, and it is a spot no one ever fails to visit when at Jerusalem. It is surrounded by a well-built limestone wall, plastered and whitewashed, and about ten feet high. We enter the garden through a grated iron door on the eastern side. The enclosure is nearly square and contains about an acre of ground. It is divided into plots and paths and is rich in pansies, lilies, geraniums and other fragrant plants and flowers. On the walls are the stations of the Cross and other scenes in the life

of Christ. Near the center is a well of water and near to it is the humble home of the Monk who cares for it. Within the garden walls there are seven or eight large olive trees, perhaps the oldest and certainly the most venerable trees in the land. They are of immense size, so wrinkled and aged that heaps of stone are piled around them to keep them from falling. The largest is about twenty feet in circumference and is kept together by iron bands. Were these the same trees underneath whose branches the Saviour prayed and sweat, as it were, great drops of blood? It is scarcely possible that they date back to the time of Christ, although olive trees live to an extreme old age. Still these monarchs of the garden may have sprouted from the old roots, since it is characteristic of the olive to sprout repeatedly from the same roots, even though cut off at the ground. Job says, "There is hope of a tree if it be cut down that it will sprout up again."

These valuable trees linked us closely to the time of Christ and recalled to us the awful event of his betrayal and his suffering. If not under these very trees it was under trees like them that the Saviour's great agony occurred. This makes it a place of inexpressible interest. This is the very sanctuary of Christ's earthly life. Here he prayed. Such a prayer as is found in the seventeenth chapter of John has a new meaning when read here. In this place Jesus prayed the Father, saying, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me." Here Judas betrayed him and gave him up to his enemies. Garden of Agony and of Trial! yet, praised be His name, the garden of complete and final triumph,—a crowning triumph on be-

half of humanity. That was a long, black night of suffering and loneliness, but he fought his way through it all. He suffered once for all. Gethsemane is never to be repeated by our Lord.

This garden is a suitable place for thought and meditation. Gethsemane suggests two words for us.

The first word is sympathy. It means that Jesus has suffered as all men must suffer—only more. We always have the close company of the sympathizing Saviour in our times of temptation and trouble. So sympathy is one of heaven's sweetest words to remember. The other great word that we get from Gethsemane is surrender. Jesus could say in the fearful midnight struggle, "Not my will, but thine." In the bitterest hour of his life he was able to give up his own will for the Father's. We are most like Christ when we, too, surrender our wills for God's glory. The great warfare which we all have to fight as long as life lasts is to bring ourselves into harmony with him whose will is ever the highest and best.

Mount Calvary.

Following the course of events, Calvary comes after Gethsemane. After the betrayal followed that night of trial, scourging and shame. The Scriptures tell us that after his final condemnation "they led him away to crucify him, and when they were come to the place called Calvary, there they crucified him." While the Church of the Holy Sepulchre has been for over fourteen hundred years venerated as the place where Christ was crucified and buried, it is now doubted whether it covers the real site.

The new site of Calvary is an elevation with a broken face on the side looking toward the city. This knoll is near the Damascus gate and in a prominent place, and from it a fine view of the city and country can be obtained. In the time of Christ it was called the place of stoning. Above all, it is skull shaped, and from a distance the form of a skull is distinctly seen. It is the only hill about Jerusalem that has that form. It gradually slopes downward on three sides to the level. The entire summit is covered with Moslem graves and this has prevented it from being covered with buildings. The hill is partly covered with green grass and dotted all over with flowers, notably the anemone, or "drop of blood." Underneath this hill side is the grotto of Jeremiah, where the prophet was imprisoned, and where it is supposed he wrote the Lamentations.

This new site seems to satisfy the conditions of the narrative better than the Calvary within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It would be presumptuous in any one who has not made a special study of Jerusalem to offer an opinion as to the authentic site of the place of the crucifixion of Christ, but the opinions of well-known scholars and Bible students are to be accepted. Mr. Fisher Howe, of Brooklyn, first called attention to this site in a little booklet called "The True Site of Calvary," published in 1871. Major Condor, General Gordon, Sir William Dawson, Dr. Merrill and other eminent authorities have adopted this identification. Their reasons are summed up as follows:

The Gospels say that the place of crucifixion was outside the walls of the city. This spot is certainly

without the wall. The old Calvary is now within the walls, but its advocates claim that the spot was outside at the time of Christ's death; now the question can only be settled by finding out whether the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is within or without the walls of the ancient city.

John says that the place was nigh to the city. The knoll in question is only about ten minutes' walk from the Damascus gate.

Luke says that the place was called Calvary or place of the skull. This hill is noticeably skull shaped as already indicated.

Mark says, "And they that passed by railed on him, wagging their heads." The place was evidently near the road leading to and from the city. This hill stands in a striking position at the juncture of two roads, one leading west to the sea and the other leading northward to Damascus, the latter being one of the oldest and best known roads in Palestine.

John says: "Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden and in the garden a sepulchre." On the western slope of the hill is a garden and in that garden there has been recently discovered an ancient rock-cut tomb which is pronounced by experts to be Jewish and dating back to the first century. In the tomb has been found an alabaster slab, one indication among others that it was a grave prepared by a rich man like Joseph of Arimathea. It is a well-known fact that General Gordon became convinced that it was the tomb in which Christ was laid.

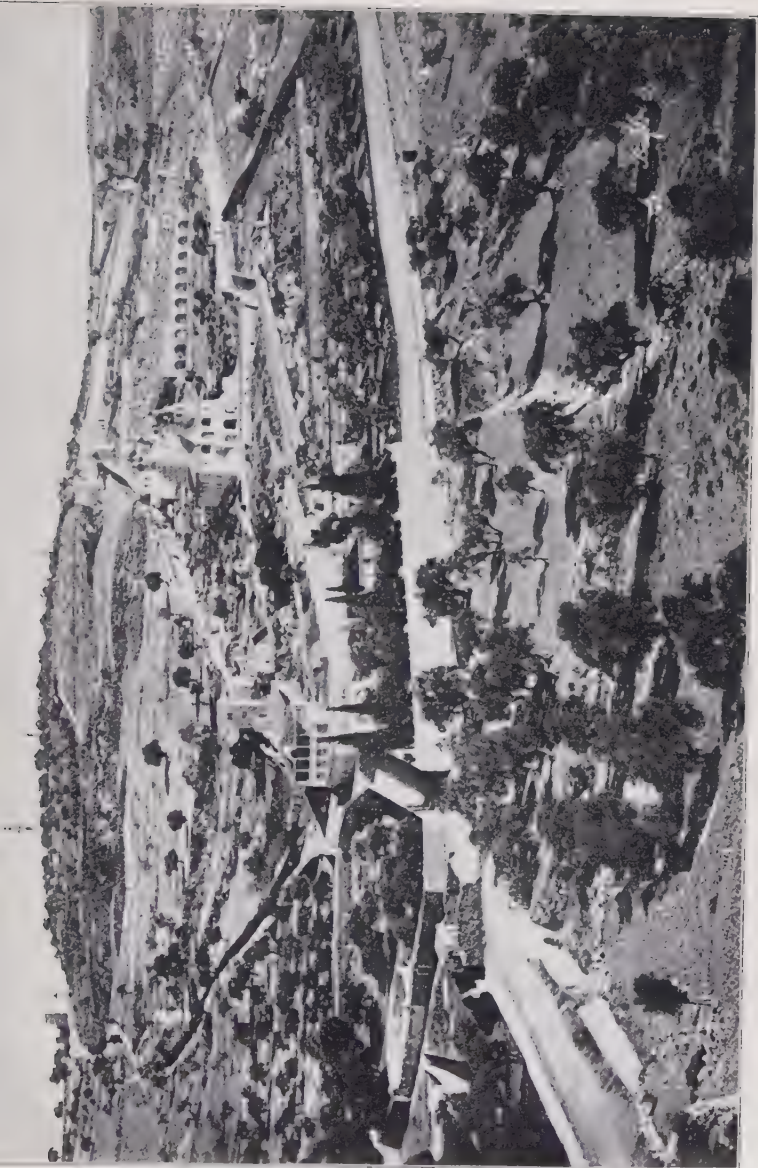
It may be that no demonstration of the actual spot is possible. Very likely it is best that we should not know it with certainty. "Christianity is not a re-

ligion of 'holy places;' on the contrary, the whole spirit of the Gospel tends to withdraw men's minds from an attachment to places and lead them to worship a spiritual God 'in spirit and in truth.' It was not without a wise purpose that the exact scenes of the crucifixion and resurrection and the ascension were left unknown, and that these events themselves were made to stand altogether unconnected with places. God thus took away all ground for that superstition, which will only offer its incense at an earthly shrine. He showed that Christianity was designed to be the religion of the world and not merely of Palestine—that the story of Jesus and his salvation was written not for one nation, but to be read and understood equally by all mankind."

Mount of Olives.

No place about Jerusalem is more frequently visited by travelers and enjoyed than the Mount of Olives. It has many natural attractions, and is specially rich in memories of Christ. With Him it was a favorite resort for John says, "that oft times he resorted thither with his disciples." The presence of Christ makes certain things in the Holy Land inexpressibly dear to the Christian heart. With very few places on earth was Christ's ministry more familiarly and pleasantly associated than with this Mount; and as one looks upon it and walks over it, perhaps in the very paths that he trod, he is brought very closely in touch with him.

In the crowded city He taught and spent the day in works of love and mercy, but when the shadows of evening began to fall, He went out to the Mount of



MOUNT OF OLIVES AND GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Olives, where he slept through the night under the widespreading branches of the trees, or entered into the home at Bethany where He ever found the kindly sympathy which his human nature craved. For this reason the followers of Christ love to visit this sacred Mount. A few go there alone because they feel the impressions made upon their mind will be more lasting. Others choose companions that they may enjoy each other's aspirations and thoughts. On the side or summit of the mountain it is easy to find a secluded spot where friends may sit and talk of the holy things that belong to the spiritual world and try to appreciate as never before the great work of the Divine Master. The Sabbath, if one may choose it, seems the most appropriate time for such visits and meditations.

The writer has most pleasant memories of a Sabbath morning spent on the Mount of Olives with a congenial friend. It was Easter Sunday in Jerusalem, bright, clear and delightful with a cool breeze blowing from the west. We read the Scripture account and tried to recall the events that took place in

"That dear honored spot,
The fame of whose wonder shall ne'er be forgot."

We climbed the famous Russian tower from the top of which was one of the finest views in the land. Here we are 2,800 feet above the waters of the Mediterranean on the west and nearly 4,000 feet above the waters of the Dead Sea on the east—with southern Palestine spread out before us in all its wildness, beauty and variety. At our feet looking west is the Holy City. Its walls, towers, valleys, the Mosque of Omar, the Tower of David, the Church of the Holy

Sepulchre, the Pool of Siloam, the Kedron Valley, and the new site of Calvary, all lie before us like the page of an open book. To the north is Mizpah with its high Mosque and beyond the hills is Bethel. On the south the plain of Rephaim, and beyond the ridges, Bethlehem, though the town can not be seen.

The most extensive view may be had by turning to the east. There the wilderness of Judea lies before us in its grim sterility, with its broken hills and yawning chasms, fit place for robbers and wild beasts. Over this confused mass of broken hills the eye travels until it reaches the Jordan Valley eighteen miles away and over 3,000 feet below. The River Jordan can not be seen, only the line that marks its course, but at the lower end of it the Dead Sea is visible, smooth and silent as marble. Beyond the valley and the sea rise the mountains of Gilead and Moab, running north and south, nearly a hundred miles and rising like a massive wall against the sky. No wonder the Jews spoke of "the everlasting hills," for they were surrounded by them on every side.

Yonder is the watch tower of Gilead and yonder is the rounded dome of Nebo where Moses had his first view of the promised land. In this clear atmosphere distant objects seem almost near enough to touch and though the mountains of Moab beyond the Dead Sea are fully 25 miles distant in a straight line, yet one would suppose them to be not more than ten miles away.

A greater number and variety of sacred historical sites and memorable places can be seen from the top of Olivet than from any other place in the world. The identity of the Mount has never been questioned. It

lies directly east of the city and separated from it by the Valley of Kedron. It is a large limestone hill about a mile long, running north and south, sloping down towards the Valley of Kedron on the west and again towards the little town of Bethany on the east. Its summit is about 200 feet higher than the temple ground, and the distance between the temple and the top of the mount, measured in a straight line, down one hill and up the other, is about half a mile but to follow the path it is over a mile. It received its name from the abundance of olive trees which once grew upon it and it has a good title to the name even now. The olive tree is by far the most important tree in Palestine. Olive groves are seen in the vicinity of nearly all the towns and villages. It is not by any means an attractive tree. It grows about the size of an apple tree but its trunk is very much thicker. Its wood is of a beautiful dark color and takes a high polish, but the value of the tree lies in its fruit.

The oil is extracted from the berry that grows on the tree and is a valued article of household comfort, as well as of commerce: the oil being used in lamps, in cooking, and in the manufacture of soap. Dr. Thompson says that large trees in a good season yield from ten to fifteen gallons of olive oil and an acre of them at that rate would be worth about \$100.

The allusions in the Scriptures to the olive tree are numerous, from the time of the return of Noah's dove to the ark with an olive leaf in her mouth down to the time of the apostles. Once this mount was full of olive trees and there was an oil press at its base; for the word Gethsemane means an "oil-press." The general appearance of Olivet must now be widely differ-

ent from what it was in Bible times. Then the slopes were covered with the choicest trees and vegetation. At its base in the Kedron Valley, grew the prophet's myrtle tree. On the western side of the mount stood Bethphage, "the house of figs," and on the eastern side stood eBthany, "the house of dates." It was on the slopes of Olivet that the multitude found palm branches in going forth to meet the Saviour.

The gardens and orchards that once covered it are now gone. We can not rest at noonday under the dark green fig trees or the thick clustering vines that once shaded the brown earth and the bare ledges of limestone from the sun. And yet the hills and the valleys, and the far-reaching landscape are the same that Jesus saw, and they are sacred to us because they were familiar to him. The few trees now remaining are the olive, fig and the almond but it is not by any means a tree-covered mount. Great boulders of stone are scattered about everywhere, while here and there may be seen a patch of cultivated soil sown with some kind of grain or vegetable.

A large part of the mount is occupied by a Jewish cemetery. It is said that about sixty acres of the hill-side are covered with the graves of Jews who have come from every land to be buried in the soil where their fathers died. Strange to find this place to be one of the favorite spots of the Redeemer of the world and at the same time the favorite burying-place of those who rejected him and put him to death. But it is only one of the strange contrasts one meets in a study of the Holy Land.

There are four places on the slopes of Olivet that are famous because of their connection with the clos-

ing days of our Lord's life and ministry. These are Bethany, the Garden of Gethsemane, the place where He wept over Jerusalem, and the place of Ascension. The spot where Jesus wept over the city is a ledge of rock on the southern shoulder of the mountain. As the path coming up to Jerusalem rounds the turn the city bursts upon the view; on that spot one of the most pathetic events in our Lord's life took place. We read that "he beheld the city and wept over it." That rocky ledge is a sacred place, for it was once wet with the tears of the Son of Man.

It is also probable that from this point our Lord saw spread out before him the whole scene of his coming sorrows and sufferings. Gethsemane, the place of his agony; Jerusalem, where he would be rejected, and Calvary, the hill on which he was to endure the shame of the cross.

In another place we read that a short time before his death, having prophesied of the destruction of Jerusalem, he left the temple where he had been teaching "and sat upon the Mount of Olives, over against the temple." Then the disciples questioned him, saying, "tell us when these things shall be." Then Jesus gave the pathetic answer which foretold the destruction of both the city and the temple, which is recorded in the 24th chapter of Matthew. The scene of this interview is located about half way up the western slope of the hill.

The Mount of Olives is especially noteworthy as the place of Christ's ascension. "And it came to pass while he blessed them he was parted from them and carried up to heaven." (Luke 24:50.) The last walk Jesus had with his disciples after his resurrection was

up this mount and from its sunny slopes and sunlit hills he gave his great commission and ascended to heaven to sit forever at the right hand of God. "At Bethlehem his winged feet first touched this shore of time; from Olivet they sprang back into the eternal home."

The top of Mount Olivet is quite broad. On the central summit is a small Moslem village, behind which is the Moslem church that is said to mark the place of ascension. A short distance from the church is the traditional place where Christ taught his disciples the Lord's prayer. Within a few years a French princess has erected upon the site a small building. She has had the Lord's prayer inscribed in 33 different languages upon 33 tablets of stone. These are placed in the walls so that strangers from all lands as they visit Jerusalem may be able to read that prayer in their own language, a step towards that unity that shall prevail in the world when all nations shall together say, "Our Father."

On this sacred hill was given the greatest commission ever given to man, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and men on every continent on the earth are today telling the story of the Cross because Christ said "Go." These were the last words uttered by Christ while on earth and never have gone forth from any place words of such mighty power and significance.

Well says Dr. Macduff in "Memories of Olivet": "Olivet! it was the spot of all others consecrated by suffering and love; oft and again it had been perfumed with the incense of his prayer, it had been diffused at midnight with his tears; down amid the

groves of its Gethsemane olives it had been bathed with his blood, its rocky highway had echoed to the songs of the jubilant multitude, and its soil been carpeted with the palm branches which strewed the conqueror's path; the hallowed village on its ridge (ever sacred Bethany) had been selected as the scene of his most enduring friendship. It was surely befitting that this earthly audience chamber, this haunt of mingled joy and woe, abasement and triumph—it was mete that he should make it the gateway of heaven, the robing room of his celestial palace—that on its height he should convene the chariots of God, the bright convoy that was to bear him to his everlasting throne."

CHAPTER VI.

A DAY AT BETHLEHEM

RACHEL'S TOMB—SOLOMON'S POOLS—A VISIT TO
HEBRON—THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which has come to pass."—Luke 2:15.

There are four places of surpassing interest in the Holy Land which every traveler wants to see: Bethlehem, where Christ was born; Nazareth, where he was brought up; Galilee, where he did his mighty works, and Jerusalem, where he was crucified and buried. Bethlehem is one of the most popular places in the Holy Land. Of all the millions of pilgrims who visit Jerusalem there are but few, if any, who return to their own land until they have visited Bethlehem. Situated some six miles from the Holy City, it is within easy reach. From Jerusalem our party made a four days' tour in southern Palestine, visiting Hebron and Bethlehem, crossing the wilderness of Judea to the Dead Sea, thence up the Jordan Valley to Jericho and from Jericho up to Jerusalem.

Early Monday morning, March the 30th, we left for the south. The morning was bright and the air cool and agreeable. A fresh, healthy breeze was sweeping from the west. Passing the Jaffa gate on our left and the pool of Gihon on our right, we went by a bridge out into the valley of Rephaim. Here we

found men and women and teams all busily engaged in plowing, planting and sowing. They were sowing large fields with wheat or barley, also smaller fields with millet, melons and cucumbers.

The journey from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is of supreme historic interest. Every part of the way is bright with biblical associations. The winding road, the undulating hills, the vales between covered with terraces, vineyards and orchards, are typical Judean scenery. The road follows the central ridge of the hill country and is a good carriage road. It is the same way that the "wise men" took as they went forth from the Holy City, led by the guiding star, to find the new-born king. We had come on a longer pilgrimage than they to see the place with no shining star to guide us. We did not need to come to Bethlehem to find him, for we found him as a Saviour in our western homes. We came to see the place where he was born and the land where he lived, and which is redolent with memories of his earthly life.

Naturally in going through the country, we very often saw or heard illustrations of Scripture. None more interesting than that of the shepherd and his sheep. This is the land of shepherds. We pass them on the way with their flocks. The tenth chapter of John has a new interest when read in this pastoral country. A shepherd, finding on reaching home at night that a sheep is missing, makes inquiries of the shepherds about it. Thus, he will go to a shepherd and ask him if he has found a sheep not belonging to him. Thereupon the shepherd will give a call and on hearing this call, all his own sheep will look up; if there is one sheep which does not look up, it is known

at once to be a stranger. Then the shepherd who has lost a sheep will give his call and if the sheep is his, it will look up and so the lost is found. The mind at once thinks of the parable of the shepherd. "My sheep hear my voice and I know them and they follow me." These words of Christ are new in the life of the East, even at the present time.

Less than a mile from the village of Bethlehem we come to the tomb of Rachel. The tomb is fully identified and is revered alike by Jew, Moslem and Christian. Rachel's burial place was certainly here or near here. (Gen. 35:16.) The tomb is close by the roadside. Over it is built a small Turkish mosque, a stone structure surmounted by a white dome. The tradition and the locality agree with the Bible narrative. The story is simple, graphic and touching. As Jacob and his family journeyed from Bethel to Edom, "his wife died and was buried on the way to Bethlehem and Jacob set up a pillar on her grave, that of Rachel's grave unto this day." This is a genuine site saved from the ruins of the past. Near Rachel's tomb the road divides—the road to the left leading to Bethlehem, the other to Hebron. We went to Hebron first.

Pools of Solomon.

An hour's ride brought us to the "Pools of Solomon." These pools, which are still in a good state of preservation, were undoubtedly made by Solomon and were for the purpose of watering his gardens and orchards. The water was carried also to Jerusalem, to vast reservoirs hewn in the rock under the court of the temple. A good supply is still carried to Bethlehem, three or four miles distant, and the aqueduct to

Jerusalem, 14 miles away, for a long time broken, was repaired in 1898 in honor of the visit of Emperor William of Germany. There are three large pools, standing on different levels, one above the other, and shut in between two barren hillsides. The water flowed through the two pools before it entered the aqueduct, and thus it became pure and clean. The lower part of each pool was built of solid masonry, while the upper part was cut out of the native rock. The measurement of these pools according to Robinson is as follows:

Upper pool 380ft. by 226ft. by 25ft.

Middle pool 423ft. by 230ft. by 39ft.

Lower pool 580ft. by 207ft. by 50ft.

The inside was lined with marble cement which can still be seen, after the lapse of three thousand years. In the days of Solomon this whole region was a great system of water works, gardens, with a palace attached. To its luxuriant gardens, orchards and pleasant fruits, the Song of Solomon frequently alludes.

Having refreshed ourselves and our horses with water from the pools—for they are now about half full—we rode on for two hours, stopping for luncheon at the reputed place where Philip baptized the Ethiopian eunuch. At one o'clock we were in our saddles again and at three we were at Hebron.

Hebron.

Hebron is about nineteen miles south of Jerusalem, in the Valley of Eschol. The modern city is built on a slope of the eastern hill. It occupies the highest ground of the whole country, being 3,000 feet above the sea. The surrounding country is rich and very fertile.

The hills and valleys are alike clothed with olive groves, forest trees and vineyards. Hebron is pre-eminently a grape country. The vine stalks are allowed to grow thick and stout by cutting them about five feet from the ground. Some of the vines grow strong enough to stand alone. Some run along the ground, while others are trained to climb on trellises and trees. The vineyards are generally protected by a high stone wall, inside of which is a small stone structure which serves as the home of the vine dresser. Here he lives and sleeps, and on the roof of the watch-tower he spends the day, keeping the Bedouins and the birds away from the fruit; so that according to Scripture teaching, each man sits under his own vine and fig tree, none daring to make him afraid.

Possibly it was somewhere in these vineyards the spies sent by Moses found the magnificent clusters of grapes which they carried back with them as an evidence of the fruitfulness of the land. It would seem as if this historic valley could not look more beautiful then than it does now. Hebron itself is disappointing. There are a few spacious and well-built houses, yet the greater part of the city has a dilapidated appearance. The streets are dirty and arched over. The bazaars are dark and dingy. And although there is so much sunshine in Palestine, there is only a small hole here and there in the houses to let the light come in and for this little luxury extra rent is charged. Hebron has a population of about 12,000 Moslems, and 600 Jews with a few Christians. It is one of the holy cities of the Moslem world. It passed wholly into their hands after the defeat of the Crusaders in 1187 A. D., and has been ever since a hotbed of Mos-

lem bigotry and fanaticism. A few years ago not a single Christian family lived in Hebron, but now the German Protestant Church has a mission and school there; but the mission meets with much opposition. The Anakim formerly lived here and even now the men are large and good looking (Num. 13: 22). Not all of the women cover their faces with veils as Moslem women have to do, but if they were loyal to the cause of beauty, they would. The children are dirty and impudent and encouraged by their parents, threw stones at us and we probably would have had trouble had not our guide called soldiers to protect us and accompany us through the town. The people manufacture water skins from goat's hides, lamps and colored beads for ornaments, and these with the grape culture are the chief industries of the place.

Hebron is one of the oldest cities in the world, founded, they say, soon after the deluge. Nothing less than a flood would ever make it sweet and clean. It is rich in Old Testament history, being mentioned forty times. References abound in connection with the life of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, who spent a large part of their lives here. David reigned here as king for seven and a half years, but when he was made king over all Israel he removed to Mount Zion. In this poetic region, no doubt David composed some of his psalms which still kindle the devotion of God's people.

Cave of Machpelah.

The most important place in Hebron is the great mosque, an immense stone structure, about 200 feet long and 115 feet wide. Its enclosing walls, 40 feet

high, are built of large blocks of hewn stone; one of the stones in the wall measures thirty-eight feet in length and three feet in height. The chief feature of this mosque is that it is built over the cave of Machpelah, the family burying place of the old patriarchs.

The story of the purchase of the cave of Machpelah from Ephron the Hittite by Abraham, is graphically told in the 23d chapter of Genesis, the details of which are true to eastern life and business today. This was perhaps the first legal contract recorded in history. The first person buried in the cave was Sarah, Abraham's wife; then Abraham was buried by Isaac and Ishmael (Gen. 25:9); then Isaac by his sons Esau and Jacob (Gen. 35). Few things can be more touching than the dying charge of Jacob to his children in Egypt. "Bury me with my fathers which is in the cave of Ephron the Hittite, and in the cave which is in the field of Machpelah which is before Mamre which is in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought of Ephron the Hittite for a possession of a burying place. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife. There they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife, and there I buried Leah." In obedience to this solemn charge, the embalmed body of Jacob was brought hither from the land of Egypt and laid to rest with his fathers. There has never been any dispute as to the identity of the burial place. It has had no rival. It is the wonder and attraction of the town; and may well be designated the Westminster Abbey of Palestine.

Machpelah is now in possession of the Moslems, who guard it with the greatest care. Neither Jew

nor Christian can stand beside the tomb in which rests the founders of the Hebrew nation. Only on a few occasions in modern times have Christians been allowed to enter it, and no Christian visitor is ever allowed to go down into the actual place of burial in the cave where the six bodies are supposed to lie. We were not permitted to enter the cave, not even the mosque. We walked around the outside building and that was as near as we heretics were allowed to come. The only thing really worth seeing in Hebron, was the thing we could not see. There are few places more attractive to the imagination than this cave. Here is the grave of Abraham—the friend of God. A marvelous interest lies in the fact that within this mosque lies not only the dust of Abraham and Isaac, but the embalmed body of Jacob. Although Jacob was buried nearly seventeen hundred years B. C. it is not impossible to think that his body may still remain undisturbed by the hands of man. We may yet be able to look upon his face. His body may still lie swathed in linen bandages, and covered with hieroglyphics, like the body of Rameses II that we saw in the museum at Cairo. Time is working its changes. It is only a few years ago since the Mosque of Omar was open to visitors, and before many years this cave will be opened from its long sleep. The mystery which hangs over it will be solved when this land comes into the hands of an enlightened, Christian nation.

Although owing to Moslem bigotry we were **not** allowed to look upon the tombs of these men of God and mothers of Israel we came away with this thought, that if we were the children of the living God, we should one day see them face to face, for had

we not his own word for it, that we should sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God?

From Hebron we went to Mamre, which stands at the head of a fair and fruitful valley about a mile north of the city. Here is shown Abraham's oak under which, according to tradition, he pitched his tent and received the three angelic visitors. It is certainly a grand old tree, but the tradition which associates it with Abraham is not to be taken too seriously. Its trunk is about 32 feet in girth and 10 feet from the ground the tree forks into four wide spreading branches, covering an area of about 75 feet. One branch is entirely dead. The center one divides itself in two branches, one dead and bare, and on the other hangs a mass of heavy foliage.

Mamre is said to be the highest point in Palestine. There is a hill behind this old oak, about three thousand feet high, and from the top of it may be enjoyed a very extensive view of the surrounding country. From this hill Abraham may have seen the smoke from the burning of Sodom and Gomorrah. (Gen. 19:27.)

Abraham moved his tent and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre. This was the first home of Abraham in Canaan and here he erected an altar to the true God. Mamre is also the village of sacred promise. It was here that it was announced that Sarah should have a son in her old age, and it was on a magnificent starry night, peculiar to that land, that God told Abraham to look up towards the heavens and tell the number of the stars and he said, "So shall thy seed be." Here Abraham royally entertained at his tent angel guests from the world, and here at the close of a grand and

glorious career he died and was buried in the cave in yonder Hebron.

From Mamre, we returned to the Jerusalem road and that night camped beside a beautiful spring, one hour's ride north of Hebron on the way back to Bethlehem. On Tuesday morning we were out of our tents at 5 o'clock, and as the king of day was coming forth from his bedchamber in the east, we were galloping over the road to Bethlehem, and in three hours' time reached the city.

Bethlehem.

"Bethlehem! of noblest cities,
None can once with thee compare;
Thou alone the Lord from Heaven
Didst for us incarnate bear!"

Bethlehem is to all the world the sweetest of words and one of its best known cities. Its chief glory was one thing—being the birthplace of the Christ-child. That is enough to make it a place of surpassing interest. Nineteen hundred years ago was born in little Bethlehem the greatest Man of all time; he who to-day fills the world with hope and joy. In the manger at Bethlehem, Christ the Lord was born. There was nothing grand from an earthly point of view about his birth. The door of no hospitable home was open to receive him, nor was the inn proud that such an one was born there.

Look at him as he lay in that lonely manger! On that baby head was afterwards platted the crown of thorns. That back carried the cruel cross to desolate Calvary. Those feet walked the stormy waters of Galilee, and those hands touched and cleansed the leper.

On the banks of yonder Jordan, a day's ride from Bethlehem, the Spirit of God descended upon him as a dove. Those ears heard the voice of God on the Mount of Transfiguration proclaiming him the Son of God. From those baby lips afterwards came the wonderful Sermon on the Mount, and the still more wonderful prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane. In the strength and prime of his great manhood that body was nailed to the cross, for the salvation of the world. Out of that manger came the cross, and out of that cradle came a divine manhood. Out of it came the inspiration of apostles, martyrs and missionaries in all ages. Christianity was born that night in Bethlehem. The angels from heaven came to celebrate the event. The shepherds went with haste to see the young child, and the Wise Men from the East came to pay him homage. The child that was born that night in Bethlehem gives a new meaning to all history, a new hope to all the world and a new sacredness to all humanity.

Let us now go to Bethlehem as did the shepherds of old. Before we enter the city let us look at the surroundings. On all sides are indications of cultivation and fertility; nature herself seeks to adorn the birthplace of the King of kings. To the traveler approaching from Jerusalem the city with its encircling walls, terraced heights, and long winding ascent to the gate, presents a picture of beauty. As we approach we recall the words of the prophet, "Thou Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler of Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting



PLOWING WITH OXEN.

(Micah 5:2).” Bethlehem is built on a hill, a rocky ridge about a mile long. On every side save one, there are higher hills. Although enclosed by a strong wall, it never was fortified by lofty towers and strong walls like Jerusalem. On the north, south and east, the slopes are naturally very steep, but graded and terraced and clothed with gardens of vegetables and flowers, oliveyards and vineyards. The grapes that grow about the hill of Bethlehem are as rich and delicate in flavor as those of Spain and Italy. The figs and apricots, pomegranates and olives from its gardens, command the highest prices in the markets of Jerusalem.

East of the city lies a large open valley known as the plain of Bethlehem, through which runs a small stream of water. It is one of the best cultivated, and one of the fairest and most fruitful plains in the land. Looking around we see luxuriant fields of wheat and barley. The slopes of the hills are clothed with orchards and vines and olives, while in the pasture lands beyond are herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, with some goats and camels among them; all grazing peacefully in the dark green and flower decorated grass that grows on the hills and hollows.

In this plain about a mile east of the town on a gentle slope is a group of ruins and a small chapel called the “Angel of the Shepherd.” Beyond is a large space enclosed by a wall and thickly planted with olive trees. This is called the “Shepherd’s Field,” where it is said the shepherds were watching their flocks when lo! the angel of the Lord brought the wonderful tidings of great joy.

Doubtless the fertility of these fields gave Bethle-

hem its name, which means, "house of bread," and surely it was rightly named for out of it has come the Bread of Life, for Jesus said of himself, "I am the living bread which came down from heaven." Bethlehem is not only the "house of bread" standing in the midst of its fertile fields and rich vineyards, but it is also the home of shepherds and has been so from David's time. It was out of this city of Bethlehem, there came the Great Shepherd who said of himself, "I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." This is not only the home of the shepherds, but it is also the land of the vine, especially around Hebron. It was here that Jesus said of himself, "I am the true vine, ye are the branches." The shepherds were peculiar to the land of Judea. One can see how Christ called himself the Good Shepherd in the one and how by taking the other great feature of her life, called himself the True Vine. The humble occupation of the shepherd became the great figure under which Christ represented his care for men. The full cultivation of the vine, became the figure under which Christ set forth the necessity of bringing forth fruit in the Christian life.

This plain is the scene of striking historical events. Here was enacted the charming story of Ruth and Naomi. On this plain was the farm of Boaz in whose fields Ruth, that model of modesty and filial affection, gleaned. Here she won the heart of Boaz and became the ancestress of David and of our Lord. This is the only love story in the Bible and is briefly and prettily told in the sweet idyl of the book of Ruth, and without which perhaps, even the Bible would not be complete. Yonder are men and women at work in

the fields today as of old, and doubtless acting over again the old love story of three thousand years ago. You can hear today the very salutation, "The Lord be with you," from the reapers; and the reply from the owner, "The Lord bless you." It would appear as if God in his mercy had kept these shepherds and vineyards and this farm life to serve as illustrations of Scripture and standing testimony to its reality and truthfulness.

In Bethlehem David was born, and there he tended his father's sheep; just as today many a ruddy lad is doing. David was the sweet singer of Israel as well as its king. He sang for succeeding ages the songs of the heart and voiced the deepest experiences of the soul, in words which have fitted all classes of men in all ages. Here he may have composed the twenty-third psalm. How suggestive of it are these green fields and running brooks, "he maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters."

It was while he was on these hillsides, watching his sheep, that Samuel came to anoint him king. It was on this same beautiful plain in this same country, a thousand years later than David's time, that the shepherds who kept watch of their flocks by night received the announcement of the birth of Christ, and heard the heavenly song: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men." From this same plain they went in haste to the city and found the babe in the manger as the angels had said.

Christ's birth was first made known to the shepherds. Why not first announced to kings and prophets or to the learned Rabbis at Jerusalem? To



whom could the great fact be more appropriately told? The pastoral life, which they represented, was the beginning of the home and settled life of man. The care of his flocks and herds had been a leading element in man's education; in the formation of his character, and the discipline of his life. The shepherd life was that of the chief characters of the Bible. As shepherds, the patriarchs and Israelites were trained for God's high purposes. Through the tending of sheep their hearts and consciences were fitted to receive and understand the things of heaven. The Bible deals largely in the shepherding of sheep, and the shepherding of men. The passover had its origin in a Jewish sheepfold. Its ceremonial sacrifices were taken from the flocks. Jehovah was the shepherd of Israel who led Joseph as a flock. God himself put into the heart of David to say, "The Lord is my shepherd," and when Christ appeared on earth, he was known by the most precious and significant of all names, "The Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." It seems fitting then that the heavenly revelation should be given to the shepherds in Bethlehem, on the very spot where David watched his father's flocks a thousand years before.

Another significant fact: the revelation from heaven came to these commonplace men when they were busy at their daily work. They were not standing idly gazing up into the sky, neglecting the task they had in hand. They were engaged in their ordinary vocation—watching their flocks by night. Thus employed, the glory of heaven shone round about them and hallowed their everyday work. These shepherds no doubt were expecting and looking for a coming King, for

when He did come and they had seen Him, they made known the saying that was told them all over the city and country. They were obedient, for as soon as they heard the angels' message, they made haste to see the Child. They did not wait even for the light of the day. God comes to us when we are expectant and obedient. He comes to men and women at their daily post of duty and in the toil and moil of their everyday life. It is at our work God likes to find us. If the shepherds had gone to the wilderness they would have missed the angels. Tending sheep, sawing boards, sowing grain and washing dishes, is just as pleasing to God, and as true work for him if done in a right spirit, as reading the Bible, going to church, or engaging in formal Christian worship. We shall find Christ not in great things only, but in the little everyday things of life. Be at your post and in the blackest night of your life, God will send an angel from heaven with a song to cheer and a message to help.

Now let us go into the city. We enter it by the western gate—the same by which Joseph and Mary entered on the eve of the Nativity. The story of the city on the hill runs through seventeen hundred years of Old Testament history. Like a brook running through a forest, sometimes hidden out of sight, again shining in the sun, but ever moving on towards the great sea. Next to Jerusalem it is the most popular place in the whole land. Like Nazareth, it has retained the same features which characterized it in the time of Christ.

The three things of interest are the city itself, the Church of the Nativity and the Cave of the Incarnation. The houses in Palestine, especially in the cities, are

built of white limestone which is everywhere abundant. It is hard to find a brick or a frame house, except in the newer districts. Bethlehem is a white limestone city of about five hundred houses. Its houses are well built, its shops well stocked and its people well clothed. The whole city has an air of cleanliness, industry and order, which one sees but in few other places in Palestine. There is one main street in the city which runs a mile's length along the ridge of the hill and from which a few short streets diverge. We found a brisk trade carried on with pilgrims and tourists, in olive wood, mother-of-pearl, coral and black stone from the Dead Sea. The workmen may be seen sitting at the doors of their tiny shops, cutting and carving crosses, images of saints and paper knives. Quantities of attractive curios from this little town are sent all over the world. There is a trade in pressed flowers, which arranged in pictures of scenes in the life of Christ, are really objects of great beauty.

Bethlehem is the most Christian of all the towns in the Holy Land. It seems to be thoroughly imbued with the religion of its august Child and Lord. The population is estimated at about 8,000. They belong in equal numbers to the Latin, Greek and Armenian churches. There are a few Moslems. The people of Bethlehem are noted for their beauty. One is struck with the well built bodies of the men. They seem to answer to the description given of the youthful shepherd boy David nearly three thousand years ago, "Now he was ruddy and withal of a beautiful countenance and goodly to look to." The women of Bethlehem have a reputation in Palestine for their superior beauty. Many that we saw were entirely guiltless of

such imputation, but the majority had bright faces and dark eyes, rivaling in these respects the women of Nazareth. It is pleasant to find in the home of Christ's birth and childhood the superiority of Christian women over other women. Christianity has always been a friend to womanhood.

Soon after entering the gate we come to the well of David, whose waters he longed to drink of when in conflict with the Philistines, but which he would not taste after two brave men brought it to him at the risk of their lives.

The place of chief interest is the spot where Christ was born. It is marked by the Church of the Nativity, a huge pile of buildings consisting of the church itself; three large convents—Latin, Greek and Armenian—piled around it. Following the main street of the city, we come to the church, and entering it by the only door we are at once in the midst of sacred places. It was built by the Empress Helena over sixteen centuries ago. It occupies the eastern ridge of the hill, and in front of it is the sunny market place of the town. At a distance it looks like an old fortress, rising above the ordinary dwelling places of the city with imposing dignity. On account of its age and associations it awakens feelings of profound veneration. When the other churches in the Holy Land were destroyed during the ravages of war, this building escaped. Even when the church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem was burned to the ground, this church was spared. It passed unharmed through the stormy days of the Crusaders and successfully resisted the attacks of the Moslems. It is without doubt the oldest existing Christian church in the world, and for over sixteen hundred

years it has been uninterruptedly devoted to Christian worship. The most interesting part of the church is the nave. It is the only part of the original building that remains, and is the common meeting place of three Christian sects. The body of the church is nearly square, and divided into naves and aisles by two double Corinthian pillars, each a single stone, some of which are said to have come from the temple at Jerusalem. The roof was originally built of cedar from Lebanon, but at a later date it was replaced by a roof of English oak, the gift of Edward IV of England. The walls and windows once adorned with gilded mosaics are now bare.

The cave in which Christ was born is beneath the floor of the original church. At the eastern end of it a narrow staircase of about thirty steps leads into the sacred grotto. Originally a rude cave and rock, small and bare, it is now a large room, 38 feet long and 16 feet wide. Its walls are covered with pictures, burnished metals and gorgeous gildings. The floor is white marble. The natural rock is nowhere to be seen. The exact spot where Christ was born is pointed out—a marble slab covering it; and over it hang sixteen beautifully wrought lamps which are kept perpetually burning.

A silver star cut in this marble designates the place where the star of the East rested, and you find upon it a Latin inscription, which translated reads, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." On the opposite side of the cave is the manger in which the babe was laid in swaddling clothes. The babes of Bethlehem today are wrapped in swaddling clothes as the Babe of Bethlehem was, and one may

often see a babe lying in a manger and not a few of them bear the hallowed name of Jesus. Indeed it would not be difficult to find in the homes of Bethlehem a family group presenting the appearance and characteristics of Joseph and Mary and the Holy Child. Here doubtless is the true birthplace of Jesus. This was the tradition of the locality in the time of Justin Martyr, who was a native of Palestine and who lived only one hundred years after the event occurred. Under the same building is a cave, hewn out of a rock, called the cave of Saint Jerome. Here Saint Jerome is said to have lived for more than thirty years and prepared his translation of the Bible from Hebrew into Latin, which has received the name of the Vulgate. Here he fasted and prayed and here he partook of his last communion, and died and was buried in a neighboring cave.

Saint Jerome believed the present grotto to have been the place of Christ's birth. He says distinctly that the church was built over the place where Christ was born, and it has been so regarded by the Christian church for the past seventeen hundred years.

It is by far the oldest of all the traditions of Holy Places in the Holy Land. We may safely then accept this sacred cave at Bethlehem as the true birthplace of Jesus. Hebron is noted as a burial place! Bethlehem as a birthplace!

Christ was born in a manger!

The message of the manger to the world is far reaching and significant. When the angel announced to the shepherds the birth of Christ, they gave also the sign by which they would know him when found. The sign consisted of two parts. The one described

him in his likeness to other men, "Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes."

That sign was a token of Christ's humanity. He who was the Saviour of all men was also brother to all men. As Tertullian says, "He became a child among children, in order that childhood might be holy."

The other part of the sign was, that they would find the babe, "lying in a manger." This was the sign of Christ's humility. It seemed strange to the shepherds to find the Messiah a babe. How much more wonderful to find him in a manger! But Christ not only took upon himself the lot of a man, but the lot of a poor man. He entered human life at its lowest level. His family was poor and unknown. He was a laboring man.

Why was Christ born in such lowly circumstances? In order that he might reach and help humanity. He was born in a stable to rebuke our pride and teach us humility. He put himself at the very bottom of the social pyramid that he might begin on the lowest plane. Hence the great appeal of the Gospel has always been to the plain people. The order of Christ's life was: First the Manger, then the Cross, and last the Throne: that is ever the way to enduring greatness. The manger with its lowliness, the cross with its suffering, the throne with its glory. These are the three steps to the immortal life.

Christ was born in poverty, humility and obscurity. And so have been many of the great men of the world. Nearly all the noble things in history, science and literature were born in a manger. The great reformers come from Bethlehem, not from Jerusalem; from

Judea, not from Rome. Look at Lincoln, born in a log cabin, to become the ruler of a nation and the saviour of a race; Moses, born in bondage, out in the ark of bulrushes, floating down the Nile, saved to become the greatest lawgiver of the ages; David taken from the sheepfold, raised to sway the pen of a poet and sceptre of a king; Moody, cradled in poverty and obscurity without early education or training, raised to become the greatest evangelist of the century.

What does the manger message mean?

It means the salvation of man, for if there had been no manger there would have been no cross. "For unto us was born that night in the City of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." He is the Son of God; he knows all about heaven for he had been there, and about earth for he has made it. He is also human. He has had all human experiences; He knows all human trials. It means that where Christ is, there we shall find humanity and humility.

What does Bethlehem stand for?

It stands for love. Bethlehem is a good place to study the love of God. There he spake to us not in a speech or picture, but uttered his love in a person—love in flesh and blood. We needed some one to look at, to look to! Some one must act God in human life. Some one must speak the language of heaven else we will not understand it. So God gave and sent His own Son. He entered human life. The Incarnation is an object lesson of God's love.

Bethlehem stands for peace.

Of all beautiful words, peace is the most beautiful. It is one of the great words of the Bible. It oc-

curs two hundred and sixty-four times in it. It appears forty-two times in the letters of Paul, that restless soldier of the Cross. It is the one thing most needed in this troubled world. It is what the human soul, tempest-tossed, most longs for. The very first thing Christ brought to the world was peace, for on these plains below the angels said, "On earth peace and good will to men." The last thing Christ left to the world when he was going away was peace—"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

Bethlehem stands for joy.

"I bring you glad tidings of great joy" was the message of the angel to the shepherds, "which shall be to all people." When Christ was born at Bethlehem the world was in ignorance and unconcern of the fact but all heaven was moved with joy. The first Christmas morning that dawned upon earth was a morning of joy—joy among the angels, joy in the heart of God. Christmas is now the only day of all the year consecrated purely to joy and gladness. It is set apart not only for joyfulness, but also to teach the world the joy-producing power of the Christian religion. Other places of interest are shown in the church and city, but this transcended them all. Enough: having stood in Jerusalem at the grave where Christ slept, and on the Mount of Olives whence he ascended, we were now at the spot where the sad pilgrimage of the Man of Sorrows began, and where the sublime mystery of the Incarnation had its accomplishment in the person of the Child of Jesus.

Never a spot on earth was so honored as this Bethlehem town and plain. The Queen of Sheba came from the uttermost parts of the earth, "to hear of the

wisdom of Solomon," but a greater than Solomon was born here and the angels came from the uttermost parts of heaven to herald his coming.

We will not linger longer about Bethlehem except to remind you that when Christ was born, Bethlehem had no room for him in its sheltering households. And so He was born in a manger, and after a life of thirty-three years of holy living and noble doing, Jerusalem had no room for Him in her courts and temples, and nailed him to a cross. But the world is making room for Jesus. He has had many birthplaces beside the manger at Bethlehem. He has been born into millions of human hearts. He is living endlessly over again. "There are a thousand Bethlehems, a thousand Nazareths, and a thousand Calvarys scattered throughout the church. Palestine has swelled out into a world and all the shrines of human sorrow are Gethsemanes." He would be born in all our hearts. There is no other way to holiness and heaven, "Ye must be born again."

"Though Christ a thousand thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If yet he be not born in thee,
Thy soul is still forlorn."

CHAPTER VII

ON THE BANKS OF THE JORDAN

A NIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS—ON THE SHORES OF THE DEAD SEA—CAMPING AT GILGAL—BACK TO JERUSALEM.

"Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan, unto John to be baptized of him."—Matt. 3:13.

From the plains of Bethlehem we continued our journey eastward through the wilderness to the Dead Sea. An afternoon ride of four hours brought us to the convent of Mar Saba, which is in the heart of the wilderness and miles away from any human dwelling. This was our first taste of wilderness life: and it was a strange experience. It certainly was a great change to go from the finest spot in all Judea to what is the poorest and most desolate. No words or views can adequately describe the desolation of the wilderness of Judea. It is one of the striking features of Palestine. It is thirty-five miles long and about fifteen miles wide, and contains about half the land of Judea. Through all the years in which it has been known in history, it has been given over to wild beasts, to hermits and to the wandering Bedouins. It is a series of absolutely barren mountains, seamed with sterile gorges, separated from each other by great chasms and flanked by

frowning precipices. All is irregular and wild; the rocks and hills piled up together like the waves of the sea in a raging storm. From several of the deep, rugged chasms near the plains of Bethlehem, it would be easy to find a typical "valley of the shadow of death," such as impressed David when he kept his father's sheep on these hills.

While the whole region is a wild waste, yet it is not wholly deserted of men and beasts. Here and there may be seen a few peasants' huts and a group of Bedouin tents with some goats grazing on the rugged mountain side. Here and there cultivated patches of grain may be seen, or a clump of olive trees.

The Convent of Mar Saba is really the only habitable place in the wilderness. It was founded in the fifth century by Saint Saba, one of the greatest saints of the Greek Church, a man of piety and some literary fame. At an early age Saint Saba renounced the world with its pleasures and became a monk. Having wandered on foot through the wildest gorges and glens of Palestine in search of some spot more savage and retired than all the rest in which he might serve his Maker in solitude, he found what he had long sought in this deep ravine on the brook Kedron. Nature had torn a cleft in the hillside; bare rocks glowed white and hot in the sun; the wilderness, lifeless and fruitless, howled around him and the Dead Sea simmered in the plain below. On the walls of the glen were a number of natural caves and in one of these he made his home. In this wild region the wolf, the lion and the vulture were his only neighbors. There is a tradition that when Saint Saba first took up his residence here in the cave it had been occupied by a lion. One day the Saint

came in and found the lion in the cave. He did not slay him as Samson would have done, but said his prayers and laid himself down and went to sleep. The lion carried him out twice, but he persisted in returning, and so the lion submitted to the intrusion, and as the story goes they both lived together in peace until the lion died.

The monastery is situated on the edge of a perpendicular mountain wall overlooking the gorge. The brook Kedron runs down here from Jerusalem, and then to the Dead Sea. The side of the walls in which the convent is built is about 500 feet deep, and it is about 600 feet across to the other side of the gorge. Towers, walls, chambers, buttresses are built on the rock like birds' nests. There is no verdure in all the horizon, no foliage of trees nor green carpet of grass; nothing but bare rocks blistered by the hot sunshine and worn by the wind and weather into all shapes and figures. The building is partly natural and partly artificial. It is difficult to tell where Nature's work ends and man's work begins. The walls and rocks through long centuries of mutual association have grown so like each other that they are hardly distinguishable.

In the early Christian centuries these caves were inhabited by religious ascetics who came thither from the Egyptian desert. Long before Saba came here Josephus, the historian, is said to have spent several years in this wilderness. His cell may have been at this present Mar Saba. The Jewish Essenes and Christian hermits once lived in this region in imitation of Christ's forty days in the wilderness. Saint Saba being a very able man drew thousands of followers after him to this weird place and for mutual preservation

from starvation and for protection from the Bedouins, this monastery was built strong as a fortress and almost as substantial as the rocks around it. The Mar Saba convent is unique among the religious institutions of the world.

Notwithstanding their seclusion the monks of Mar Saba were by no means insensible to what was going on in the world. They took part in most of the great controversies which agitated the early Christian church. Strange to say, there arose in this secluded monastery a remarkable group of poetic men, who composed hymns of peace and devotion which have been prized in the church ever since. The most celebrated of these writers was John of Damascus, whose empty tomb is in the church. He is considered by almost universal consent to be the greatest divine and poet of the Greek church. Within the walls of Mar Saba were composed noble hymns, breathing the hopes of the resurrection, which are still sung throughout the Greek church, especially on Easter Day and when the dead are laid in the grave. In this solitude was composed that beautiful and familiar hymn so often sung in our churches, "Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distressed?"

Ever since the tenth century the convent has ceased to occupy a place in the Christian world. The great men who made its reputation, left no successors. There are now about sixty to seventy monks in the convent gathered from different parts of the East. The Greek church has made it a sort of ecclesiastical prison for incorrigible priests and monks. There they are all huddled together in a cell, living on a diet of vegetables, bread and butter, playing with birds for a pas-

time, wearing the closest kind of clothing, pale, slovenly and lazy to the last degree, having no ambition in life and no communication with the outside world, except those who visit their strange abode. No woman is ever allowed within the sacred enclosure.

The monks of the present day are certainly unworthy of their noble ancestors. If this wilderness has any use in the world it is just the place for such men, for the world has no use for them.

One of the most remarkable things in Mar Saba is the solitary palm tree that grows in the court-yard. It is the one tree in all the horizon, and the only link of connection with the woods of more favored regions. The Mar Saba palm is regarded with great veneration, and is said to be very old. Tradition says it sprang from a seed planted by Saint Saba himself 490 A. D.; but this tradition cannot be true. It may have grown on this spot for five or six hundred years. There is one peculiarity about it. It fruits freely every season, but its dates have no stones or seed and are soft like berries. It cannot therefore reproduce itself, and the tree must remain entirely singular, the only one of its kind. "Which thing you are inclined to think is an allegory," says a noted Scotch divine. "How appropriate that there should be a barren palm tree in the court of this old monastery! Its seeds began to germinate after the busy eventful years of the monastery's usefulness, the years when it took part in the intellectual and spiritual life of the church. The psalmist's beautiful metaphor would have suited the splendid monks of those days of renown, 'the righteous shall flourish like the palm tree, they shall bring forth fruit in old age.'"

But a woeful change has come, and the present barren palm tree that has grown up in the place represents with its seedless fruit the idle, useless life of the present monks. They live in the very regions where David as a fugitive learned in suffering what he taught in song. They are encompassed by a great cloud of witnesses; and yet uninfluenced by great memories and associations, untouched by these sublime motives, the present monks of the convent are like their own seedless palm tree, bringing forth fruit only for themselves, and of no good to the rest of the world.

Our tents were pitched some distance from the monastery in a deep valley. Leaving this place without a sigh we reached our tents some time after dark. As we sat down in the region of robbers and Bedouins to a well prepared meal, we recalled David's words, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." And as we laid ourselves down to sleep we felt that we were under the protection of the same Great Father who watched over the Israelites on the long wilderness journey.

Early next morning we left Mar Saba for the Dead Sea. The distance is about twelve miles and it took us four hours to accomplish it. It is impossible to describe that forenoon's ride. As we advance into the wilderness, the land becomes more and more parched and stony. The aspects of the country are changing every moment before our eyes. The wilderness here is wildness, loneliness, and isolation at its best. If the scapegoat which was annually led out into the wilderness laden with the sins of the people, was left here, he would never find his way out, or

if thrown down one of these precipices he would be crushed to atoms.

Reaching the top of the hill we suddenly came on our first sight of the Dead Sea, a most refreshing thing in this desert land. It seemed, however, as if we would never reach it, but riding on we at last came to the edge of the wilderness, when suddenly there opened up before us that awful deep chasm, so wide and long, between the land of Judea and the land of Moab, and between these mountain walls down in that hollow, lies imprisoned the waters of the Dead Sea.

We glance back upon the wilderness of Judea noting the Bible events. It was out here by the Brook Cherith that the Lord sent Elijah, and to these bleak solitudes he sent the black winged ravens to feed him. It was here that John the Baptist lived until his thirtieth year. Some part of the lonely glen around Mar Saba was probably his abode. Here, "he waxed strong and was in the desert till the day of his showing unto Israel." Here he was prepared for his mission and first delivered his message. He had no education except what he had learned in the university of nature; but in the wild loneliness of these hills and hollows, God taught and trained him. God has a way of sending men to the wilderness when he wants to prepare them for some great work. When the time came for John to deliver his message he gave it with earnestness and power. He was a man of fire and force. He was the John Knox of Judea.

It was in this wilderness that Christ suffered his temptation. Mark says, "and the spirit driveth him into the wilderness and he was there forty days

tempted of Satan." Tradition has located the place and the guide pointed it out to us as we went from Jericho to Jerusalem. It is a way out in the wildest part of the wilderness. It is an "exceeding high mountain" rising about 1,500 feet above the plain of Jordan. It is very bleak and stony and looks savage and wild enough to have been the actual spot. Here, alone with wild beasts which still make their home there, our Lord fought the decisive battle of the Temptation.

At eleven o'clock we reached the pebbly beach of the northern shore of the Dead Sea, and after that fatiguing forenoon's ride through the wilderness, a plunge into its cool sparkling waters was exceptionally refreshing. And this is the Dead Sea—or the "Salt Sea" as it is usually termed in the Scriptures—lying in its sepulchre between two mountain walls, still and solemn. Its waves move slowly on account of the weight of the water. No fish lives in its depths, no birds linger on its surface. The winds hurry across it and only one boat lately placed there floats upon its bosom. Its salt spray and vapors wither and blight every green thing upon its shores. The mountains around it are brown and desolate. The river Jordan pours its sweet waters into it year after year, yet it is never full nor does it change its bitter taste. An oppressive silence broods over the scene and one feels that some great judgment has overtaken the place. The barren mountains, the desolate shores, the stifling heat, the sandy plain, the salt marsh, the dead drift wood, floating around; everything about justifies its name—"The Dead Sea."

It is the largest lake in the Holy Land and one of the lowest lakes in the world. Standing on its shores you are on the lowest ground on earth, for it is 1,300 feet lower than the surface of the Mediterranean Sea. Its entire length is about 50 miles, its average width from 9 to 10 miles. On the eastern side of the ridge the mountains of Moab rise in perpendicular cliffs over 4,000 feet high, and on the western side the mountains of Judea to a height of 3,000 feet. These parallel mountains east and west come close down to its shores and at two points the Judean hills come sheer down to the waters of the lake. The western shore is desolate, one traveler telling us that nothing grows there except two little bushy shrubs, one which is called by the Arabs the blacksmith bush, and the other the bachelor bush. The last is well named, he says, for you never see two of them growing together. Near the southern extremity of the western coast is a mountain of crystallized rock-salt, 6 or 7 miles in length. Great masses frequently split off and lie in heaps at its base. These large blocks falling into the sea, no doubt partly give it its saline taste. The salt of the Dead Sea has in all ages been collected and brought to the Jerusalem market for sale. A mile from the northern end the sea is about 1,300 feet deep and grows very much shallower towards the south.

Away up yonder among the blue hills of Moab beyond the Dead Sea is Mount Nebo, upon whose rocky peak Moses died in sight of the promised land and there God buried him.

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,
East of the Jordan's wave,

In a vale in this land of Moab,
 There lies a lonely grave.
 And no man knows that sepulchre
 And no man saw it e'er
 For the angels of God upturned the sod
 And laid the dead man there."

In yonder gloomy stronghold, which looks down upon this tideless sea from the heights of Moab, is the castle of Machaerus where John the Baptist, that grand New Testament prophet of the wilderness, was imprisoned for fidelity in teaching the truth, and where he was beheaded.

Near the middle of the western shore of the lake is Engedi. This name applies to a celebrated fountain (fountain of the wild goat), and also to a town below it, near the shore of the Dead Sea. Prof. Stewart says the fountain issues from the base of a rock which is nearly 500 feet above the level of the Dead Sea, and 1,500 feet below the top of the cliff. It is represented as bursting forth from an oasis and then skipping like a kid from rock to rock until it reaches the plain below. It was in the stronghold of Engedi that David found refuge and shelter from the furious Saul. Perhaps it was here among the rocks of Engedi and during the days of his exile, he wrote some of his psalms or found material and imagery for them. The region is full of suggestions.

Here, perhaps, he wrote the forty-second psalm: "As the hart (wild goat) panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!" He thought of this as he saw the hart come bounding over the rocks to the spring among the hills.

The waters of the Dead Sea are clear and sparkling,

and you can see down to a depth of 20 or 30 feet. Seen from far away no lake looks more blue and beautiful. The chief characteristics of the water are its density, its bitterness, and its buoyancy. An immense amount of water falls daily into the Dead Sea from the Jordan and other streams, and as the sea has no outlet it can be readily seen how in this hot climate an immense quantity must be carried off by evaporation; for this is one of the hottest places in the world. The water that is left in the bed of the sea is full of mineral substances as well as of the salt which is dissolved from the beds at the southern end of the lake. The bitterness and buoyancy of the water are due to these solid mineral substances that are carried into it and to the constant evaporation. One gallon of water weighing twelve and a half pounds contains three and a half pounds of saline matter, whereas, one gallon of sea water contains only half a pound. Of the three and a half pounds of matter, nearly one pound is common salt, two pounds magnesium, which gives the water its bitter taste, and the remaining half pound is calcium, which makes the water feel oily to the touch. It is more than five times as salt as the water of the ocean and two pounds heavier.

Its density explains its buoyancy. We bathed in it and found it very much like other water. We could walk in it and we did. We could sink in it and some of us did, much to our sorrow. It is true that it is easier to swim in it than in any other water, and it is also true that you can float on its surface if you desire, but that you cannot sink in it is untrue. If the water gets into your eyes and mouth you will experience

sensations you never have had before, and do not wish to have soon again. When you come out of the water, if you stand in the sun you will be covered with saline scales and your skin will be oily for a few days, but a good bath in the river Jordan will correct all this.

This locality has a strange Bible history. In this plain at its northern end probably Sodom and Gomorrah were located, the two most wicked cities in the world. The first account we have of this locality is in Gen. 13. It was a controversy between the herdsmen of Abraham and Lot. A separation became necessary and Abraham gave Lot the first choice, "and Lot lifted up his eyes and beheld all the plain of Jordan and it was well watered everywhere." In these "cities of the plain" selfish Lot made his home. In course of time the inhabitants of Sodom became so degraded that "the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah fire and brimstone out of heaven. And he overthrew those cities and all the plain and the inhabitants of the cities." Sodom and Gomorrah have disappeared, but no one can look upon this locality and its surroundings and doubt that it was once the scene of such destruction as Moses has pictured in Genesis.

But this place illustrates the perils of selfishness no less than the evil of sin. Looking upon the Dead Sea we were impressed with its fitness as an emblem of selfishness. There it lies and with wide open mouth swallows the whole of the fresh waters of the Jordan and all the snows of Hermon, and yet it is not a whit sweeter or larger for it! The Sea of Galilee receives the river Jordan and passes it along. The Dead Sea

receives, but gives not. It sends out not one rill to gladden or refresh the waste around it. That is a picture of the selfish man. He takes, but never gives. He grasps all but only for himself and, like selfish Lot, loses all. Lot brought great possessions into this place, but he lost them all; barely escaping with his life. "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it." The man who never denies himself is nothing, has nothing. He lives alone, he dies alone, and the winds and the rains which wear out the letters on his tombstone are the only visitors to his lonely grave. But in sharp contrast to this is the life of self-denial and of self-forgetfulness. "Whosoever will lose his life for my sake and the gospel, the same shall save it." There is nothing but gain for a man who lives for others. If we get, we must give; if we would be happy we must minister to others. Said Frances Willard on her deathbed, "Christianity is not I, but we." Self made supreme blights life; self subdued blesses life. Selfishness ends in misery; self-denial in happiness.

The River Jordan.

A fatiguing ride of an hour and a half over the barren plain brought us from the shores of the Dead Sea to the River Jordan at the place where our Lord was baptized. Under the welcome shade of oleanders and Spina Christi (the tree from which the crown of thorns was made) we took our lunch and rested. The Jordan is the only river in Palestine. It is the one sacred river of the Holy Scriptures. Rivers like men are born and have their infancy and childhood. Rivers like children grow and have their course. The Jordan rises in three great springs or fountains. One of the



springs is near the old site of Dan in the extreme north of Palestine, and is called the fountain of Leddan. This is the largest fountain in the Holy Land and is said to be the largest single fountain in the world. It sends out from its mouth a stream about 20 feet wide and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep and from its immense volume of water it is entitled to be named the chief source of the Jordan.

About $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from this is another spring called the fountain of Banias, springing directly out of a cave at the foot of Mount Hermon. Out of this cave gushes forth a "full-born river," clear, pure and sparkling, and thence becomes a swift torrent roaring and dashing over rocks until it joins the Leddan. The stream from this fountain is the clearest of all and its site the most picturesque.

The third is the fountain of Hasbany, which flows out of a cliff on the western side of Hermon. This is the most remote source of the Jordan. These three fountains form the source of the river. The real source of all the springs and hence of the river itself is the vast reservoir of snow and ice on the top of Mount Hermon.

Twelve miles below Dan the Jordan expands into a lake, called in the Bible the waters of Merom. From this little lake it runs its course to the Sea of Galilee a distance of ten and a half miles. For eight miles the river descends very rapidly, making a fall of eighty-five feet to the mile. The Sea of Galilee is 682 feet lower than the waters of Merom. The Galilean Sea is still a larger expansion of the river and from its southern end the Jordan again starts out on its course for the Dead Sea.

There is then a still deeper depression, for the Dead Sea is 600 feet below the Sea of Galilee. Down this steep, precipitous course the Jordan rushes like a racehorse, pouring over rocks, plains, rapids and cataracts until it ends its course in the sepulchre of the ages.

Apart altogether from its history the Jordan has a fame of its own among rivers. It is insignificant when compared with our noble rivers. From its northern source it is only about 115 miles long, its width ranges from 90 to 100 feet and its depth varies from three to ten or twelve. There are a number of places where it can be forded, and in some places during the hot season it can be crossed dry shod.

Nor is it notable because of its *beauty*. For the greater part of its course it is a swift and dangerous stream. Its waters are muddy like the River Tiber. Its banks are in some places steep, almost perpendicular; in other places, very low; now made of clay, again of rock and sand, and lined nearly all the way with a dense growth of willows, oleanders and poplars. This growth hides the river from view throughout the greater part of its course. If the Jordan were stripped of its associations it would never be mentioned for attractiveness or beauty. When one has seen the river Abana, pure and sparkling, and the river Jordan, muddy and turbulent, it is easy to understand why Naaman objected to washing in it, for without a miracle he would not have been as clean when he came out as when he went in.

Its fame does not depend upon its *usefulness*. It runs the whole length of the country from north to south, fertilizing its own banks, but having no effect upon the surrounding desolate country. It has no

cities on its banks. The commerce of a nation is not carried on its bosom. The mighty Nile makes Egypt and the beautiful Abana makes Damascus, but the river Jordan seems to do nothing but carry down the snows of Hermon into the Dead Sea. It has no bridges except one, and the river has been always an obstruction between the east and the west. Yet the Jordan as a whole has several remarkable features.

It is one of the most crooked rivers in the world. The length of the Jordan in a straight line is about 115 miles, but owing to its windings it is about twice that length. It is straight for scarcely half a mile; it runs to every point in the compass.

It is one of the swiftest flowing rivers in the world. Look at its great descent. At Mount Hermon, where it starts, it is 1,700 feet above the level of the sea; at the Dead Sea, where it empties itself, it is 1,300 feet below. The descent of the river from its farthest perennial source is 3,000 feet or nearly 28 feet to the mile of its direct distance, thus reaching a lower point than is reached by any other water. This has given it its name Jordan, which means "descender."

Another peculiarity of the Jordan is the depth of its channel. It flows through the Jordan valley, a deep wide trench lying between two mountain ranges reaching all the way from the base of Hermon to the southern shore of the Dead Sea. The total length of the valley is about 158 miles. The upper part is from four to eight miles wide. The largest and deepest part lies between Lake Galilee and the Dead Sea. On the western side of the valley the mountains rise from 800 to 1,500 feet. On the eastern side the mountains rise 2,000 to 4,000 feet high. These mountain-tops on

either side are from four to eight miles apart, and at the plain of Jericho about fourteen miles. This is the most wonderful valley on earth when we take into consideration its great depth, its wonderful formation, its intense heat, its mountain walls, and its Dead Sea.

The history of the Jordan has been interwoven in the story of the redemption ever since that memorable day that Abraham passed over it to the Land of Promise. It is oftener mentioned in poetry and song and more attractive to pilgrims than any other river. It marks the end of the wanderings of the Israelites from the banks of the Nile. It blends the memories of the old and New Testaments in Elijah and John the Baptist, for "where the first dropped his mantle in that very spot did the second take it up." It marks also the inauguration of Christ's ministry. "Surely," says Macgregor, "the Jordan is by far the most wonderful stream on the face of the earth, and the memories of its history will not be forgotten in heaven."

It was miraculously divided for the Children of Israel to pass over into the Promised Land. The crossing probably took place at the well known ford opposite Jericho, called the "upper ford." Joshua says, that the people passed over right against Jericho. Over two millions crossed with Joshua that God-appointed leader: first the priests and the ark, then the men, women and children, and the old river flows on as before. What a happy moment for the Israelites! After weary centuries of waiting for the fulfilment of the promise given to their fathers, and after forty years wandering in the wilderness, they were at last in the land flowing with milk and honey. We need not wonder that they were weary and sighed for a set-

tled home. If a morning's ride in the wilderness of Judea impressed us with the loneliness of the place, what must a journey of forty years in the great wilderness have been?

Ever since this crossing over of the Israelites the Jordan has been a symbol of the river of death which all must cross to enter the heavenly kingdom. This idea has made many tender feelings cluster about the name of this river. It has worked its way into Christian song and many of our beautiful hymns breathe this sentiment.

Twice the river was miraculously opened for Elijah and Elisha. Elijah smites the waters with his mantle and they separate and both pass over to the other side. Elisha, catching his mantle, raised it over the Jordan and again the waters obey and he crosses to his own country. Naaman, the great Syrian general, came to Israel to seek a cure for his leprosy. The prophet Elisha sends him to dip in the Jordan seven times and God made its waters life giving to him and from that hour he was healed.

Not only is the Jordan a river of *crossings and miracles*, but it is also a river of *baptisms and conversions*. Here John the Baptist preached his sermons of repentance and here he baptized a multitude of people. Here John looking at Jesus said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" John and Andrew hearing this testimony followed Jesus and became the first two members of the Christian church. Here Jesus himself was baptized, the greatest event of all. At first, with becoming modesty, John refused to baptize him, saying, "I have need to be baptized of thee, and cometh thou

to me?" The reply of Jesus was simple and decisive, "Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." Then the heavens were opened, the Spirit of God descended upon him like a dove and God said of him, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." His divinity was attested by the audible voice of the Father and visible sign of the Holy Spirit. From that day he began the great ministry of his life. This was Jordan's red letter day.

The Jordan has often been spoken of as the figure of death, but it has been taken as a picture of human life—from the cradle to the grave. Beginning away up in Mount Hermon, sweet and clean, it is type of the beginning of this strange life of ours. Coursing its way in merry childhood over the plain of Merom it empties itself into the peaceful waters of the Sea of Galilee in the strength of its young manhood. From there it changes its course, its way becomes crooked and steep, its descent more rapid, the channel in which it runs deeper, its waters more muddy and dirty until at last in its mad career it plunges into the waters of the Dead Sea to be lost forever.

The course of this river is like the life of a young man. He starts out in life with a clean, sweet record; he is brought up in a Christian home and under the care of godly parents. His life is full of hope and promise; he passes through the bright and merry days of youth, on to the years of manhood. But in an evil hour he changes his course. Life becomes different. The love for the old home is forgotten, self-control is lost, manhood gone, and as life moves on the descent to ruin and destruction becomes more and more rapid

until at last in his downward career he plunges into the Dead Sea of dishonor and death. But in the waters of the Jordan, Jesus was baptized, symbolizing the glorious fact that he has entered the stream of our human life to redeem us and rescue us from the sea of death.

Passing Through Jericho to Jerusalem.

A ride of two hours west of the Jordan, across the plain, brought us to Gilgal, near Jericho, where we camped for the night. It was possibly at this place that the Israelites pitched their tabernacle for the first time in the Land of Promise. Hereabout they set up the first altar to God in the Holy Land, with the stones which they had taken from the bed of the Jordan, and beside it they celebrated their first passover. For scenery and history this is one of the most important camping places of our trip. Before us lay the whole wide plain of Jordan over which Joshua and David, Elijah and John the Baptist, Christ and his apostles had walked. Beyond in the distance we could see the rounded dome of Nebo, where angel ministries laid Moses to rest. Behind our camp was the site of old Jericho, and back of that the great wilderness which lay between us and Jerusalem. Across the Jordan we could trace the course of the River Jabbok, where Jacob wrestled with the angel, while Brook Cherith telling of Elijah flowed past our camp to join the Jordan. Yonder is the upper ford where John preached and Jesus was baptized: the place where heaven had come very near to earth. All around were nameless heaps of ruin and mounds of

earth, and all the air was haunted with memories of the wonderful past.

The whole day had been one of great interest to us. We had come out of the heart of the wilderness, had stood on the shores of the Dead Sea, and on the banks of the Jordan since morning, and now we were to pass the night in the same place where the children of Israel spent their first night in the land of Canaan. We were very tired, for it was a hard day's ride over rough paths and under the hot, scorching sun.

It was the first day of April and the ladies of our party thought it a good opportunity to play some of the homeland pleasantries of the day upon the gentlemen of the party. To do this they enlisted the services of the cook and had secretly prepared a rag omelet for dinner. The said omelet consisted of equal parts of rags and cotton wool, sandwiched between fried eggs. It was served as the first course for dinner that evening. It was unusual to have egg omelet for dinner, but being on Scripture ground we ate what was set before us, asking no questions for conscience's sake. But we soon found that there were serious obstacles in the way of obeying this injunction to the letter. To assimilate rags, cotton wool, and fried eggs was too much for us. However, each one thought something had accidentally fallen into his portion and he would say nothing about it, but it was found that all the gentlemen were struggling with the same problem. Incidentally it was noticed that the ladies had not partaken of the first course and were in convulsions of laughter. Then serenely, but very reluctantly, it dawned upon us that we were the victims of an April Fool. This pleasantry was as good

as a tonic to refresh and prepare us for the hearty meal that followed.

Let us see Jericho. There were three different Jerichos in the long history of this region which occupied three different sites—the Jericho of Joshua's time, the Jericho of Herod's time, and the modern Jericho, founded in the time of the Crusaders. These belonged to different races and creeds. The first was heathen, the second Jewish, and the third Christian.

The site of ancient Jericho was on the western border of the land, about six miles from the Jordan. The situation was delightful. The city itself was rich and had great forests of palms, groves of almost priceless balsams, with cultivated fields and luxuriant gardens. Near by it is the famous spring which tradition identifies as the fountain of Elisha, whose original bitterness he miraculously healed by the cruse of salt. It still sends forth a crystal stream of water which makes green and fruitful a large section of the valley. This whole Jordan Valley was once famous for its fertility and tropical growth. But now only a small portion of it is cultivated. Upwards of 40,000 acres of the finest soil could here be cultivated and yield the most abundant crops. All kinds of tropical produce could be raised the year round and sent to western lands. It is said that the revenues of this plain, from the cultivation of sugar cane alone, were in the time of the Crusaders valued at \$25,000 per year.

The most interesting Old Testament incident connected with Jericho was its fall at the shouts of Joshua's men. It was at that time a noted stronghold of the Canaanites; well fortified with massive

walls and high towers, and given over to idolatry. It was the first stronghold that must be taken for it was the key to all the country. Perhaps Joshua was somewhat discouraged by its strong gates and high walls, but God was looking on and tells him how it is to be taken. He heeds God's plan; he and his people are to march silently round the walls of the city for six days; on the seventh day at a long blast from the trumpet they were to shout with a great shout and the walls of the city were to fall flat to the ground. They did as the Lord commanded and the walls fell. By faith, not by force, the walls of Jericho fell down.

The second Jericho, in Christ's time, was a mile further south; a city of wealth and importance. Christ often passed through Jericho. He left marked traces of his divine power and mercy in it. On his last journey, when his face was steadfastly set toward Jerusalem, Jericho was all excitement. Great crowds of people came out to see Jesus, but only two men really saw him, the one as he went into Jericho, the other as he went out; the one Bartimaeus and other Zaccheus; the one a beggar to be pitied, the other a publican to be despised. Both are alike in one thing, the difficulty they had in seeing Jesus, for Bartimaeus was blind and Zaccheus was short of stature. Both overcame their hindrances. This was their last opportunity to see Christ alive upon earth, for one week after that he was crucified.

"The distinction between the new and old towns may solve the seeming discrepancy between Matthew, (20:30) who makes the miracle on the blind to be when Jesus was leaving Jericho, and Luke, who says

it was when Jesus came nigh unto Jericho." (Luke 18:35.)

The third or modern Jericho occupies a site about two miles from the first Jericho, on the north bank of Brook Cherith. The town itself is probably not older than the twelfth century. It is a small Arab village, one of the poorest and dirtiest in the land. The houses are mere mud hovels and the inhabitants are a lazy, slovenly race, who seldom fail to take what is within their reach. They are descendants of the ancient Canaanites of this region, and because of the enervating climate and constant intermarriage they have become a degenerate race. Quite recently a large hotel and Russian Hospice have been erected for the accommodation of pilgrims who swarm every year to the fords of the Jordan. Thousands come, especially at Easter, to bathe in the spot where Jesus was baptized. Russian pilgrims count baptism or even a bath in the sacred stream one of the most important events in their lives, and they religiously keep the robes in which they have been immersed to serve ultimately as their winding sheets. Most of them also take back to their homes, as we did, bottles filled with water from this sacred river.

Thursday, April 2, we started for Jerusalem. We made the journey over the same road that Jesus often trod. We could not but think of him as we traveled the steep and stony way to the Holy City. No doubt he was wearied with the journey, as we were. On the way we passed the Brook Cherith where Elijah was hid and fed by the ravens. About half way to Jerusalem we came to what is called the "Samaritan's Inn," the supposed place where the good Samaritan brought

the wounded Jew. It is a fit place for the sudden attack made on the poor man by the robbers, and there are many other places along the road that would have suited just as well. The peril of robbers on the road from Jericho to Jerusalem Christ used in a most beautiful parable. The lesson of sympathy and brotherly love taught by that parable has been an element of moral and religious training for the race ever since it was first uttered.

Let us continue our climb. The path runs up past rusty, brown hills, over stony valleys, along steep precipices, past countless caverns, up, up, up under the hot burning sun until at last we reach the summit of the high ridge and in a short time we are once more at Jerusalem. It seemed good to get back to the civilization even of an oriental city. It was a little like getting home. Our southern trip had been a grand success. Next day we were to start for the north. Tonight with gratitude to God for his loving care during a tour full of danger and hardship, yet full of knowledge and inspiration, we lay ourselves down to sleep in our cozy tent thinking of Him who was often weary, yet had nowhere to lay His head.

CHAPTER VIII

THE STORY OF JACOB'S WELL

THE VISION OF BETHEL—THE TABERNACLE AT SHILOH—THE WOMAN AT THE WELL.

"Now Jacob's well was there."—John 4:6.

At last the time has come when we must leave Jerusalem. We had spent nine days of surpassing interest there and the places round about it. Now we are to turn our steps northward, through Samaria and Galilee, to Shechem and Nazareth, to the Sea of Galilee and Damascus, and to the glory of Hermon and Lebanon. Our path lay along the ridge or backbone of Palestine. There was no road only a track or path, and that very rough and stony. But it was a route rich in historic associations. It was the grand highway of the Holy Land. It was the way through the long ages of Israel's history, the people of the north wended their way up to Jerusalem to the three great yearly feasts.

Mary and her son Jesus when 12 years old went up to Jerusalem and returned by this way. Jesus in maturer years walked this way from Judea to Galilee when he met the woman at Jacob's well.

On Friday morning, April 4, we left Jerusalem. A ride of two hours brought us to Neby Samwil, the

probable site of old Mizpah—the watch tower of Benjamin. It is five miles northeast of the city and rises 400 feet above it. It is now crowned with mosque and minaret. Near by are the birthplaces of Samuel, of Saul, and of Jeremiah. Yonder is Gibeon, where Joshua commanded the sun to stand still; Nob, where the priests were massacred; Beth-Horon, where one of the great battles of Israel was fought; Beeroth, where tradition has it the Holy Family first missed the child Jesus; Michmash, Rimmon, and a dozen other places replete with Biblical associations. This hill-country of Benjamin through which we are now passing, though exceedingly dry, rocky and hilly was once thickly set with villages, and was the center of stirring events in Israelitish history. Mizpah was at one period the great gathering place of Israel. Here Saul was crowned, and here tradition has it Samuel, the last of the judges, was buried. The village Sheikh took us to the top of the minaret where is obtained one of the most extensive views in the whole land. From this point we get a splendid view of Jerusalem. It was from here the Crusaders got their first view of the Holy City, and we our last view of it. Jerusalem, wonderful city! farewell!! There thou sittest in queenly dignity among thine eternal hills. From thee influences have gone out that are ruling the world; thou hast a home in the heart of every Jew; thou art embalmed in the heart of every Christian! Thy high places have been made radiant by the presence of Jehovah; thy hills and valleys made forever sacred by the footsteps of the Son of God!

Descending the northern slope from Mizpah we continued our journey northward for two hours when we

reached Bethel, one of the best known names of the Bible. For nearly 4,000 years it has retained its old name, Bethel, or Beiten, which means the same. There are few of us who have not associations with this pleasant and beautiful word, Bethel house of God; few Christian families in which the beautiful hymn has not been sung:

"O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led."

Little remains of it today except its name. It is one of the most desolate looking places in Palestine. Not from lack of water, for it has four good springs, but from the absence of soft soil on its rocky hills. All the neighborhood is of gray, bare stone or white chalk. Its miserable fields are fenced in with stone walls, the hovels are rudely built with stone, the hill to the east is hard rock, with only a few scattered fig gardens; and a great reservoir south of the village is excavated in the rock. The reservoir is large, but it has long been a broken cistern that holds no water. A copious spring runs into it and loses itself in a wide pool around which grow fine patches of green pastures. From this pool Abraham watered his flocks and slaked his thirst. On the grass-grown brink of this pool we took our lunch. Above us, on the crest of the hill, was the modern village, chiefly built of materials from the remains of better buildings. It contains the ruins of an ancient tower and an ancient church. Between three or four acres of ground are covered with heaps of hewn stone and old ruins, showing that at one time the place

must have been of some importance. The population is about 400, and it seems as if a hundred of them came out to see us take luncheon beside the pool.

No wonder Jacob used a stone for a pillow. It would be hard for him to find anything else here, for it is the stoniest spot in all this stony land. After lunch we slept for an hour with a stone for a pillow. We had no visions of angels, but when we awoke we were surrounded by a horde of Arabs begging for baksheesh.

When we turn from nature to history Bethel takes a foremost place. Its first inhabitants were the Canaanites, the idolators who erected sacred shrines out of the rough stones lying around in which they worshiped their idols. To this place Abraham came on his first journey through the land and erected an altar out of these stones to the true God. Prof. Stewart says that the ruins of a village on a little plateau, half a mile east of the present Bethel, marks the probable site of Abraham's camp and altar. The Jordan valley is plainly visible from this spot. On his return from Egypt, Abraham encamped here. In these pasture grounds began the strife between the herdsmen of Abraham and his nephew Lot, when the old patriarch made him the magnanimous offer to give him any part of the land that he might choose for the sake of peace. From this point Lot looked down upon the then beautiful plain of Jordan and chose it as his home.

Bethel is best known as the place where Jacob had his famous vision. A Divine Revelation was made here, and it is this that has given it such a holy place in the hearts, the hymns and prayers of God's peo-

ple. Jacob left his father's house at Beersheba to go to Haran, about 500 miles distant, to secure for himself a wife from among his kindred. Having traveled forty miles he reached Bethel as the shades of night were gathering around him. He gathered some stones for his pillow and composed himself to rest. In the night the Lord appeared to him in the vision of the stone steps (or "ladder"), reaching from earth to heaven. At the top of the steps he saw the vision of the Holy One and he heard a voice: "I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, the land whereon thou liest to thee will I give it. Behold I am with thee, and will keep in all places whither thou goest and I will bring thee again into this land." When he awoke from this strange vision he said, "Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not. How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

Next morning he took the stone he had for his pillow and set it up for a memorial and called the name of that place Bethel. This stone which Jacob had for his pillow has a strange and checkered history and a foolish tradition is told about it. It is now in a chair in Westminster Abbey. We saw it when in London. This chair is known as the coronation chair, and all the sovereigns of England for the last six hundred years have sat upon it when crowned. This stone is claimed to be the same used by Jacob when he laid down to sleep on the starlit heights of Bethel. Tradition has it that it was transported to Jerusalem and used in the building of the temple. The kings of Israel, David, Saul and Solomon, were crowned upon it. At the time of the

captivity of the Jews, Jeremiah is said to have hid the sacred stone, but fearing its demolition he fled with it to Ireland. Proving not to be safe there it was removed to Scotland where it was used for 600 years in the coronation of its kings and queens. It was transferred from Scone to London and has been used ever since in the coronation of every king and queen from Edward I to Edward VII.

After the conquest by Joshua, Bethel was one of the royal cities. It became one of the places where Samuel judged Israel and was at one time also a famous school of the prophets. Bethel became the metropolis of idolatry. Here Jeroboam set up his golden calves. Such was the abomination of this idolatrous worship that the name Bethel—house of God—seemed no longer appropriate and it was changed to Beth-Aven, house of Idols. Ever since that time Bethel lost its place and power in the land, and its present condition may be summed up in a single sentence, the utterance of the prophet Amos, "Bethel shall come to nought." Such was Bethel in its royalty and such is Bethel in its ruins.

The revelation made to Jacob at Bethel was meant to teach some great truths which he needed to learn: one was, that God's worship was not to be confined to any one place. Jacob when he came to Bethel and saw pagan shrines and sanctuaries said, surely the Lord is not in this place, and he laid himself down without a thought of God. But the truth which made the deepest impression on him when he awoke was, that God was there. "Surely God is in this place and I knew it not." He thought he had left God in the tents of his father at Beersheba. The lesson could not

have been taught to him more impressively that God is everywhere present.

Another lesson Jacob learned was that the true religion was not to be monopolized by any one family or race. Here at Bethel God renewed to Jacob the promise he made to Abraham that in him and his seed all the nations of the earth should be blest. God's peculiar favor was not for himself or his race exclusively, but for all races, and from his seed was to come the Saviour whose life was to be the light of men and nations.

Shiloh.

From Bethel we proceeded to Shiloh, ten miles north. As we advance the country improves; the scenery grows more varied and sublime, the mountains rise higher, the soil is richer and better cultivated. The hills have more trees and the fountains are more numerous and copious. Flowers abound everywhere. They star the grass, enliven every waste and amaze one with their variety, delicacy and beauty. The land of Judea, which had the spiritual blessings, seems to have had less temporal favors. But when we get into the land of Ephraim, we remember that the special blessings of Ephraim was fertility (Gen. 49:22-26).

Late in the evening we reached Singil, a small village more than a mile west of Shiloh, and here we rested for the night. Already in a single day's journey we had been in the territory of three of the Jewish tribes; starting from that of Judah we had passed through Benjamin and entered now into the more fertile territory of Ephraim. Next morning we vis-

ited Shiloh. Its situation is described in Judges 21:19, "On the north side of Bethel, on the east side of the highway that goes up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah." It had completely disappeared from history, but by the research of an American traveler, about fifty years ago the place was identified. The explorer following the minute description given by the Bible was able to find the spot; and now there is no place in the country that is more definitely located. The town, which was never a large one, is built on a hill of moderate height. In front of it lies a beautiful plain surrounded by lofty hills. Joshua doubtless selected it as the site of a city from its beauty, seclusion, and great natural advantages.

It had also the recommendation of being central and near the principal highway of Palestine. Shiloh is today a mass of shapeless ruins scattered all over the knoll. Portions of the old walls are still standing; a mosque, once a church, is a ruin; near by it grows a splendid old oak, the solitary tree of the place. On the slope of a hill on the north side of the town is a space, 412 feet long and 77 feet wide where probably stood the tabernacle. About three-fourths of a mile from Shiloh is a spring pouring forth a copious supply of water, which was used in ancient times to irrigate the vineyards in the valley below which was known by the romantic name of The Meadow of the Dance. When the people of Shiloh observed the feast of the tabernacles, the young women of the place came out to dance in the vineyards. On one occasion the Benjamites, whose wives had been slain, and who decided to make good their loss by the capture of an equal number of the women of Shiloh, came during

one of the great feasts; hid themselves in the vineyards, and when the young women came out to dance, each man seized one and carried her away to Gibeah to be his wife. Thus the young women of Shiloh unexpectedly found husbands.

Shiloh, though now a ruin, was once a place of great importance. For more than three hundred years it was the resting place of the Tabernacle and the Ark and the religious center of the Israelites. That Tabernacle and that sacred Ark were built at the base of Sinai and carried with care and reverence through the wilderness to this secluded spot. It was the capital of God's kingdom in Israel from the days of Joshua to the death of Eli. Here Joshua cast lots and divided the land among the seven tribes. Here Eli, the prophet, lived till he was nearly one hundred years old, when he died at the tidings that the Ark of God was taken. The memories which above all others give a charm to Shiloh are those connected with Samuel. Here Hannah brought her little son and dedicated him to the service of the Lord. "For this child," said the pious mother, "I prayed, and the Lord hath given me my petition. Therefore also I have lent him to the Lord as long as he lives." In the seclusion of this glen Samuel grew up ministering before the Lord in the Tabernacle. Here this child of prayer grew up in favor with God and man. The narrative of his childhood has touched the hearts of young and old throughout the world for the last three thousand years.

Shiloh lost its good name and became a byword and a reproach. Jeremiah said to the people of Jerusalem five hundred years after the destruction of Shiloh, "Go

ye now to my place which was in Shiloh and see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel." Shiloh and the tribe to which it belonged departed from the living God. The armies of Israel were smitten by the Philistines and they said, "It is because we have not the Ark of God with us." They sent to Shiloh, took the Ark of God, and placed it at the head of their army and again went to meet the enemy. But Israel had sinned and God was not with them. They were smitten by the Philistines. The Ark was taken. The two wicked sons of Eli were slain. The Ark of God never returned to Shiloh. Israel ceased to gather there and the place was eventually forsaken. Today there is not an inhabitant in it.

The destruction of Shiloh was because of the wickedness of the chosen people. The three most favored shrines and centers of religion—Shiloh, the place where Samuel ministered; Capernaum, where Christ did his mighty works; Jerusalem, God's special dwelling place—were indeed exalted to heaven by their privileges, but passed down to hell because of their abuse or neglect of them. Has not God established a connection from the very beginning between man's guilt and nature's ruin? Rome and Corinth, once great and powerful, have perished as Shiloh did. Secular history tells the same story as sacred history—that though hand join in hand yet the wicked shall not go unpunished. The ruins of Memphis, the buried city of Pompeii, the lonely mounds of Babylon, the desolations of Capernaum, the awful fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, the broken walls of Shiloh, all tell the same sad story of privileges despised ending in destruction. "No more can we hear as Samuel did at Shiloh the

Divine voice speaking to us in the watches of the night. But the still small voice of Him who must have passed by Shiloh and read its sad lesson, when he went with his parents to Jerusalem, speaks to the inner ear and touches the heart, not only in Shiloh, but everywhere. Each of us can have the spirit of revelation, the knowledge of Christ, however far we may be removed from the place where it was first revealed."

Jacob's Well.

Leaving Shiloh early in the morning, we reached Jacob's well at noon. We were tired and thirsty after a long ride over a rough and stony path and under the scorching sun. We could now understand how greatly wearied by His journey the Saviour must have been when he sat on the well as his disciples went into the city to buy bread. Fortunately for us we had bread enough to eat, and there was water to be had at a neighboring spring, while a friendly inn shielded us from the noonday sun as we took our mid-day meal.

Long before we reached Jacob's well we entered a wide plain called in the Bible the plain of Moreh. This is one of the best cultivated in Central Palestine. It is seven miles long and about two miles wide, and runs north and south. Several large springs pour their riches into it keeping it always green. In the early months of summer it is almost a continuous field of wheat and barley. On the 7th day of April, when we were there, the grain was already well ripened toward the harvest. It was to these fields Christ referred when he said, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields for they are white already for the harvest."

On the western side of this plain are two mountains—Ebal and Gerizim. Between them is a valley running east and west, very deep and scarcely five hundred yards wide. Exactly opposite the entrance to this valley is “Jacob’s well”—the most famous well in history. It was dug by Jacob over three thousand years ago. The Gospel says, “Now Jacob’s well was there.” Now Jacob’s well is still there. Jacob is gone, but the well remains. Christ was here, and His one visit has made it forever famous. It is a place every traveler in the Holy Land wishes to see. Nowhere are we so sure of being exactly where Jesus once was as on the edge of this well.

There are three indisputed points in modern Palestine in which we are sure that our blessed Master once set His feet—the old road from Bethany as it sweeps around the shoulder of the Mount of Olives; the knoll above the village of Nazareth, and the sacred soil around the mouth of Jacob’s well. When Jacob first dug that well to water his flocks he little dreamed that the promised Messiah would visit the spot and make that visit one of the most beautiful episodes in His earthly life. Millions of souls have been refreshed from that well.

There is nothing striking about the appearance of the well and one might easily pass it by unnoticed. In John iv. is incidentally the best description of it and its surroundings. This is one of the places where the land confirms the book, for there is a most striking relation between the gospel description of it and the place itself. Here we may see all the distinctive features of the landscape on which Christ’s eye rested nearly two thousand years ago. Over there to the

right we can still see the parcel of ground Jacob gave to his son Joseph; near the base of the mountain is a squalid village which George Adam Smith maintains occupies the site of old Sychar. Hard by rises Gerizim where the woman said, "Our fathers worshiped," and away to the north and south stretch the waving grain fields ripening for the harvest. Yonder the dusty road on which the Redeemer traveled, skirting the base of the mountain; and here is the well and the water of the well of which He drank. The whole region is woven into the conversation. The water is made a text, and so is the mountain a text, and so is the field. They are all used to bring out religious lessons and convey soul-saving truths. Here is one of the places where we can tack the gospel story on to the land. Here is where geography, history and gospel truth are all bound together. One could not imagine a more suitable setting for this matchless story.

A portion of the ground around the well is enclosed by a rough stone wall and within the enclosure a few fruit trees are growing. At the entrance is a small inn used as a resting place for travelers. A series of buildings of various styles and at different ages have been erected over the place, choking up the well and disfiguring the natural beauty of the spot. The well itself is on a spur or a swell of land thirty feet above the level of the plain and commanding a view of the valley. Originally, it was 100 feet deep and the woman told the truth when she said, "the well is deep." It is now about seventy-five feet deep and about seven feet and a half in diameter, and during the wet season contains from six to ten feet of water, but in summer is generally dry. Some years ago, a boy was induced to

allow himself to be let down for the apparently hopeless task of finding a Bible, dropped accidentally three years before, and strange to say he found it, for the bottom of the well was quite dry at the time. The greater part of the well was cut through the solid limestone rock, the water largely coming in by infiltration. The first ten feet was earth and this being removed was walled up with stone and arched over. Around the mouth of the well was a stone curb two or three feet high, on which the traveler might rest, and here it was that Jesus being wearied with His journey rested. The finding a few years ago of the large stone forming the well's mouth and in all probability the one on which He sat for a few moments adds to the interest of the place.

The stones around the mouth of the well have long since fallen and wild grasses and shrubs are growing around it. Scrambling down on the rude stones you come to the solid rock—the real mouth of the well. There is water in it and it is pleasant to the taste. You will find on the brink of the well a water jar tied to a rope made of goat's hair. Lowering the jar through the circular hole, you can draw water and refresh yourself with a drink as men and women have been doing here for a hundred generations.

Why did Jacob dig a well?

In Palestine water is life, and the laws which regulate springs and wells are stern and severe. Water is the most precious thing in the land. A well is worth more than a thousand acres of land, and to dig one a greater work than to found a city or build a fortress.

Indeed, much of the interesting part of Palestine

life is connected with water. Read the Bible and you will find it very frequently refers to clouds and floods, rain and dew, springs and fountains, mountain torrents which sweep away the works of man and the cup of cold water so refreshing to the lips of the weary traveler. The Bible abounds in phrases and beautiful sayings suggested by water and wells, as "the fountain of life," "well of salvation," and "water of life." A well was always a place of interest. The people dug a well, then they reared an altar near it and called upon the name of the Lord. Its waters became symbolic. Home and God seemed to be in it. A great soul said in the old days, "all my springs are in Thee."

Hepworth Dixon says, "A well is the center of nearly all that is sweetest in the poetry of Syrian life. It is the spot for which you long in the heat of noon; near which you spread your tent at the close of day. It is wedded to the ideas of woman and love. It was at the well of Haran that Rebekah gave drink to the servant of Abraham and was chosen by him to be Isaac's wife (Gen. 24:11). It was at the same well that Jacob rolled away the stone for Rachel and found his wife (Gen. 29:1). It was at the well of Midian that Moses' chivalry won for him his wife (Ex. 2:15). At the well of Nazareth Mary filled her pitcher, and at the well of Sychar Jesus spoke to the woman of Samaria."

By a Syrian custom, older than the oldest law, a well belongs to the man who makes it, and after he is gone it belongs forever to his family and his tribe. No lapse of time will disturb this sacred writing. To fill up a well is an act of invasion—a challenge to the

tribe that owns it to fight for it. When Isaac returned with his flocks to Gerar the herdsmen fought with his servants about the water rights, not about the grain and cattle. The lord of the water is the lord of the land. A well is evidence of the owner's property in the soil, and no bond, no covenant, will in Palestine either last so long or acquire so wide a fame. Seventeen hundred years after Jacob dug the well in Samaria, the Samaritan woman, speaking to Jesus, claimed her right to it when she said, "Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave *us* the well?"

While guarding his right over a spring a Syrian never refuses to share his last drop of water with his brother man. The well is his own for his own use, and for that of his own house, but the water is the gift of God, which is free to every man and woman to share. "If thou knewest the gift of God." There is a peculiar aptness in the phrase with which Jesus arouses the woman's mind and excites curiosity. Perhaps no cry in eastern cities is more striking than that of the water carrier, "the gift of God," which he shouts as he goes along with his water skin on his shoulder. It is very likely that it was in Christ's day spoken of as now, as the "gift of God"; if so, the expression to the woman would be forcible and full of meaning.

Why did Jacob dig the well when it is said there were forty springs and wells within a half a mile of it, whose waters hardly ever failed in the hottest summer? Because he wanted a well of his own. When Jacob bought this parcel of land, he got no title to the water—that was separate. Although there

were several springs of water on his own land, yet he dare not touch a drop of it; he therefore dug a well for himself to avoid serious quarrels. Jacob was a shrewd business man. He remembered the trouble his father had on account of wells. He saw that his flocks and herds must have water. Probably he would also think it morally unsafe to have his family and servants going constantly to the same well as the idolaters of Shechem. He was a peaceful man and wished to live peaceably with his neighbors and would therefore avoid everything that might be an occasion of strife, as wells frequently were. Many a farmer to-day might learn a valuable lesson from his example.

What led the Samaritan woman to pass by the copious springs in her way and come to this well for water? Possibly out of veneration for her father Jacob. Perhaps she was working in the grain field and came to draw water for herself or her employer. She certainly did not come there expecting instruction, or salvation. Her errand was to fill her water-pot and take away enough for present use. She as little expected to meet the Messiah that day as she expected to figure in Bible history to the end of time. Woman-kind had very little expectation of any sort in these days, except to serve their husbands and toil through the drudgeries of their hard lot. They were kept in the background, as they always are, in all lands in which Christianity has not been established.

One of the first things which Jesus did was to recognize the woman's immoral nature, to set her in her true place, and to summon her to her high calling. The Master sees in this woman a fit subject for his divine compassion and saving grace, and without any

introduction he proceeds to tell her about it. He asks for a drink of water. He meets her on the ground of common need. She refuses to give him a drink because he is a Jew. She discovers at once by his dress and speech that he is a Jew, and expresses surprise that a Jew should ask a favor of a Samaritan woman. But he would as soon drink water out of a Samaritan well as to drink out of a Judean well. He knew how bitter the feud between Jews and Samaritans. It was centuries old. It was backed by the fathers. It was religious; and no bitterness is as bitter as that of religious bigotry. Through all this Jesus had to cut his way when he went to Samaria to offer salvation to the Samaritans. It shows his spirit. He accepts Samaritan hospitality, eats at their tables, preaches in their streets and saves a whole city. The presence of Christ at the well is a revelation of the breadth of his love and character. It shows him superior to all prejudice and sets him forth as a broad-minded and large-hearted Saviour. Jesus did not come into the world as a partition-builder, but as a partition-breaker. That day not only womanhood went up, but the old hateful walls of bigotry went down.

Mark how exquisitely he pilots the memorable conversation. He begins with a commonplace request for a drink of water, but it leads on to the deep things of God. Both are tired and lonely, but Christ guides the talk on to the deeper weariness of the heart and life, and tells her of the soul-satisfying water he can give. She is narrow and bigoted, but gradually he opens before her the free spirit of the Gospel. Jesus seeks to make the natural the type of the spiritual. The water out of Jacob's well only satisfies the thirst

of the body, but the water of life that he could give would slake the thirst of her spirit. He could open a well in her heart that would never run dry.

He begins with a cup of cold water, he ends with a cup of salvation. The woman responds, "Give me this water that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw." She wants the water without toil or sacrifice, but she is not yet ready for it. She asks with her lips for it, but she must ask with her soul. Living water is only given to thirsty souls. The well must be dug through the dry, hard crust of her nature, as the well of Jacob was dug through the hard, rocky strata of the soil.

Very tenderly our Lord carries on this digging process by bringing the sin of her life before her. When the woman says to Jesus, "Give me," Christ says to the woman, "Go, call thy husband." When he said that her face fell and her past life flashed before her. Conscience is now at work. She sees that this is a man who searches hearts, and at once she cleverly changes the subject. She tries to lead Jesus into a controversy. She goes off from her own sin to the difference between Jews and Samaritans. "Our fathers worshiped in this mountain," she said, pointing to Gerizim just behind them. Then Jesus made this the text for a great sermon on the nature of true and acceptable worship. "Neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem shall men worship the Father." Religion shall no longer be local, he said. She had inquired about the *place* for worship; he would teach her about the *Being* to be worshiped. The place is nothing—everything is in the spirit. He proclaimed that the hour had come

when neither at the summit of Gerizim, Nature's own grandest altar, nor in the temple at Jerusalem on the summit of Mount Zion, was God to be exclusively worshiped,—though He might be in these hallowed places—but in the sanctuary of the spirit, and on the heights of the soul, wherever an earnest prayerful heart might be, however far from temple or shrine. “God is a spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.” This great announcement lifted religion above sects, localities and nationalities. That doctrine was a new revelation to the world. It was one of the signs of the new kingdom. It abolished the worship of wells and holy places.

The woman put Gerizim between her and Christ. She worshiped on the mountain, she sinned on the plain. She was no nearer heaven on the top of Mount Gerizim, than down on the plain of Sychar. The same is true these days, so much is made of forms, creeds and denominations. What we have first to settle is the matter of personal salvation. Mount Gerizim and even Mount Sinai must take the background: we must see no man save Jesus only. To this point the woman came. She cries, “I thirst! I thirst! Give me.” He hears her cry. She drinks and her soul thirst is quenched. She becomes a believer in Christ and one of the first missionaries of the New Gospel that has since gone into all the world.

At the entrance of the enclosure round the well is planted in the ground one of the poles that hold the telegraph wires between Jerusalem and Haifa on the coast. It seems strange to find this nineteenth century invention in that sacred secluded spot. But “it

brings the secluded well in our thought into the midst of the busy world and the new order of things. It suggests to us the various ways by which the divine words uttered beside that well have gone into all the world, first by the laborious pen of the scribe, then by the printed page, and now by the lightning of heaven. It speaks of the wondrous results in the great world that has sprung from the teaching and life work of Him who sat wearied on that well. It is a prophecy of the time when instead of a local worship on Gerizim there will be a world-wide spiritual worship. It indicates that the time is not far off now, when this whole land shall share in the mighty benefits of the Christian civilization it has originated. It indicates the time when the crescent of Islam shall lose its sway and the Cross shall be the dominant power in the land."

Within twenty-four hours we were permitted to stand in three holy places where God especially revealed Himself to men. We lunched at Bethel Friday noon. We tented at Shiloh that night, and partook of a noonday meal at Jacob's well the next day. These three places were, so to speak, bright spots of revelation: Bethel, the place where God revealed Himself to Jacob and linked heaven and earth together; Shiloh, the place where God first set up His name in Canaan and where He spake to the boy Samuel and called him to greatness; Jacob's well, the place where the Son of God Himself came and in a noonday talk revealed Himself as the long-looked-for Messiah of the world. Bethel, Shiloh, Jacob's well! all holy places, all in one day. That was enough to make any twenty-four hours memorable.

CHAPTER IX

PASSING THROUGH SAMARIA

THE CITY OF SHECHEM—THE RUINS OF SAMARIA—
CARMEL AND TABOR—EBAL AND GERIZIM.

"And he must needs go through Samaria."—John
4:4.

A ride of half an hour brought us from Jacob's well to Nablus—the Shechem of the Bible. On the way we visited Joseph's tomb, four hundred yards across the valley from Jacob's well. It is a small building twenty feet square and twelve feet high. It stands alone and is kept well whitewashed. What a strange freak of human nature is shown in the fact that about the only patriarch who did not need whitewashing should have so much of it!

The tomb itself is six feet long and four feet high. No more lovely spot could have been chosen as the last resting place of the beloved Joseph. The place is held in reverence alike by Jew, Samaritan, Christian and Moslem. Joseph had no desire that his bones should lie in the pyramids of Egypt, but in the bit of land his father gave him, so he commanded that when the tribes went out of Egypt his bones should be borne with them. He wished to rest in peace beside his father's well, among the early scenes of his childhood. The tribes were not unmindful of his request,

and when they went out they took his bones, and in all that weary journey of forty years, never left them until they came to his chosen place of burial.

Before us rose Gerizim and Ebal—the mountains of the blessing and the cursing. They are separated by a lovely little vale, five hundred yards wide, rich in fields of grain and orchards of fruit with a fine stream of water running through it. As we pass up to Nablus, Ebal is on the north, rising 1,200 feet above the plain; and Gerizim on the south, 1,000 feet. The sides of Ebal are covered with prickly pear. It is bold and barren with here and there some fine olive orchards. On Mount Gerizim the soil is richer and more capable of cultivation. Up the little streams which furrow its sides are seen orchards of orange, pomegranate, peach and fig trees.

It was along the slopes of these mountains on opposite sides of the valley that all the tribes of Israel were ranged on that memorable day when Joshua read, “all the words of the Law, the Blessings and Cursings,” which Moses had written and commanded to be read there. Sir Charles Wilson says that there are recesses in the two mountains that form a sort of natural amphitheatre. These recesses are exactly opposite each other and the valley here is not more than sixty rods broad. There is no other place in Palestine so suitable for the assemblage of a large body of men, where the human voice could be heard and where at the same time each individual would be able to see what was going on. Here was gathered the largest congregation that was ever assembled on earth for the worship of God—three million people. It stands unrivalled in all history.

In the center of the vale through which we passed was the Ark of the Covenant, and around it were gathered the priests and Levites. On the slopes of Gerizim were six tribes—a million and a half of people—and on the slopes of Ebal were six tribes, a million and a half of people. When the priests turned their faces and looked toward Gerizim and uttered the blessings, a million and a half of people responded “Amen.” When the priests turned their faces toward Ebal, and uttered the curses, a million and a half of people responded “Amen.” By this proclamation of Joshua, Ebal and Gerizim became the Mount Sinai of Palestine.

“These two mountains,” says Dr. Gregg, “declare to the whole earth, that God blesses and that God curses; that blessings and cursings come according to the conduct of man. It is popular to make much of Gerizim, while Ebal is neglected. Ebal has its place. It is just as real as Gerizim. The malediction is abroad in human life just as really as is the benediction. Christ was as much Christ when he uttered the woes as when he uttered the beatitudes, and he was just as true to the interests of mankind.”

†
sh. 830
As the valley between these two mountains is somewhat wide, it has been assumed by some that it was impossible for the tribes on Gerizim to hear the responses on Ebal. The truth of the Scripture statement has often been tested. In the clear resonant air of Palestine the human voice can be distinctly heard at great distances. The experiment was made in April of 1880 by an Episcopalian clergyman, the Rev. Harry Jones of London, and the Rev. Dr. Hoge, Presbyterian pastor in Richmond, Va. The Rev.

Mr. Jones thus reports the results: "After ascending to the summit of Gerizim we tested the acoustic property of the valley between the two hills on which were set the Blessings and the Cursings. I was on the slope of Mount Gerizim, while Mr. Hoge went some distance up that of Ebal, the space between us being between a half and three-quarters of a mile. Indeed as I saw the doctor ride down from the spot on Gerizim where we stood, across the valley and creep up the side of Ebal till his horse looked no bigger than an ant, it seemed almost foolish to make the experiment we contemplated. I fancied that it would be impossible to hear his voice over the chasm beneath us. We had arranged to give signals. He was to take off his hat, which was covered with a large white puggery, for me to begin; but the distance between us was too great for me to distinguish any such indication. However, at last, seeing that he had fairly stopped I read aloud, slowly, one of the Psalms for the day, feeling all the while that I might as well have addressed the House of Commons from Lambeth Palace. Then I paused. I had understood the doctor to say that he would recite the thirty-first Psalm, and I turned to it in my prayer book. Great was my surprise when I heard from the little dot on the hillside, in his voice, across the valley: 'The Lord is my shepherd,' etc. 'It is the twenty-third!' I exclaimed to his friend who had remained with me. This was a severe test. It was made doubly so by a party of Turkish soldiers, who, hearing me, came out of some barracks which lay beneath us and began talking. When I rejoined the doctor I found that he had heard me plainly. Indeed, he remarked on the difference between the version of the psalm I had

read than that he was familiar with in America. Two companions who remained in the valley between us distinguished every syllable with the greatest ease." This, with many other experiments made before and since, establishes the credibility of the narrative in the book of Joshua.

Lying on the shoulder of Mount Gerizim and over against Mount Ebal and commanding an enchanting view of the broad plain where Jacob fed his flocks, the traveler who today enters Nablus (Shechem) is greeted with a sound of rushing waters, a sound most grateful in the ears of an eastern traveler. Seventy springs it is said issue from the hill; and laughing water courses frolic down their sides and freshen the dusty streets of the busy city and the valley all around. The natives maintain that theirs is the most musical vale in Palestine. The Koran says, where there is water there is life; and this plain is well watered and full of life.

Nablus is a place of considerable business activity. It is the great cotton center of Palestine. It is also the headquarters for the manufacture of olive soap. The pride of the place is its olive trees which abound in the valley and up the mountain sides. The berries of the olive are gathered in December, carried in baskets on the heads of women to the mill, where they are crushed, the oil being then made into cakes of soap.

Shechem is an old city. The houses have no regularity of style, and it is all one's life is worth to find his way into them or out of them. The streets of the city are narrow and winding, roughly paved and unclean withal, being filled with garbage and the waste

of the homes. It seems rather out of place to find so much dirt where there is so much soap and water. The population is estimated at about 20,000. Of these, 700 belong to the Greek church, 150 are Protestants, 150 are Samaritans, a few Jews and Catholics, the large remainder being Moslems, fiery, fanatical, jealous, yet more industrious and ambitious than in many other places. Nablus is still what Shechem was—a place of blessing and cursing—of religious hatred and strife. The Jews and Samaritans hate each other as of old. The Moslems hate both and often serious quarrels occur.

The people of Nablus devote much time and thought to their religions; yet they are everything but religious. A blessing comes with every salutation, and a curse follows almost every Christian, and yet with all this fanaticism and opposition there are some earnest Christians there. Here we spent our second Sunday in the Holy Land. It was the first wet day we had had since we entered it. A few of us attended the service in the Baptist chapel under the care of a native missionary. The Rev. Dr. L. preached the sermon; Dr. R. presided at the organ. The congregation, made up of English and American tourists, with the native Christians entered heartily into the service.

Geographically and historically, we are here in the central spot of the Holy Land. Nablus is midway between Dan and Beersheba, and almost midway between the Mediterranean Sea and the River Jordan; thus being a kind of central depot between the north and south. It is thirty miles from Jerusalem, thirty from Caesarea, and sixteen from the nearest ford of the Jordan.

"When railways and other modern improvements shall have been introduced into Palestine, the city from its natural position, great abundance of water, great fertility and temperate climate, will become not only a favorite resort, but the center of a large and productive district."

Shechem is rich in Bible history. It is one of the oldest sacred places. It enjoyed the reputation of an ancient and holy place five hundred years before Jerusalem became a Hebrew town. It was in this lovely valley that Abraham first halted and pitched his tent when he came into the land of Canaan, and here he built the first altar to the true God (Gen. 12:1). This is the birthplace of the greatest nation in history.

Jacob made this place his home also, and with a view to a larger sojourn than that of Abraham and with the purpose of dwelling apart from the people of the land; he on his return from his long absence in Padan-Aram, bought the parcel of land which was before the city. Here he pitched his tent and built an altar to the Lord—perhaps repairing the very altar which his ancestor Abraham had built. It was this spot of ground which Jacob specially bequeathed to Joseph (Gen. 48:22). This was the second portion of ground actually owned by the Hebrew people in the Promised Land—the first being the Cave of Machpelah. Hither Joshua, in his old age, gathered all the tribes; and here the hosts of Israel heard the last words of their great leader, when he put to them that question: "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve?" adding for himself, "as for me, and my house, we will serve the Lord."

After the first division of Israel into two kingdoms

Shechem became the religious capital of the Ten Tribes. Here Jeroboam was crowned king. From a projecting rock on the face of Mount Gerizim, overlooking Shechem, the fearless Jotham, the youngest son of Gideon, uttered the celebrated fable of the talking trees. When the Children of Israel were carried away into captivity by the Syrians, Shechem became the chief seat of the Samaritans; and here to-day are to be found the last remnants of this people.

Who are the Samaritans? They claim to be the descendants of the Ten Tribes, but they are a mongrel race, partly Assyrian and partly Jewish. The story of their origin is more a matter of inference than direct history. About 700 years before Christ the king of Assyria conquered Samaria, and carried Israel away captive into Assyria, where, it is said, some of their descendants have remained ever since—a separated people. Some years after this, the Assyrians brought heathen foreigners from various parts of their dominions, and settled them in the cities of Samaria, left unoccupied by the captive Jews. The language of Scripture reads, "Israel was carried away," and other nations were placed "in the cities of Samaria, instead of the children of Israel, and they possessed Samaria and dwelt in the cities thereof." These new colonists were Pagans, worshipers of "lords many and gods many." After a time they decided to add the God of the new country to their list—adding one more deity to those they had imported from the east. So they asked the king of Assyria to send one of the captive priests of Israel to teach them the worship of the God of Jacob, or as they expressed it, "teach them the manner of the God of the land." The request was

complied with; and the result was the framing of a strange compound worship—a mixture of Judaism and Paganism, or as this religious medley is described in the Bible narrative, “they feared the Lord and served their own gods.”

No doubt a few of the old inhabitants were left in the land as husbandmen and slaves. With these the heathen foreigners amalgamated politically and religiously, thus forming a race wholly or in great part of foreign origin, and alien to the Hebrew race and religion. The one only portion of the old Jewish creed which seemed to be sacredly retained was the Pentateuch.

A number of Jews after their return from Babylon commingled with the Samaritans, who then largely abandoned idolatry for the worship of the God of Israel. When the Jews began rebuilding the Temple of Jerusalem, the Samaritans offered to help them. Their offer was indignantly rejected. Stung by this rejection the thought of an independent religion in Samaria was born. The Samaritans planned a temple, and built it on Mount Gerizim, about 400 B. C., proclaiming their adherence to the Pentateuch. Thus an enmity sprang up between these rival peoples that has never subsided. The Jew did everything to annoy and destroy the Samaritan. He refused to eat with the Samaritan; to do so was “as if he did eat swine’s flesh.” He denounced him as a time-server and unclean as a leper. The name Samaritan became a by-word of reproach. He was publicly cursed in the synagogue. He was pronounced unworthy of eternal life. The bitterest word of scorn the Jew could hurl at Christ was this: “thou art a Samaritan and hast a

devil." More than a century before Christ, the grand temple which stood for 200 years on Mount Gerizim was destroyed by the Jews. They considered the very soil of Samaria accursed, and in traveling from Judea to Galilee they were accustomed to cross to the other side of the Jordan, and so avoid the detested land.

On the other hand, the Samaritans did everything in their power to annoy the Jews. When the Jew began rebuilding the Temple on Mount Zion they set themselves by every means to impede the work and joined with the people of Edom in the cry, "Raze it, raze it, even to the foundation thereof." A century after Christ, the Samaritans repaid in full the long score of Jewish outrages by betraying the last fortress of the Jews in Samaria into the hands of the pitiless Romans and beheld without sorrow heaps of Jews slain and crowds of captives carried into slavery. A band of Samaritans succeeded in stealing into the courts of the Temple of Jerusalem during the passover season, and defiling the sacred precincts by scattering over them dead men's bones; thus preventing the Jews that year from celebrating the great feast of their nation. Thus the controversy began and still continues. The present Samaritans insist that their ancestors were not carried away into captivity but remained in the country, and that they are descended from the old inhabitants.

The chief articles of the Samaritan faith are: The unity of God; the inspiration of the Pentateuch; the religious character of Gerizim, and a belief in the resurrection and the coming of a Messiah. The Messiah would be a teacher but not equal to Moses. He will live a hundred years and be buried near Joseph.

The woman of Samaria, in her conversation with Jesus, expressed an indefinite expectation of a coming Messiah. "When the Messiah is come he will tell me all things."

The Samaritans keep the Jewish Sabbath and nearly all the Jewish feasts. To them Mount Gerizim is the most sacred spot on earth. They believe that it is the exact center of the earth and persist that it is the highest mountain in the world, although Ebal, just across the valley, is 200 feet higher. They believe that Adam was created from its dust and that Noah's ark landed on its summit. This is also the mountain where Abraham offered his son Isaac and where Jacob saw the vision of the ladder. They keep the passover as in Old Testament times. Although the Jews have never kept the passover according to the law since the destruction of the Temple at Jerusalem, the Samaritans have observed it on Mount Gerizim all through the centuries even to the present day. Only a hundred and fifty souls remain, counting men, women and children. They have never intermarried with foreigners and claim that their line is pure from the days of Aaron. The marriageable age among them is fourteen for males and ten for females. The high priest said to a traveler some years ago, "Nearly all our girls are promised before they can speak and are married when they are eleven or twelve." At the time of the passover the entire Samaritan population of Nablus go to the top of Mount Gerizim and live in tents for seven days.

They literally and in every particular follow the Pentateuch. Thus they still remain, a mere handful, at once the smallest and perhaps the oldest existing

sect in the world. This mountain to which the woman of Samaria, nearly 2,000 years ago, pointed, as the venerated shrine where people worshiped, is the only place on the face of the earth where this sacred festival has been celebrated continuously in strict accordance with the law of Moses, since the fall of Jerusalem.

The Samaritans have a small synagogue in Nablus, an odd-looking structure, surrounded by houses, and so narrow and crooked are the streets that it is difficult to find it. We attended the services on Saturday evening. The size and furniture of the synagogue are in keeping with their time and state. We saw the high priest, clothed in his crimson robe, and with head bandaged with an immense turban.

He was a fine specimen of physical manhood, one of the finest looking men we saw in Palestine. The service consisted of the reading of the law of Moses, repeating of prayers, chants and responses.

In this synagogue are deposited several old Samaritan manuscripts, one of which is supposed to be the oldest manuscript in existence. They claim it was written by the grandson of Aaron 3,500 years ago. But this is not shown to ordinary mortals, being too valuable to be worn or injured by repeated handling. After the proper persuasion of baksheesh, we were allowed to look upon one, said to be 1,400 years old. The parchments were rolled like a Jewish scroll on two brass rods and carefully folded up in a scarf of crimson satin. They were written in old Hebrew and certainly looked old and yellow enough to have been soaked in the first freshets of Noah's flood.

Samaria.

Early on Monday morning, April 7, we were in our saddles pressing towards Samaria, eight miles from Shechem. The morning was clear and bright. The rain had brought out the flowers in great profusion and beauty. Everywhere were vines, olives, figs and other fruit trees. For four miles we rode through a beautiful and fertile valley, and then began the gradual ascent of a very rough and stony ridge. After the usual ups and downs we reached the summit, from which we looked down into another beautiful valley, and off upon an opposite ridge was the town of Samaria, about 500 feet above the valley. Samaria comes much into notice in the Bible from the time when it was first built, throughout the period of the revolted northern kingdom to the time of the apostles.

The origin of the city is easily told, "In the thirty and first year of Asa, king of Judah, began Omri to reign in Israel twelve years. And he bought the hill of Samaria of Shemer for two talents of silver, and built on the hill, and called the name of the city after the name of Shemer, owner of the hill, Samaria." The site is most beautiful and picturesque; no better could have been selected for a capital—a strong position, rich environments and a central situation.

Soon after the death of Solomon the people of the center and northern part of the country revolted from the house of David; and the land of Israel became divided into two kingdoms—Judah in the south, and Israel or the Ten Tribes in the north. To the northern kingdom belonged that part of the land called

Samaria, and at this time the city of Samaria became the capital of the northern kingdom and continued to be so for nearly two hundred years.

Under Ahab, son and successor of Omri, the city was ornamented with palaces; he building one of ivory for himself. He also made it a center of idolatry, by building an altar for Baal, the chief god of his wife Jezebel, thus banishing the Lord God from his dominion. This apostasy called forth a rebuke from Elijah; and his famous sacrifice, which was followed by the test of the gods on Mount Carmel, in which the prophets of Baal were destroyed and Elijah's God made triumphant in the sight of the people. Samaria was taken and destroyed by the Assyrians after a siege of three years, 722 B. C.

The great beauty of the position attracted the eyes of Herod the Great. Here he built a magnificent temple in honor of Augustus, which is said to have outrivalled Baalbec. Palatial buildings crowned its heights and extended down its gradual slopes on every side. Around the topmost terrace of the hill he built a splendid double colonnade of pillars. How grand the city with its gleaming white marbles must have looked upon that lofty hill, seen for miles around!

But the destroyer has passed over it in fulfilment of prophecy. Samaria, as well as a hundred other places in Palestine, proclaims the truth—"except the Lord built the house they labor in vain that build it." Not a trace of the city founded by Omri and adorned by Herod remains, except some broken columns and pillars, and heaps of stone from the valley below and blocks of marble in the huge wall of its terraced vine-

yards. One would think that the prophet Micah had seen the city as we saw it—his description of it is so accurate and real. "I will make Samaria as an heap of the field, and as planting of a vineyard; and I will pour down the stones thereof in the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof."

One is most deeply impressed with the minute accuracy of prophetic description and the literal fulfilment of every detail, not only here, but everywhere throughout the land.

"Land of fair Palestine, where Jesus trod,
Thy ruins and thy relics tell of God;
Thine everlasting hills with awe proclaim
The holy record of Jehovah's name;
Thy fallen cities crumbled into dust,
Pronounce the judgments of Jehovah just."

Elisha for a time lived in Samaria, and Philip the evangelist preached the Gospel there. The village on the ancient site is small and poor. The summit of the hill is cultivated in olive trees and grain. In the village is situated the church of St. John the Baptist, built by the Crusaders in the twelfth century. A cave underneath the church is said to contain the tomb of John the Baptist, but the tradition is certainly incorrect. Ruins all around tell of its former greatness. Several of the pillars of Herod's colonnade are still standing.

Not finding a good Samaritan of the old school we rode on through rich fields, and over hills and valleys, until at noon we reached a beautiful grove; where we refreshed ourselves with food and a short sleep under the trees. We next rode to the plain of Dothan. It is still famous as rich pasture land to which the

shepherds and herdsmen come when the pastures on the hills become dry and parched with the drought of summer, and herds of cattle and flocks of sheep may be seen now feeding and grazing all over the plain. The ruins of Dothan, on a round, pumpkin-shaped hill, about 200 feet high are still to be seen. At the base of the hill is a fountain and a bountiful supply of water. Across this plain and by this fountain the great caravan route leading from Assyria down to Egypt passed. To Dothan Joseph came seeking his brethren; here they cast him into the pit from which he was taken and sold to the Midianites on their way to Egypt, "an act of personal hostility to an unoffending individual which proved to be the first of a series of steps leading up to some of the great events in the history of the Jewish people and, indeed, the first link in a chain of movements which have deeply and widely moved the world."

Late in the evening we reached our resting place for the night, at Jenin, the En-gannim of Joshua 19-21, a small town with 3,000 inhabitants situated on the southeastern border of the plain of Esdraelon.

Here we were treated to a dog concert; the passage of Scripture which reads, "without are dogs," was forcibly impressed upon us that night. I can now understand why Bible writers have such a dislike for dogs. The dogs of Palestine are a race of curs. You see them in the cities and towns and everywhere you go. They belong to no one in particular, but are common property, and often follow a camping party, picking up the crumbs that fall from the table. They are of medium size and of a yellow brown color, with a head like a fox's. Mark Twain described them,

"when you ride through the village at noonday you first meet a melancholy dog that looks up at you, and silently begs that you will not run over him, but he does not offer to get out of the way." Usually they sleep all day to be fresh for the duties of the night. It is then they give their regular concert. Near our tent a dog opens with a deep bass solo. This wakes up a whole choir of dog voices and then we have "songs in many keys," with endless variations. Then comes a grand effort in which they all come together with a loud swelling chorus. One would think they would get hoarse or exhausted. But no! they start in again, no more tired than a cornet that is being wiped and cleaned while the performer is waiting for his next turn. The donkeys bray to fill in the chorus. Donkeys bray in all lands and at all times, but the prolonged bray of a Palestine donkey at night is the most hopeless utterance in all the animal kingdom. It compresses into itself the homesickness, the weariness, the blasted hopes and surrendered desires of all the ages. The jackals from the hills encourage the dogs by barking at them. The Turkish soldiers detailed to guard the camp have a custom of blowing whistles and shouting to keep each other awake. Add to this the frequent neighing of the horses, and the incessant clatter of the Arabs around your tent! and you have a concert you can not hear anywhere else on the earth, except on the outskirts of a Palestinian village.

Plain of Esdraelon.

At an early hour Tuesday morning we left Jenin. This was a day of great interest to us for we were to cross the great plain of Jezreel, and camp at night at

Nazareth, twenty-five miles distant. This great plain is known at the present time by the name of Esdraelon, a Greek form of the Hebrew word Jezreel, but in the Old Testament it is called "The Valley of Megiddo." The plain cuts Palestine into two parts and breaks the great backbone of the country, separating Samaria from Galilee. It extends from the River Jordan to the Mediterranean, about twenty-four miles, and has an average width of ten or twelve miles.

Here and there are lofty ridges, and the surface is billowy and undulating like our western prairies. The River Kishon runs through it; it is well watered and very fertile, and decked with millions of wild flowers. The soil is a dark, rich loam giving excellent crops; rich enough, it is said, to yield wheat from 40 to 60 bushels to the acre. It is said if properly cultivated and freed from the depredations of Bedouins this plain would give enough grain to supply the present population of Palestine. But it is badly cultivated. Weeds and thistles grow abundantly and the inhabitants are few because life and property are so insecure. We see fields of waving grain and orchards of fruit and everywhere rich, green pastures. A strange feature of it is the entire absence of trees.

The beauty of the plain is not only in its fertility, which in the month of April makes it one broad expanse of green, but in its surroundings. It is set in a deep amphitheatre of hills. This is the great battle ground of the country from the days of Rameses II to the days of Napoleon I. Alike in its scenic effects and historic places it is one of the most notable spots in the land in which Jesus lived. Its position

affords a key to its blood stained history. There are five historic gateways to the plain. It was open to invaders from all sides; to the Philistines from the west, to the Syrians from the north, and the Israelites from the east and south, besides having the great highway between Damascus and Egypt running through it. It is bounded on every side by magnificent mountains. On the southern side is Mount Carmel, stretching out into the sea and running east and west about eighteen miles, separating this plain from the plain of Sharon. Mount Carmel is said to have once been the most beautiful mountain in Palestine, crowned with fertility and beauty, so that Isaiah speaks of "the excellency of Carmel." One never hears of Carmel without thinking of the great conflict between Elijah for Jehovah and the idolators for Baal, by which the name and authority of Jehovah were vindicated. The scene of this memorable conflict was at the eastern end of the ridge, some twelve miles from the sea. It is a rock platform, 300 feet lower than the summit of the mountain and 1,400 above the bed of the Kishon. It is in the shape of an amphitheatre. Tristram says that no place can be conceived more adapted by nature to be the scene of that wondrous battle ground of truth.

Opposite Carmel is Gilboa, rising 500 feet out of the plain like a mountain monument to commemorate the battles of the centuries. Gilboa was the scene of one of the most glorious victories and one of the most disastrous defeats in the history of Israel. It was at the foot of this mountain that Gideon confronted the Midianites when "they came up with cattle and their tents and as grasshoppers for multitude."

It was in the days of the Judges. The Midianites pitched their tents on the north side of the valley, while Gideon and his little Spartan band of warriors "pitched beside the well of Harod," on the south side at the foot of Gilboa. By this fountain at God's command Gideon assembled his active followers and tested them. The three hundred that "lapped the water as a dog lapped" were chosen, and with the thrilling war cry, "the sword of the Lord and Gideon," he and his three hundred went out at midnight; struck terror into the hosts of the enemy, and drove them back over the Jordan with great slaughter. On the way to Jezreel we visited the fountain of Gideon and drank out of its waters. It issues from a cave at the base of the mountain forming a large pool some distance below. It has always been a famous resort for herdsmen and camping place for caravans. It fits in with the narrative of Gideon's campaign against the Midianites. Porter, who made a special study of the place, says that at Gilboa he saw for the first time how not only every detail of the battle was accurate, but how the incidental expression of the sacred historian was illustrated by the topography of the battle field.

Two centuries later the Philistines invaded this country. They marched in and took position in the spot where the Midianites had encamped. Saul gathered the tribes of Israel on the heights of Gilboa. Then followed a battle which threatened the ruin of the Hebrew nation. The battle went sore against Saul and the archers hit him; the Philistines slew Jonathan and his two other sons. When the Israelites saw that they were beaten they attempted to go up to the top of the mountain; but "they fell down slain on Mount

Gilboa." David said in his ode, "The beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places (Gilboa)."

It was in the night before this fatal battle that Saul consulted the witch at Endor. The distance from Gilboa is about seven miles and so he must have traveled at least fourteen miles that night.

The third historic mountain is Tabor, at the northern side of the plain. It is the most conspicuous landmark in lower Galilee. It is about four or five miles in circumference at the base, and rises 1,000 feet above the level of the land. It is distinguished from all others by its dome-like form. Porter describes it as the most conspicuous hill in central Palestine—not from its altitude, for there are others much higher, but from its isolated position, unique shape, and unfading verdure. When first seen from the north, its curved outline breaks the dull monotony of the hills of Galilee. When first seen from the south it is still more imposing. Then it swells up like a vast dome from the plain of Esdraelon. The ruins on the top of Tabor are extensive, but the view possesses a far higher interest for the Bible student than its hoary and desolate ruins. It is one of those wondrous panoramas which time can never obliterate from the memory.

In the center of the plain is Jezreel. The city was built like many places in this land for the sake of defence. Jezreel was once the royal residence of Ahab and Jezebel and the scene of some thrilling events in the history of Israel.

From Jezreel the whole panorama of Esdraelon spreads out before you from the Jordan Valley all the way to the dark ridge of Carmel, and on every side are historic sites. It would take a volume to tell

all about the history of this plain. Nearly every nation in the world has fought here and enriched the soil with its blood. In the middle ages the lances of the Crusaders flashed here in the sunlight, and in modern times the soldiers of Napoleon made the plain roar with the sound of cannon. Over this same plain passed the army of Sennacherib, and here the Apostle John in the Revelation, tells of a mighty conflict that is to take place, when "the kings of the earth and of the whole world," are to be gathered, "to the battle of the great day of God Almighty." This great battle is to be in a place called in the Hebrew tongue "Armageddon," that is the valley of Megiddo, in the plain of Esdraelon, "the battle ground of nations."

"Taken as a whole, with its outgoings toward the Jordan and the Mediterranean, there is no place perhaps, on the face of the earth, of similar extent, that calls up such a long train of historic associations, and stirring events of far-reaching character, as the plain of Esdraelon. From the very beginning of human history it has been the camping place and marching ground and battle field of the nations. The ancient Canaanites, with chariots of iron, have traversed it; Midianites and Amalekites, with their vast herds, have desolated it; and the Philistines, the Jews, the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Crusaders, the Saracens, the French, all have passed over it and gone on to victory or defeat. To this day it is exposed to devastating incursions from the Bedouins, those modern children of the East who come up from beyond Jordan 'as grasshoppers for multitude.' "

Leaving Jezreel we descended into the valley,

crossed over the plain and came to Shunem in time for noonday rest. Shunem is a small and dirty village at the foot of little Hermon. The houses consist of little holes in the ground, or low constructions of mud or earth. On account of April showers we were obliged to take a meal in one of these hovels and the party have not very pleasant memories of the place. Shunem, however, links us with one of the pathetic stories of the Bible. Here dwelt the "great woman" who used to entertain Elisha. Perceiving that Elisha was a man of God, she and her husband consulted together and built for him "a little chamber on the wall," and put into it "a bed and a table and a stool and a candlestick," for his use whenever he came and it seems he frequently passed that way. If Elisha should come to Shunem today he could not be entertained in such a princely manner. There is not in Shunem a place fit to be called a house; and as far as one large room to contain a spare bed and a table and a stool in it, that is out of the question. But modern Shunem is probably inferior to the ancient city. Here the story of the Shunemmite woman and her son flashes upon the memory—the boy's birth, his untimely death, the mother's distress, and her hurried ride to Mount Carmel to Elisha, the "man of God," and his coming and restoring the dead boy to his mother, are all familiar.

An hour's ride brings us to Nain, the ever sacred place where Jesus raised the young man to life and restored him to his sorrowing mother. Jesus met the funeral procession going out of Nain as he was coming in, and at his word the dead boy was called back to life and joy. How a single incident makes a place memorable! Who would have ever heard of

Nain, but for the widow and her son? or of Shunem, but for the mother and her boy? These little villages still preach to us the Gospel of the resurrection and the power of our Lord and Master.

Descending from Nain, we cross a strip of plain and ascend the steep slopes of the Galilean hills towards Nazareth. It was a climb of 1,000 feet and the path was very rough. We soon made our way to the top, then wound about, first bearing to the right, and then to the left, and then, yonder on our right lay Nazareth, the home of Jesus.

CHAPTER X

NAZARETH, THE HOME OF JESUS

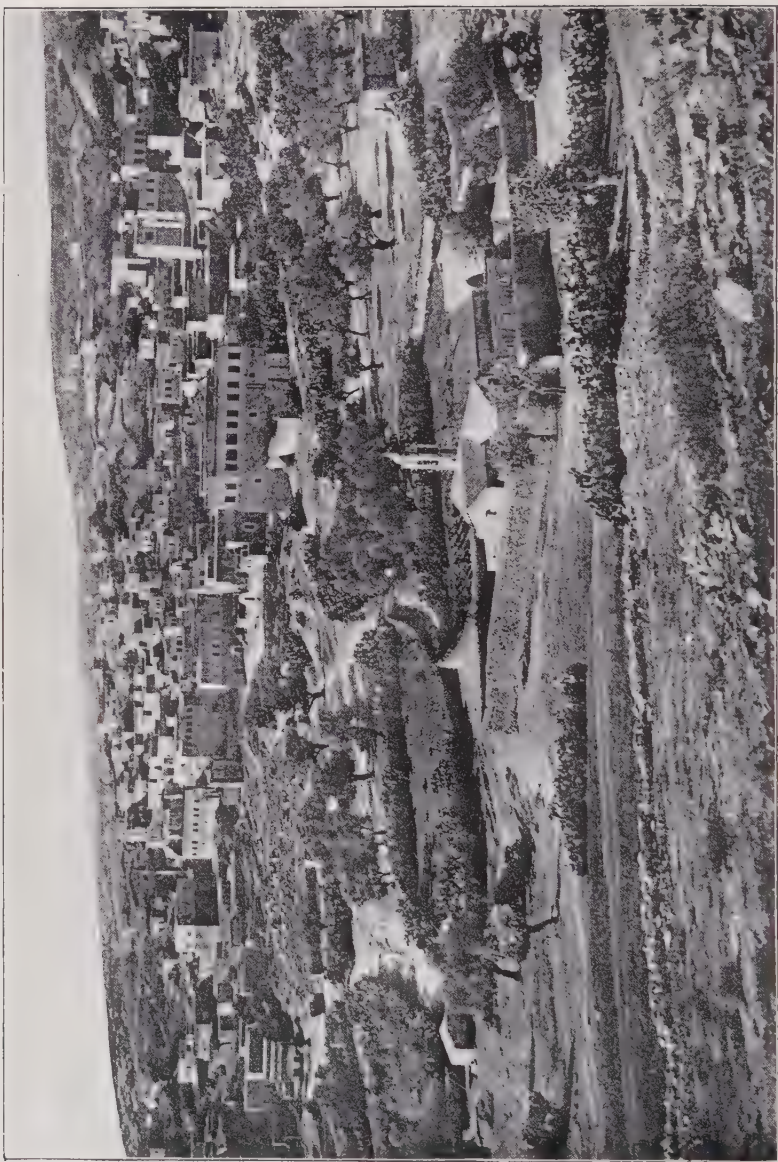
THE VILLAGE OF THE INCARNATION—THE FOUNTAIN
AND THE HILLTOP—JESUS, THE MAN AND THE
CARPENTER.

"And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up."—Luke 4:16.

Nazareth, the home of Jesus, will never cease to be a place of interest to the Christian world. In Bethlehem we feel the joy of his birth; in Jerusalem the anguish of his crucifixion; but in Nazareth the nearness of his common humanity. In this obscure village he lived and grew as a child—in favor with God and man.

The place and influences that have molded such a life must be of interest to all. Nazareth is one of the most honored of all the villages of the Bible. It is noted for only one thing—the home of Jesus for thirty years. It has no associations except those connected with him. The Jew finds nothing here. The Moslem cares little about it. But to the Christian, Nazareth is ever associated with the Son of God.

Its situation is not disputed. In a straight line it is 68 miles from Jerusalem; it is much further by any road by which the journey can be made. It stands between two seas, the blue Mediterranean, twenty-one miles



west and the sea of Galilee, seventeen miles east. It is nestled in the bosom of a beautiful valley, with hills on every side. Fifteen different hills encompass the valley, forming around it a sort of a natural fortification and making it a quiet secluded spot. The valley is a mile long from east to west and half a mile wide; rich and well cultivated presenting a scene of quietness, beauty and fertility. The hills are of various shapes and sizes and covered from base to crown with trees, grasses and vineyards. The valleys and hills are also strewn with countless beautiful flowers, just as sweet as when the Master looked upon them. When carried over the sea they make a precious souvenir of the place. The city itself lies in this basin, partly in the valley and partly on the slope of the hill. The larger part lies on the northern slope, and the houses cling like birds' nests to the hillside. The situation is beautiful and picturesque.

Ancient Nazareth, for some reason or other had a bad reputation. The people were poor, uneducated and fanatical. At one time they undertook to cast Jesus over a precipice, and at another time we are told he could not do any mighty works there because of their unbelief. In this mountain home he spent the greater part of his life and here he was "called a Nazarene."

Modern Nazareth stands in high repute. Except Beyrout, it is more European than any other place in the East though still very oriental. There is more of the movement of a western city about it, and not so much of the squalor, dirt and inactivity so often seen in eastern lands. It is, in fact, one of the few

real towns in Palestine—not a mere mud village. The streets are narrow and winding and being on the side of a hill are steep. During the past hundred years it has grown in size and importance so that it is now the chief town in Galilee. The population of Nazareth is about 10,000. Three-fourths of the people are Christians—that is, Greeks, Latins and Protestants—the rest being Moslems. The Latins have a large and well built church and convent; the Greeks have a church in which they show (as they say) the very place where the angel Gabriel announced to Mary the birth of Jesus. A Protestant church with a seating capacity of four hundred occupies a pleasant site in the western part of the city. There are about 250 Protestants all together; they worship in this church and the Gospel of Christ is preached by native and foreign ministers.

Protestant Christianity is represented in two excellent enterprises. One is a Medical Mission, supported by a society in Edinburgh. A church and mission school and a Bible depot are in connection with the mission. It is furnished with a dispensary where medicine is given free to those who are not able to pay. There is accommodation for sick persons who are without homes or away from home. This is a most worthy and needed work, for the people suffer and die here from all maladies flesh is heir to and yet without the proper remedies and treatment. How pleasant to find such an institution where the Great Physician first announced himself as the one to heal the broken hearted and to give sight to the blind.

The other enterprise of Nazareth is a Female Orphan school; a large and handsome stone building,

two stories high, perched on a lofty hill above the city. It is the most conspicuous and one of the best buildings in the city. Here orphan girls of native families are received, provided for, and educated. They are taught the arts of domestic life, such as cooking, washing and sewing, and we cannot imagine a people more in need of this kind of instruction. Surely something good is coming out of Nazareth: first the church, then the school and in the end a religious influence which will leaven the whole country. Most of the inhabitants are engaged in farming and gardening; some in the cotton and grain trade. There are also stores for the sale of goods and antiques; carpenter shops and small manufacturing interests. The clay pipes which are used all over the country by all classes of people are made here. A very rude kind of pocket knife is also made and many smiths are employed in the business. The knife has a single blade and a rude goat's horn handle. The blade is hammered out on a small anvil and finished with a file. The telegraph line between Damascus and Jerusalem has a station here; there is also a postoffice and other public buildings.

As a result of all this there is about the town a general air of thrift and enterprise we had not seen in any other since we left Jerusalem. Dwelling houses are mostly new and neat. The streets are paved and thoroughly clean, yes, very clean if the Oriental standard for cleanliness is adopted. The people are more intelligent and better looking than any other in Palestine, except those of Bethlehem. They speak a little English and a little French beside Arabic and

are hospitable and polite to travelers. The Nazareth women are considered beautiful. Nearly all of them appear unveiled and in dresses of various colors. They are said to have inherited their beauty from Mary, the Mother of Jesus.

It is not for its scenery, history or people that Nazareth is noted, but because it was in this quiet spot the real life of Christ began. Nazareth is the village of the Incarnation. Here more truly than elsewhere do we realize the truth of the text, "and the Word was made flesh and *dwelt* among us." The silences of the Scripture are surprising, but a visit to the Holy Land helps to fill them out. Jesus grew and had time for growth. God so desired fitness in His Son for His work that He did not hasten it. He passed through all the stages and grades of infancy, childhood, manhood, in order to consecrate all the periods of human life and to develop all the powers of his body and mind. He did not hasten to begin his work. Preparation went before manifestation. This is a lesson we need to learn in our age of hurry and push. We need patience, self control and thoroughness. God's lessons are not learned in a day, and if we are restless and impatient we but hinder His work. You have often wondered that one with such a great mission as Christ came to fulfil should have spent so long a time in obscure Nazareth. Why these waiting years, do you ask? You have not considered the relation of quiet waiting and holy resting to vigorous growth and enduring strength. There is no real physical and moral growth without quiet and meditation.

David had to wait sixteen years after his anointing

before he became king. All the work of John the Baptist was crowded into the last few brief months of his life. Jesus must have the quiet of Nazareth before he goes up to Jerusalem. Nazareth must always go before Jerusalem in every great life, and the reason why so many fail in Jerusalem is because they did not stay long enough at Nazareth. It is a weakness of our time that young men are rushing unprepared into business and professional life. Jesus was a young man but there was no hot rushing in his case, or a hasty assumption of the responsibilities of life. So Christ's quiet life in Nazareth may have been more essential to his public ministry than we have hitherto thought.

There are so-called sacred places in Nazareth. There is a traditional site for almost every trivial event in our Lord's life—Joseph's workshop, Mary's kitchen, and Jesus' table. In the church of the Annunciation is shown the exact place where Mary stood when the angel told her of the coming birth of Christ, and close by is a cavern called the kitchen of the virgin. The Holy House where the Holy Family lived would also be shown, but unfortunately the angels carried it off some centuries ago and after resting awhile, finally deposited it in Loretto, Italy, where it is a great attraction in the Catholic church. The workshop of Joseph was left behind and those who mourn for the house are somewhat comforted because the shop did not go also.

But one hour in the valley below or on the hilltop above the city, where the same scene is before us that was before the Son of Mary, is worth a whole day among impossible kitchens and traditional workshops.

There are, however, two holy places, undoubted memorials of Jesus' time, which every traveler visits. The one is a fountain, the other a hilltop. The fountain is at the northwest end of the city and remains unchanged. It is called the "Virgin's Fountain," and "Jesus' Spring," because of their associations with it. It is really one of the authentic sites in Nazareth; indisputable because it is the only spring in the place and therefore necessarily often visited by the Holy Family. The water rises in a well under the church of the Annunciation belonging to the Greeks. From this spring a conduit carries the water to the fountain over which is a small stone building. The water pours out through stone spouts projecting from the wall into a large basin; the unused water flowing over, is carried down the hill by another channel. To this fountain all Nazareth resorts. It is the center of the life of the city. It today furnishes the sole supply of water for the people as it has always done.

It is also the center of the social life of the city. Around the fountain the people meet, and there may be heard the hum of conversation almost as continuous as the flow of the water. It is a great privilege to watch this animated scene at the fountain. Here the women, brightly dressed, loud mouthed, may be seen all day coming and going, laughing, gossiping, quarreling and pushing for a place at the spouts; their little children in the meantime playing by the roadside. About the larger pool groups of washerwomen with baskets of clothes are gathered and other women are cleaning wool by beating it with heavy clubs. A more attractive group is a company of girls whose business it is to draw the water from the well to

supply the households; and these come and go all day with the tall heavy jars skillfully balanced upon their heads. At sunset the throng and the noise increase, the water carriers are hurrying to meet the demands of the closing hours of the day and squabbling for precedence at the spouts. The washerwomen have been driven away from the larger pools by the noisy muleteers, for the horses and the donkeys are waiting their turn to drink, and what is going on today is the same as has been during all these centuries.

Such a scene charms one. It is so animated, so bright, so full of life and so free from constraint, so rich in association with the old world life; in its presence we look upon other phases of human life than those of our own time and country, and we feel the touch of bygone ages and seem to live in another world. We had seen other fountains in Palestine, but none like this for the variety and vivacity of the scene. The sight was eminently oriental and quite Biblical.

At this fountain Jesus often must have quenched his thirst as he returned from a hard day's work at his trade. The scene cannot be very different from what Jesus often witnessed. Here is where we can fill out the silences and omissions of the Scripture. Here is where we can reconstruct the unwritten Gospel of the Infancy, watching these daily scenes at this fountain. This one fountain at Nazareth is typical of the fountain which He opened to quench the thirst of the world, and who knows but it may have been here, as he drank of these waters and was refreshed, that he first thought of the blessed teaching which he first put into words when the fitting time came to

the Samaritan woman, beside another well in distant Samaria!

The other holy place is the hill over Nazareth, rising about 1,600 feet above the sea. It is one of the features of the place. From any part of the city it can be reached in about an hour, and the view is prized for its extent and variety, and for its Scriptural associations. Nazareth lies at your feet. Westward Carmel towers toward the sea, and there the Mediterranean gleams in the light. Looking northward all Galilee stretches before us, and the snow-clad peaks of Hermon mark the northern boundary of the land. Eastward rises the rounded top of Tabor; the blood stained and dewless heights of Gilboa, and beyond the hills of Moab. To the south there is the magnificent plain of Esdraelon, the battle field of the Bible, and in the distance the blue top of Mount Ebal, forty miles away.

Such was the scene upon which the youthful Jesus often gazed. This may also be well supposed to be the identical place from which our Lord's fanatical countrymen attempted to hurl him down after his sermon in the synagogue (Luke 4:29). Here we are in the very footsteps of our Lord. This hilltop must have often been a frequent resort for meditation and prayer. How often he would climb this steep hill to look over that land and its peoples and out on the great world that he came to save! A true holy place is this Nazareth hill, for it had much to do with the moulding of the life of Jesus. From this landscape and its great historic events he must have drawn ever fresh incitement to his mission of salvation. In the

stress of his conflicts in after life He was accustomed to go apart into the desert and mountains to pray.

It is easy to believe that often he would leave the narrow, noisy streets of Nazareth and ascend this hill that he might be alone with his heavenly Father. When he began his work we read that when tempted in the wilderness, Satan took him up into a high place and showed him all the kingdoms of the world, and offered them to him if he would fall down and worship him. Who knows but it was on this hill, as he looked out on all the kingdoms of the world about him, he received the power to resist that temptation, for a vision of all the kingdoms of the world was as possible from this hill as from the wilderness mountain.

After the birth of the child Jesus, Mary and Joseph remained where they were for eight days, when the child was circumcised and received his name—Jesus. At the end of forty days Mary took him up to Jerusalem to present him at the temple. After the presentation at the temple, Mary and Joseph returned to Bethlehem where presently the Wise Men from the East arrived. They came by way of Jerusalem to inquire about the birthplace of him whom they called the “king of the Jews.” Their visit aroused the fears of Herod and in order to rid himself of any possible rival he gave orders for the massacre of all children in Bethlehem of two years and under. To escape this massacre Joseph took Mary and the child and fled into Egypt, remaining there until the death of Herod. Then they came back to their own land and going to Nazareth, they made that their home for nearly thirty years.

There is no place or school for making character

like a sweet loving home. We may ask: what was the early home of Jesus like; what its moral and religious atmosphere? By what influences was it surrounded? We know that His home was in a little country town and there are few better places for the development of a strong and true life. His parents were of the most devout character. Joseph was a just and loving father. Mary was a holy and devoted mother. His home was of the best class of the simple homes of the common people. It was not a home of wealth or luxury, nor of want or poverty, but one of competency supported by the daily toil of honest industry.

For the sake of the children in our homes and Sunday schools, let me say something about the home and childhood of Jesus.

Let us picture to ourselves the home. We do not know the exact spot on which the home of Jesus stood although tradition undertakes to point it out. But let us imagine a little white, flat-roofed house on one of the narrow streets of Nazareth. It is built of limestone which is everywhere about, the masonry is rough, the walls being covered over with clay, kneaded and dried in the sun. Inside is only one room. There are no windows, the only light entering it is through the open door. At the present time the lodging of an entire family consists of one large, open, windowless room. It was so in the first century. The living room, kitchen, bedroom in the humble house of the carpenter of Nazareth were all in one. There are a few mats on the floor; a ledge or recess is built into the wall, a place to hold dishes, beds, and other articles of the household. In one corner of the room

stands a painted chest, containing the little family treasures. Near the door are two or three large water jars with green leaves on the top of them to keep the water fresh and cool. At meal time the chest is brought into the center of the room to hold the dishes and the food, and around it the family gather to partake of their daily meal.

Beside the house was a carpenter shop with benches and tools, and outside it the timber and articles brought for repair. The family would rise early in the day, as is now and always the custom in the east. Meetings were held in the synagogue, not only on the Sabbath but also on Monday and Thursday. It was also open three times a day for prayers. The hour of prayer was largely attended, and no doubt the holy family would go with the rest. On the Sabbath they would attend the synagogue on the hilltop to hear and repeat the lesson set apart for that day.

Thus the Lord grew up, living a natural life, like any other child, only that it was without sin or fault, blot or infirmity. The story is of a simple childhood with homely feelings, a quiet life, obedience to parents, working for His daily bread and trained in faith and love to God. Law and order reigned in the home. It was full of love and tender ministries. Millais, the great English artist, once painted a picture of Jesus in his home at Nazareth—a little boy in the carpenter's shop. He has cut his finger on some edged tool, and comes to his mother to have it bound up. Holman Hunt, in his painting called "The Shadow of the Cross," pictures Christ at his work at the carpenter's bench with the shadow of the cross falling

upon him. This may well be a scene of actual fact in the life of our Saviour, even though the shadow itself be fancied.

Though he was a sinless child, he was no prodigy startling people by wonders of development. The record says that the child grew. We read "and Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." This means that normally and naturally he grew in all the elements and qualities of a true physical, mental and spiritual life, winning the attention of man and the approval of God.

He grew strong in body. This was important, for a healthy body is a good basis for strength of mind and spiritual vigor. He had proper care and food. He knew all about Nazareth. He was a boy of its fields, bathed in its streams, drank out of its wells, and played with other boys in the market place. He had the spring of a boy's foot, the sparkle of a boy's eye, the rebound of a boy's life. If he had the usual boy's fondness for boating and fishing he would often go to the Sea of Galilee. It would only take an active boy five or six hours, and that would not seem long to him or keep him from the lake. It is pleasant to think that he made this excursion more than once, bringing back to his mother at Nazareth the fish he had caught, and an exciting story of the bigger ones he saw but did not catch. As the boy grew in strength he learned his father's trade—that of a carpenter. All this tended to make him strong so as to bear the stress and strain of his great work in after years.

He grew strong in mind. Jesus not only became strong in body but he became filled with wisdom.

He acquired his knowledge and experience gradually like any other child. He did not come to it by miracles, but naturally from study and application. He was probably sent to the village school and had what educational advantages Nazareth afforded. Jesus' public life showed a mastery of all branches of a Jewish boy's education. At three years of age the child was taught by its mother to recite passages of Scripture, such as "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord, and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." These words they were commanded to teach diligently to their children and these were probably the first Bible words Jesus ever knew from memory. At the age of five the child began to read the Bible in the home and at six began to attend the synagogue. Up to his tenth year, it was held that the Bible should be the only text book of the Jewish boy. At twelve years of age the Jewish boys became "sons of the law" and responsible for their actions. They were taken to the Temple feasts and began to fast regularly. At thirteen, they were called "sons of the precept" and able to understand the law; they then ate the passover, and were also purified. At fifteen, they went on to study the deeper points of the law and tradition. Doubtless much of this training Jesus must have received at home from his mother. He must have been a close student, for besides Aramaic and Greek he also knew Hebrew, in which he studied the Old Testament Scriptures.

He was taught in the great school of nature. He studied the land in which he lived in all its fulness

and variety. Every incident of village life had for him a deep interest—its weddings, its funerals, the work of the people, the sower, the merchant, the blind beggar and the leper. His sermons and parables show that he knew all about houses, birds, rocks, bees, soils, home and pastoral life. Outside his home he saw two women grinding at the mill; inside he saw his mother hiding the leaven in the dough. On the slopes of the hills he saw the lilies of the field and the birds of the air, that his Father clothed and fed with a never failing beauty and bounty. In the garden he saw how the mustard seed, the smallest of all seeds, grew to be the greatest of all herbs. In the market place he saw five sparrows sold for two farthings. In the hills the foxes had their holes and the birds their nests. On the mountain the shepherds watched their flocks. The lessons and observations of these years were treasured up to be drawn upon in due time and turned into lessons by which the world was to be taught the great truths of his kingdom.

Jesus closes his sermon on the Mount with two such illustrations—one is taken from botany. First we are fruit trees. Christianity is an orchard—not a forest. The Christian is not known by his height or wealth but by his fruits. The other illustration is from architecture. Two men build houses—one on the sand and the other on the rock. Because one was built on the sand it was washed away and destroyed. Because the other was built on a rock it remained steadfast. Jesus knew this as a carpenter, for nearly all the houses of Nazareth were built on a rocky foundation. Hence the naturalness of Christ's

teaching and parables as drawn from the text books of home and of nature.

He grew in soul. As he grew in strength and wisdom his spiritual life deepened. There was a life within him which could only be developed by toil of brain and heart. In the spiritual life of the sinless Jesus there was an infancy, and youth, and a manhood, as there was in his physical and mental life. In this way he grew in favor with God and man. He was in habitual intercourse with his Heavenly Father and his opening nature was fed with thoughts of duty and sacrifice. He tried to please his Father. In after years he said: "I do always those things that please Him." How often the eyes of his heavenly Father would rest on that little bit of the world where his only and beloved son was growing up to manhood and seeking to please him! He was as a man what he was as a boy—a loving and lovable personality. It is a significant fact that when so little is said about him, that space should be taken to say: he obeyed his parents. If there ever was a child who might be supposed to have had his own way and judge for himself, Jesus was that child. But no. He was subject to his parents' advice, discipline and control. His was a dutiful boyhood. He was a good son—"learning obedience" and made "in all things like unto his brethren."

Joseph and Mary were not content with the good example and training of the home; they also taught him to walk in the ways of God's commandments. They took him to the passover feast. The best way to teach children to go to church is for the parents them-

selves to go and take their children with them. Church going should be a natural part of every well rounded life. It is these voluntary and self-appointed tasks that test us. When a man goes to the store six days in the week because he must, and stays at home on Sunday because he can, there is something wrong with his Christian life. Jesus went to the Temple feast when he was twelve years of age. Hoffman gives us a beautiful picture of "Jesus in the Temple." The boy's face is a delightful study—so noble and pure, beyond mere human nobility and purity, a faint nimbus around his head, hinting his coming claim to be the son of God. How keenly the aged doctors regarded him! They were astonished at his understanding and answers. With what grace and courtesy he asked them questions; not with a desire to puzzle them, but because he wished to learn. It is pleasant to hear of his asking questions for it prepared him in later life for answering them. He loved to be in his Father's house and studying his word.

He seems to have been largely left to himself during the days of the feast. A youth of twelve in the East was more mature than one of like age with us. Girls often marry at twelve. Boys a little later, at fifteen or sixteen. When his parents found that he was not with them, they returned and found him in the temple with the teachers of the Holy Law. You can tell a boy's or a man's character by what he does and where he goes the first Sunday he is in the city alone. When questioned why he remained, he said "I must be about my Father's business." This was a memorable reply. At the early age of twelve he recognized something of what he was and the errand

for which he had come. Jesus as a boy realized that he had a mission in life. It was the doing of his Father's will. Blessed is the child who early finds his life work. Children know more about divine things than they often get credit for. They have views of God and duty that often lie dormant. Piety is natural to a child. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," says the poet Wordsworth, and no doubt God is very near to childhood.

The writer heard Henry Drummond tell the following about Helen Keller, the blind, deaf and dumb girl, to show how God is in every heart. Helen Keller's mind was blank until she was eleven years of age. She was then brought to Boston to be educated and gradually those famous teachers gained access to the dark mind, first through one sense and then another. For a year they taught her and never said anything about God to see if she would ask or say anything about Him. Finally, when twelve years of age, they took her to Phillips Brooks' study and asked him to teach her the elements of religion. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps acted as interpreter. He sat down beside her and told her how God made the world and us and how his name was Love. He is willing to be to us a father if we will but take the place of children about His Son who loved children and gave his life to save them. When he had finished, after talking a long time she said, "Yes, I knew all that before, but I didn't know his name." The idea of God is latent in the human soul. At twelve years of age a child may have marvelous insight into the mind of God and a true conception of the mission of life.

Again, he who was a model child in the home was

the model man of the race. Behold the boy! behold also the man! The question was asked: Can anything good come out of Nazareth? Yes—out of Nazareth came the model young man of the ages. Look at him as he goes forth to his great work in his thirtieth year—the consummate flower of humanity. Though he was conscious that he was above all men, yet he mingled with men and dared to be the personal friend of some of the poorest and lowliest of men. He never fawned on the wealthy nor buzzed around the possessors of worldly power. A noble type of manhood was the man of Nazareth. Starting without any adventitious worldly circumstances in his favor and brought up in a despised, obscure village, he really rose so high in position and so lofty in character as to be the ideal man of all time. He was every inch a man. He was a strong man, and gentleness and justice shown out as twin companions of his strength. He claimed equality with the highest, yet humility was the leading feature of his life. No man was ever so courteous and gentlemanly as he. He dared to stand alone when all the world was against him. Courageous but never rash, self controlled and self poised. He was a man in his sympathies, a man in his wants, a man in his deeds. What a character he built up! He stood foursquare in all moralities and spiritualities. What a heart he had! Its love swept the world. What a glorious testimony to the possibilities of manhood—manhood rising above the accidents obstacles and surroundings of the man. What a model and encouragement to young men! Young men say they are poor and without influence. The forces of life are against them, they cannot succeed.

Let Christ's example encourage them. Manhood is superior to circumstances. A true soul does not worry about an arena. That remote village, that humble cottage, those hills sufficed the Saviour's preparation. He needed no further apparatus of goodness. No surroundings delayed his growth or hindered his success. Young men say they can not live a pure, honest life in a great city. They can. Young men have done it. Jesus did it. In wicked Nazareth he suffered temptation and evil in every form. Many races of people lived there and it was as bad as any city in any land. Yes, his life of purity, power and patience, was not achieved in a holy city but "amidst the rumor, scandal and impurity of wicked Nazareth."

Behold the carpenter! Of eighteen years of his life we know nothing save what is implied in the words, "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?" Jesus was not the son of an emperor but the son of a carpenter. After his father's death it seems clear that Jesus continued to labor at his trade, going about the city and out into the country with his ax, saw and hammer, making benches for synagogues, shaping poles and beams for tents, cutting lintels for doorways, making roofs and doors for houses; doing all kinds of work a Jewish carpenter would do and doing it with all his strength and skill.

"Thus lived he all these years in Nazareth * * *
 At length need came that he take up with all humanity
 The load of common lives,
 So in that town
 Hard by the fountain
 His trade he plied—a carpenter;
 Each morn his holy feet would come and go

While he bore planks and beams—whose back
Must bear the cruel cross.”

The Prince of the House of David was a mechanic and a house builder. They all knew him in Nazareth. Many had his work in their houses. The ideal life was spent over the plane and the hammer. Coming to regenerate society, He never implied that “the world owes every man a living,” whether he earns it or not. He worked at his trade and supported himself by it. The hand that was pierced for our sins was browned and roughened by day labor. He wanted no wages that he did not earn. He came to serve. “Jesus was the true Knight of Labor, and while he held the hammer in one hand, he held the sceptre in the other. He came to show how toil and sovereignty are compatible.” The Gospel of the Mechanic refuses support to those who refuse to do a man’s task. The bone and sinew of the nation are in brawny arms, matched with honest hearts. Whatever honors labor blesses the land, and what degrades this debases that. Christ is the friend of all who toil and pray. He feels for the widow and the fatherless and all who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. He arrays himself against the oppressor and is the staunch friend of the honest toiler and says, “the same is my brother.” A working man himself, he cares for the aching eyes and tired fingers and says, “Come unto me and I will give you rest.”

The carpenter of Nazareth comes very near to us here. As Calvary is our only refuge in the hour of conscious guilt, so Nazareth is our great encouragement in the long and weary days of toil and labor. It teaches us the nobility and sacredness of work. Work

is a blessing. It is one of the secrets of a happy and contented life. It is a great moral educator. It is one of the elements that enters into a great manhood. There is more in work than simply to get the necessities of life. It is more than earning bread. Work makes character. We are to a large extent made by our work. The workshop is a place not only to make engines but to make men. The field is a place not only to raise corn but character. Only through work can we learn to become what we should become. The drill and drudgery of life train us.

Work is religion. Three-fourths of our life is spent in work. Is this religious or not? What does it mean? It means that our work is just as religious as service. Christ spent his life in work, and from the moment he worked, a new meaning has been given to it. Jesus was a carpenter, pleasing God. When he was twelve years old he said, "I must be about my Father's business." After that came eighteen years of toil and waiting, but at the end of it on the banks of yonder Jordan His Father said to him, "This is my well beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." When he was working in Nazareth, doing the homely duties of life, he was doing his Father's business and pleasing Him. During those thirty years Jesus was fulfilling the will of the Father, just as certainly as he was on the Cross. At the carpenter's bench he was doing the work of his Father, just as completely as he did in the garden of Gethsemane. When Jesus made a plow or a yoke, he was glorifying his Father just as truly as when preaching to discouraged people that His "yoke was easy and his burden light."

So with our every day work and duties. They may

be for us the Father's business. Through our work we may serve and please our Father. When we do it honestly and thoroughly and cheerfully, it is as much the service of God as the life of his angels before His throne; Religion and work go together. Jesus has taught us that all toil is holy if the toiler be holy. God did not intend that when we went to work in the morning we should lock our religion in a drawer and leave it there until we came home at night. He meant that we were to take our religion with us into the workshop, the store and the kitchen to make us better workmen and make our work easier.

Christ's life at Nazareth should help to reconcile us to a life made up of simple duty and commonplace goodness. It ought to help us to know that he knows all about life's experiences and has a common sympathy with us in the hard days of labor as well as in the long nights of trial. Life with most of us is a simple, lowly, hidden thing, doing the same things over and over again, meeting the same people, living in the same house, and going the same round of want and work.

This is what Christ did for thirty years. His life was made up of commonplace employments, enjoyments, trials, self-denials; but in it all he was doing the Father's work and the Father's will. Thirty years doing little things—three years doing great things! Let us learn the sacredness of work from the carpenter at Nazareth. Let us find that the loftiest service of God can be done in the lowliest conditions. Let us look well to the plain and homely duties; they may turn out to be the appointed tasks of God.

A day in Nazareth is a great privilege. The associations are very sweet and tender and stir the soul to

its very depths. The mountains are there as of old, the valleys remain as of yore, the fountain still flows on and the flowers continue to deck the earth with perennial beauty as in the days when the Son of Man lived there. To roam through the town, to drink out of its fountains, to climb its hills, gives an impressive reality to the life of Jesus. Here dwelt the word made flesh. Here he took his first lessons in suffering and service. He shone forth in all his glory on other hills and in other places but here he lived as a babe, a lad, a youth, a man. Here he served out that apprenticeship of fast and trial by which his Heavenly Father prepared him for the stupendous burden, the exceeding sorrow, the absolute victory. From this place He went calmly forth to give Life and Light to the world.

CHAPTER XI

A SAIL ON THE SEA OF GALILEE

CANA OF GALILEE—THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT—
ON THE SHORES OF THE SEA.

"Leaving Nazareth he came and dwelt at Capernaum."—Matt. 4:13.

The Sea of Galilee is the cradle and home of the Gospel. Dean Stanley calls it "the most sacred sheet of water which this world contains." It is a charming lake, and would be regarded as such in any country. But it is the sacred events which have occurred upon its shores that give it fame and significance. This inland sea fills the largest place in the life of Jesus, for on its waves and around its shores most of his mighty works were done.

Capernaum in Galilee enjoyed the rare distinction of being called "his own city." In Galilee Jesus spent the larger part of the three years of his active life while upon earth. This was the scene of most of his miracles and parables. Here he preached his greatest sermon. The storm-tossed billows of yonder blue Galilee more than once heard and obeyed the voice of their Lord. At his command the lame walked, the deaf heard, the lepers were cleansed, the hungry

fed and the dead raised to life. No part of the Holy Land is hallowed by so many memories of Jesus as this lake, unless it be the Mount of Olives. No place in Palestine so moved and impressed me as did the Sea of Galilee. Upon no other place do I now look back with such sweet and tender memories.

"Here on this strand
He left his footsteps on the sand
And waves grew still at his command.
Here, to His faithful little band,
He spoke of truths sublime and grand,
And opened up eternity.

This is the place,
Thrice happy are mine eyes to see
The ground once trod by Deity;
This is enchanted land."

On Wednesday, April 8, we left Nazareth for the Sea of Galilee. It is an easy day's journey—the distance being about eighteen miles. After a ride of about an hour and a half in a northeasterly direction, we came to a small ruined village of about 600 inhabitants called Kefr Kenna. This is Cana of the New Testament, the place of the miracle and the marriage feast. The village stands on a hill as nearly all villages do in this hilly country. A short distance from it is the one fountain where from time immemorial the people have taken water. It was from this spring, undoubtedly, that the water was taken, which the Master turned into wine. As we rode up the hill towards the village, before us was a Greek church—a small, plain, stone building which stands on the traditional site of the house where the wedding was celebrated. Here we were shown two large water-pots of natural stone,

which the Greek priest said were the very ones our Saviour used in the miracle. While, of course, they are not identical, they are like the old "pots" and this is enough.

There are three things recorded in the Gospel by John about Cana: The first is the miracle of changing the water into wine—Christ's first miracle, and one followed by a glorious succession of mighty works. But the thing to be specially noted is that the first miracle was performed at a marriage feast. It emphasizes the importance in the mind of the Master of the family and the home. The home is the great Christian institution of our race. It is the second corner stone on which the church is built: Christ himself being the first and chief.

Jesus is a social Saviour, sharing the social joys of others. He does not frown upon pure human pleasure. He put the seal of his approval on pure social enjoyments and especially on the institution of marriage by his presence as a guest at the wedding of Cana of Galilee.

The second event about Cana is the healing of the nobleman's son who was sick of fever.

The third fact recorded about Cana is that it was the home of Nathanael, who afterwards became one of Christ's apostles. Jesus has immortalized Cana. From Cana we rode on, and at noon reached our noonday resting place at the foot of Mount Hattin, the supposed site of the Sermon on the Mount. After rest and refreshment we pressed on for we were anxious to see Galilee, the sea of Jesus. In about an hour the ridge which overlooks the lake is reached,

and now it is in sight, but not until the edge of the plateau west of it is gained, did the whole extent of it open up before us. There like

“One sheet of burnished gold—
Galilee before us rolled.”

At this point, no matter how weary the traveler has grown he reins his horse and forgets fatigue and hunger in gazing upon the scene before him. It was in the afternoon of a beautiful day in April that I first saw it and I will never forget that hour.

Standing on that ridge, the principal scene of Christ's labors lay before me. Mountains and hills stood all around, the sea itself lying like a mirror in a framework of brown hills. On the white strand I could see what was left of Magdala and Tiberias. Right before me lay the beautiful plain of Gennesaret. Beyond the lake eastward, rose the mountains of Gilead, and the graceful rounded top of Tabor, and far to the north the majestic form of Hermon. The sea was calm and still and spread out like polished glass, reflecting the golden tints of the evening sky.

“Clear water in a cup of gold
Under the sunlit steeps of Gadara,
It shines—His lake—
The waves He loved, the waves that kissed His feet,
So many blessed days. Oh, happy waves!
Oh, little silver, happy sea, far-famed,
Under the sunlit steeps of Gadara.”

From the ridge it seemed as if a few steps would bring us to the lake, but because of the winding path it took us an hour. When we reached it we found

our tents pitched a half mile south of Tiberias, and only a few rods from its shore.

Sea of Galilee.

The Sea of Galilee is in many ways like Lake Lucerne, Switzerland, or Loch Lomond, Scotland, though not as large or beautiful as either. It is thirteen miles long, its greatest width nearly six miles, and is almost entirely surrounded by hills and mountains. It lies in a deep hollow more than 600 feet below the sea level. This depression has a marked effect on the climate and products. The heat in summer is great, and on the plains the growth of grains and wild flowers is very rapid. The depth of the water varies with the time of the year, being highest after a rain in October. Its greatest depth according to Lynch is 165 feet—and so clear is the water that one can see almost to the bottom. The waters of the lake are of a deep blue color, fresh and wholesome, sweet to the lips of man and beast and very cool considering the latitude and level of the Sea. In clear weather the Sea is still and calm, but it is now and then subject to sudden and severe storms as the disciples of old found to their cost.

Along the eastern shore the hills are steep and in several places descend close to the shore. On the western side there is more verdure and vegetation and the slopes are gentler. On the northwest the shore widens out into the beautiful plain of Gennesaret—four miles long and one mile wide. This plain is a most fertile stretch of country, and was by ancient writers called “the Paradise of Galilee.”

It is shut in on three sides by very high cliffs, but



on the eastern side it gradually slopes down to the sea. On the hillsides above, grow the oak and the walnut; while down on the plain beneath them grow the vine, the fig and the palm. Here also may be seen the common grains and grasses of the fields; and scattered all over may be seen wild flowers: tulips, lilies, oleanders, growing in profusion and beauty, showing the diversified character of its soil and climate.

Fish are abundant now as in Christ's time when great quantities were sent up to Jerusalem, especially at the season of the annual feast. Probably no other sheet of water in the world for its size, contains such a variety and abundance of fish. About thirty-seven different kinds have been found, some of which are respectively peculiar to Europe, Asia and Africa. One kind of fish, common alike to the Sea of Galilee and Lake Tanganyika, Africa, has a remarkable habit. Dr. Gregg says that Livingstone when in Africa caught this particular type of fish. When he caught it great was his amazement to see hundreds of little fishes rush out of its gills and mouth. Searching up the record of this fish, he found that the female fish, running up the stream to the soft mudbanks, plows these with her fins, and deposits the spawn in the furrows. The male fish follows and watches the spawn and takes care of the offspring. Nature has endowed him with a great keep inside, and when danger arises the whole shoal of little fishes rush through his mouth and gills into this keep for safety. This habit is absolutely unparalleled with any other family of fish in the world. Canon Tristram tells us that he caught this same remarkable fish in the Sea of Galilee.

The province of Galilee in the time of Christ was one of the most fertile portions of the earth. It was renowned then as the garden of Syria. Everything grew on its soil from the walnut to the Egyptian palm. While the hills of Judea were treeless and desolate, the meadows of Sharon burnt and dry, the hills and valleys of Galilee were laughing in grain and flowers and springs. Every hill had a vineyard, every vale a grain-field, the country was watered by wells and rivers and lakes among them its own hallowed sea—the pride of the land. It had a genial climate and a soil naturally fertile, which was by skilful industry forced to its highest productiveness, until Galilee was everywhere noted for its varied products. This was especially true of the region around the Sea of Galilee when Christ made His home at Capernaum.

The Sea was then the center of life and business. Bright little towns and cities crowded upon each other, as in our day cities and hamlets sparkle around the shores of Lake Geneva. No less than nine cities, each said to have a population of about 15,000 stood on its shores; while the hillsides and plains around were crowded with prosperous villages. The palace of Herod in all its grandeur stood on the western shore. The surface of the lake was constantly covered with boats. In every cove and bay might be seen fishermen, either drying or mending their nets. A mile or more south of Tiberias were the celebrated Hot Springs—a famous resort for all afflicted with nervous diseases. On every patch of loam, in every rift of rock, on every gentle knoll could be seen the homes of

reapers and fishermen. The Sea of Galilee was the focus of nearly all the life and industry of the land.

But it is very different now from what it was when Christ came down from Nazareth to make it His field of labor. It is today a deserted sea with only a few villages on its shores and one or two boats on its waters. The nine white towns that sat beside the lake have vanished except Magdala and Tiberias. They are all a heap of ruins and scarcely one can be identified. Bethsaida, Chorazin, Capernaum! all prominent in New Testament history: all gone except the name which will never pass away. Capernaum—Christ's own city, has so utterly perished that even its site is a matter of dispute. Two places claim the honor: Tell Hum, at the northern extremity of the sea, and Khan Minyeh, at the northwestern corner. These two places are within two and a half miles of each other, so that at either we are on or near the true site. Bethsaida is also located near, and Chorazin a little further north.

These cities have all perished as was prophesied by our Lord. The lesson taught seems to be the oft-told lesson of lost opportunities. It is the lesson we may learn from the history of the Jewish people, and indeed from the whole land of Palestine. Nazareth had the opportunity to receive the greatest honor ever conferred upon a city, but she rejected the Lord Jesus. Nazareth lost her opportunity and lost it forever, and so with Capernaum and other favored cities.

Magdala, the village of Mary Magdalene, out of whom Christ cast seven devils, still retains its name. It is now a miserable village of a dozen huts all hud-

dled together and tumbling into ruin. But Magdala has become famous through the Magdalene. She has imprinted her name indelibly in the gospel and in the history of the church, and for her sake the village is lifted out of obscurity.

The modern Tiberias lies on a narrow strip of plain between the lake and the hill, at the back. It has a population of 4,000, about two-thirds Jews, 1,200 Moslems and 200 Christians. It has improved considerably of late years, but it is yet proverbial for its filth, fleas and dishonesty. The king of fleas is said by the Arabs to hold his court here. At the north of the city the Free Church of Scotland has a mission station with a hospital attached, and a house for missionaries and a physician. The buildings and the grounds and the consecrated lives of these missionaries, form a living epistle of Christianity in the midst of the great desolation and wretchedness. There is a class of travelers who speak lightly, through ignorance or lack of sympathy, of missionaries and their work. But we are yet to meet one for whose devotion and consecration we have not felt unbounded respect. Since the destruction of Jerusalem, Tiberias has been a place of much importance to the Jews. At the present time it is one of their sacred cities. The Galilean Jew is a curiosity—a genuine antique. He wears a large, black fur-lined coat and fur cap, even in summer. His hair and beard are long and frequently red. His love-locks hang down in curls at each temple. His eyes are blue, his skin pale, and his flesh looks bloodless. He appears to be as much of a ruin as the country about him.

Indeed a great change has come over the place and

people. Life and activity have retired from the scene of the life and labors of our Lord. No place in all Palestine received such a full measure of Christ's ministry as this and from no place have all traces of that ministry so completely disappeared. The question may be asked, why did Jesus make the Sea of Galilee His home and the center of His public ministry? Doubtless because of its large and varied population, with such ready access to all nations and countries. It was a magnificent center for work and as fine a mission field as could be chosen. The Jewish nation rejected him, and he would walk no more in Judea for the Jews sought to kill him. He then went to Nazareth, but they cast him out and leaving Nazareth he came and dwelt at Capernaum—which he called his own city. Within this city and around this lake region were collected together representatives of all nations of the earth and of all branches of human industry—attracted by its resources and business. Here he found a greater variety of human character and a greater range of human circumstances than he could anywhere else in the land. Hepworth Dixon says: "When Christ came to Capernaum to make it his home, it was a busy, active city; a station on a great road; a garrison for Roman troops, a fort for collecting dues by land and lake, a market place for oil men, shepherds and fruit growers; a halting place for buyers and sellers of every kind."

The people were more liberal and receptive to new truth. In Judea the people were bound up in their prejudices and traditions. On the other hand the Galileans were simple and thoughtful, showing greater

independence of mind and readiness to accept new and daring ideas. The most important road made by the Romans in Palestine passed through Capernaum from Damascus, and thence down to Egypt. On this great highway, merchants, caravans, soldiers and pilgrims were continually passing. To this place came men from all parts to barter, bathe and buy. The word spoken by Jesus on the Mount, in the synagogue, or by the seashore, would be reported in Arabia and Egypt, Rome and Greece as well as in all parts of Palestine. It would seem as if nature prepared this great Lake Basin, with every variety of climate and production to attract all classes of people to it, and at the same time make it a missionary center for the diffusion of the gospel to all parts of the earth. Capernaum was a good place to begin a world-wide movement, because it lay right along the side of the world's traffic and travel.

Here Christ found his first disciples. Here, also, he found imagery and illustrations for his great teachings. The pictures and impressions that its fields and flowers, its streets and scenes, its skies and mountains and people made upon him—all are found in the gospel. His best illustrations were drawn from its life and landscape. Every day as you travel through that country the natural imagery of the gospel as given in Jesus' speech meets you and gives new meaning to its teachings. As you go down from Nazareth to the Sea of Galilee and see its beautiful flowers you hear him say—"Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." As the camels pass you laden with goat skins full of wine you see "Why no man putteth

new wine in old bottles," (or goatskins) for they would not stand the hard usage in traveling over these rough roads. The prodigal son going into the far country—perhaps to Rome or Babylon, for the roads that pass through Galilee were in touch with either place; the merchantman from Damascus seeking goodly pearls; the friend on a journey—perhaps to Jerusalem; the bare rocks; the fishing boats; the centurion and the publican from the city—all these made materials for the immortal figures in the parables of the gospels; and if a teacher went up and down through Galilee today, enforcing and illustrating his teachings by objects that met his eye, he would use the same that were used by Christ long ago. It is not very difficult to see why Jesus should have chosen this place for his great work. Here was a little world by itself, which was in touch with all other parts of the world—a splendid sphere for the Master's initial work, and admirably adapted to be the diffusing-point of the many sided cosmopolitan gospel which has since revolutionized the world.

Christ's connection with the Sea of Galilee has given it undying fame. Its fame began and ended with him. It is this which lifts it from isolation and makes it one of the most hallowed places in the land. All nature seems to pet this inland sea. The bare hills fondly fold it and the shadows lovingly rest upon it. There the lake lies, a jewel—a sacred cameo—upon the breast of the Promised Land. Here Christ was best known as a friend. Here his Humanity and Divinity had some of their finest and most notable manifestations. Let us look at three aspects of his Galilean ministry.

Jesus on the Mount.

The Mount referred to is the Mount of Beatitudes—the traditional place where Christ preached his great sermon as recorded by Matthew and Luke. We passed it on the way coming down from Nazareth. The identity of the site rests on tradition, but it is generally accepted and has been so regarded since the time of the Crusaders. There are no strong reasons that can be urged against it, for the position of the Mount and its surroundings are in keeping with the narrative. Dean Stanley says that it answers so to the requirements of the Biblical story as no other place near the Sea of Galilee, that it seems the actual site. It is about four miles west of the lake and rises about 2,000 feet above it.

The place itself is not imposing. It is a low mount with rising points at each end, fifty feet high, giving it the name "Horns of Hattin." Between these cragged peaks there is a plain of about five hundred yards. Below this plain is a plateau where the assembled multitude could have been seated, and it was to this place Luke refers when he says "he came down into the plain." This place was accessible to all points of Galilee. Looking from the spot where Christ sat you can even now see the city of Safed, which probably caught his eye at the moment when he said, "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

Jesus was now about to take a step in advance—to choose and commission his disciples. Immediately after the selection of the twelve, followed the Sermon on the Mount in which he states the nature, principles, doctrines, duties and subjects of the kingdom that he

came to establish. The sermon was first addressed to the disciples, but in another sense to the whole world. It was a sort of inaugural address. It begins with Beatitudes and ends with foundations, and within these three chapters are the great laws of art and life. We are to live by principles, not rules. We are to live for reality, not for show. We are to live for heaven, not earth. It is the sermon of the ages. It teaches the science of true living and the art of life-building. It touches all sides of life and all grades of men. It treats of law, providence and nature. It deals with the greatest problem that has ever come before mankind: the secret of a happy life. At the very beginning of his sermon, the Preacher plunges into the answering of that question. "Blessed," or happy is the first word in the sermon. It occurs nine times in it. It is the key and keynote of the whole sermon; the key that unlocks every sentence, the keynote with which every truth harmonizes. "Blessed or happy are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Happy is the man that has a spiritual nature. True happiness is within us. To be and to do; not to have and to hold, is the secret of a happy life.

The rest of the sermon is taken up with the duties of life; the claims of men and of God upon us; how we are to live and love; how we are to give and forgive; how we are to pray and practice. Wonderful sermon! preached nineteen hundred years ago, but as full of power today as when first spoken. In it is the solution of all serious problems of the hour. It is the sermon for all ages and all time. It is the sociological textbook for today.

The scene on the mountain is changed. The great multitude is gone. The Great Preacher has returned to his Father, but the sermon remains with us. It has gone into all the world and has been translated into all the languages of men. No wonder that the place where it first fell from the lips of this heaven-born Preacher, is a place of the deepest interest.

Jesus on the Shore.

Not only were mighty words spoken by Jesus on the Mount, within sight of this far-famed sea, but mighty works were done by Him on its shores. The shores of the Sea of Galilee are more closely associated with his life and work than any other place in the Holy Land. Here he did the most of his mighty works. How often He must have walked along that pebbly beach, where today we gather stones and shells to take home as memorials of our visit. What sacred memories of the Son of God crowd upon the Christian traveler as he wanders along the shining beach! These lowly sands bore the impress of His feet; these high banks echoed the sound of His voice, and these bright waters imaged His sacred form. It was here He found and called His chief disciples. Wandering along the seashore one day, he fixed his eyes upon these fishermen at their daily work and from their nets and boats he called Peter, James and John—to be fishers of men. It has been said that the characteristic figure of the Old Testament is a shepherd: that of the New Testament a fisherman. Christians are to be fishers of men as well as feeders of sheep. Every Christian is primarily a fisher and secondarily a feeder. His busi-

ness is to catch men for God and then feed them with His Word.

The miracles wrought here by Jesus were of such a character as to stamp Him as a Divine Teacher. At or near the Sea of Galilee was the scene of more miracles than any other place upon earth. Here lived the good nobleman whose son he cured. Here, too, he healed the demoniac in the synagogue; relieved Peter's mother-in-law; restored the withered hand, and healed the man sick of the palsy. Here he raised the daughter of Jairus from the dead and made whole the Centurion's servant. By these shores he cured men of blindness, palsy, leprosy and all manner of diseases.

On yonder grassy slopes on the eastern side of the lake he fed five thousand with five loaves and two fishes. Still further down on the hills of Gadara, he driveth the devil out of two men that were possessed—the spirits entering into a herd of swine which ran wildly down into the sea and perished in its waters.

Recall also the parables and sermons he preached by the seaside and in the synagogue. In the white synagogue built by the Roman soldier he preached on Faith, on Fasting, on Humility of Spirit, and on Brotherly Love. Here also he preached his memorable sermon on the "Bread of Life"—as given in the sixth of John. On one of the great stones, in one of the supposed sites of Capernaum, is carved a pot of manna and it may have caught his eye as he said in the sermon "Our fathers did eat manna in the wilderness." On these sunny shores and among its brambles and vines and cities he spoke his parables of the Tares, the Sower, the Treasure, the Merchant, the Net, the Leaven and

the Mustard seed. Fourteen or fifteen of his recorded parables were spoken here, all of which beautifully set forth the marvelous things of His kingdom.

"On the same day went Jesus out of the house and sat by the seaside, and a great multitude gathered unto him and he spake to them in parables." It is morning on the Sea of Galilee. The lake that lay sleeping still in its deep bed all night, wakens and smiles like the face of a child waked by the first glow of the dawn. The fishermen who have toiled all night at their wearisome work are pulling for the shore. Women are going out to the fountains for water. The reapers are starting for the harvest field. The shepherds are leading their flocks to the hills. The growing light reveals a person of calm and thoughtful mien, walking alone upon the narrow strand. His dress is that of the common people and his hands show the signs of toil. It is Jesus himself. He has risen a great while before day and gone down to the lakeside in the cool air of the morning to have a quiet hour of prayer and meditation. The silent peace of heaven is on his face and the light of the eternal hills is in his soul. But he is no longer alone. Word is passed that the prophet of Nazareth is on the shore and soon the crowds are gathering to see and hear him. They press closer and closer to him until he is compelled to step into one of the fishermen's boats and there he sits and speaks in the bow of the unsteady boat, rocked by the gentle waves of the peerless Galilee. The Son of God! the Sovereign of all worlds sitting there upon the swaying seat of a fisherman's boat talking to a crowd of rude and noisy people on the shore, when he might sit upon the throne of the

universe and receive the homage of the angels! In all the world of art and life it would be vain to look for a scene as impressive as this.

After His resurrection He found His way back to His own dear sea. The afflicted disciples went back to their boats and nets, and it was while here engaged, the Risen Lord appeared—standing on its shore. Before they had time to speak to Him, He asked them if they had any meat. John said to Peter, "It is the Lord!"—and Peter hastened to His side and fell at His feet. Soon the other disciples followed and here probably they ate their last meal together. After the meal came the cross-questioning of Peter, followed by the charge—"lovest thou me?" Then the command "Follow thou me." These farewell words spoken to his disciples long ago by the shores of the golden sea, He speaks to us now from heaven, "Lovest thou me?" then—"Follow thou me."

"Him evermore I behold
Walking in Galilee
By the shores of the Beautiful Sea.
To the dead He saith, Arise!
To the living, Follow me.
And that Voice still soundeth on,
From the centuries that are gone,
To the centuries that shall be."

Jesus on the Sea.

One of the happy memories I have of the trip to the Holy Land is a three hours' sail on the Sea of Galilee. It was put in the program at Brindisi, where we made arrangements with Gaze & Son to take us to Palestine. We reminded Habeeb of it the evening we reached the

lake and he told us that if the sea was calm on the morrow he would secure a boat and we would have the promised sail. Much to our gratification the next day was bright and beautiful and the sea was without a ripple, as still and calm as if the Master himself had said, "Peace, be still." For the sail one of the few boats which the Sea can boast was secured. It was a rough, heavy construction, about 15 feet long and 7 feet wide: doubtless Christ and his apostles often sailed in a similar boat. It was propelled by six Arab rowers, and was large enough to hold the party and the oarsmen—twenty-eight persons in all.

At half-past eight o'clock we had a service of song and prayer on the shore, with the reading of the incidents of Christ and his disciples crossing the sea. At nine o'clock we set sail. Our boat was brought as near to the shore as possible, for the water was very shallow and there was nothing like a wharf or landing place. The next question was how were we to get into the boat? But the Arab boatmen soon settled that, for as Peter did before them they tucked up their skirts and jumped into the water; each picked up one of us—carrying and depositing us in the boat like bales of goods. When they came to the fat man of the party they groaned a little and said, "Much."

At last we pushed out from the shore. Now we launch out into the deep. No use to unfurl the sail, for there was not a breath of air. There was nothing for the men but "toiling in rowing" all the way. We are bound for Capernaum nine miles distant. Now the dream of a lifetime was being fulfilled. We were sailing on the Sea of Galilee. The sun was very hot and the

progress very slow, but who would hasten over these sacred waters! We are now in the very heart of the scenery of the gospel according to the Sea of Galilee. The whole landscape is an illustrated page on which the gospel is inscribed more fully than anywhere else in the land. The very air and sea seem to be hushed in silence that we might hear the echo of His words and the sound of His footsteps. Here the words of McCheyne most fitly express the Christian's thought:

"How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee;
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.

"Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea,
But, oh, far more! the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee."

The hours were spent in reading the New Testament incidents and locating the gospel events. The party sang such Gospel hymns as: "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me," "Master, the Tempest is Raging," "Oh, Galilee, Sweet Galilee."

At noon we reached Capernaum, and an hour was spent in examining the ruins of that old city. We then entered into "the ship," and were rowed along some distance to the westward, landing near the supposed site of ancient Bethsaida, where we had luncheon—with St. Peter's fish for a part of the course. "Woe unto thee, Bethsaida" is verified by the ruin and desolation of today. The view from here, however, is very fine for before us in full view lay the whole of lovely Galilee. To the west of us was the plain of Gen-

nesaret, and in the distance we could see the green slope of the Mount of Beatitudes. It was a glad and joyous hour. On this little bit of sea, over which we had just come—Jesus Himself often sailed and once at least He walked.

The incident of His walking on the sea is told by St. Mark in his gospel. He says that after feeding the five thousand, Jesus went to the mountain to pray, while he constrained his disciples to get into the ship and go to the other side. No sooner were they out a little from the shore than a great storm arose. They were strong men and accustomed to the oar and not easily frightened by the waves. But the wind was contrary to them. They were toiling and rowing, but all in vain. Then in the fourth watch of the night Jesus came walking on the sea and saith unto them, "Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid."

We read in the same gospel that at the close of a busy day's work at Capernaum, Jesus gave orders to His disciples to cross to the eastern shore. We infer from the story that it was a quiet evening when they set sail. The splendor of the city and the sunset lay upon all the landscape. Eastward the peaks of Moab were flaming in the last beams of the day. Northward the snows of Hermon were changed to crimson in the transfiguration of the hour. Westward through the clear air were seen the Judean hills mantled in the glory of the setting sun. The sea itself was still, not a ripple on its bosom, not a wave on its beach.

But in a short time all was changed. The wind rushes down the mountain. The waves roll mountain high. The driving mist shuts the other shore from

sight. The ship cannot be controlled—not a rag of sail can for a moment stand before the fierceness of the gale. Jesus is asleep in the hinder part of the boat. In their extremity the disciples awaken him. He arose and rebuked the wind, and the sea is as calm as it was that morning.

Here we see Jesus as God and man in the same being. Look at Him in the stern of the boat, tired, weary and asleep—here He is a man. Look at Him again at the prow of the boat, hear Him say, “Peace, be still,” see the storm kneeling at His feet and the tempests folding their wings at His presence—there He is God.

This incident is a typical one. It took place long ago, but the eyes of the world are upon it yet. It is the experience of the church of God. It is a picture of human life with its storms and calms. “Thou knowest not what shall be on the morrow,” is a maxim of the common experience of men. Revolutions in life come swift and sudden, like storms on the Sea of Galilee. To-day we may be with Moses on Pisgah’s lofty height, tomorrow we may be with Jonah on the mighty deep. One week some household has prospects of happiness for years to come; the next, a thunderstroke of Providence shatters these dreams and hopes. A loved one is carried to the grave and the plans of life are changed and broken.

Men talk of commonplace lives. There are none such. There is something startling in all our lives. God puts us out on life’s rough sea. Some day the Sea of Galilee will go over us. Life is a journey in a ship over the seas of time and sin, and that means

stormy days and dreary nights. The whole history of the church has been a history of conflict and persecution. The sea of human life is ever agitated with trial, with storm and change. It is all for a purpose. Trials are agents under God for our personal developments. They bring us new aspects of life. They make us mellow, and tender, and sympathetic. They teach us the lessons of prayer and humility—lessons which the disciples learned in the storm. They develop within us powerful graces of faith, patience and resignation. Above all they make us fit for heaven.

The gospels tell us that the Pilot of the Galilean lake still lives. He still goes about on sea and shore stilling storms and giving peace. If we invite him he will come and stay with us when the tempest is raging, yea, He will be with us in the last great storm.

This sail on the Sea of Galilee was altogether the most delightful experience of our journey in the Holy Land. How real, how natural, how full of meaning these incidents were when read in the very place where they occurred. The associations were so rich, so captivating, so inspiring. Every feature was satisfying to the memory and the imagination. From its very shores to the summits of the hills around, it was eloquent in recollections of Christ and His work. As we sat in the boat and looked around us we were forced to exclaim, Wondrous King of earth! How often didst thou climb yonder mountain-side on the way to Nazareth. How often didst thou cross these plains, and wander along these shores and sit on yonder bank. Wondrous Sovereign of the Sea! How often didst thou cross these waters and sail this sea—the winds

and the waves obeying thy will. Everything around us and about us and above us reminded us of Him.

“Each flowery glen and mossy dell
Where happy birds in song agree,
Thro’ sunny morn in praises tell,
Of sights and sounds in Galilee.

“And when I read the thrilling lore
Of Him who walked upon the sea,
I long, oh, how I long once more
To follow Him in Galilee.

“Oh, Galilee, sweet Galilee,
Where Jesus loved so much to be;
Oh, Galilee, blue Galilee,
Come sing again thy song to me.”

CHAPTER XII

JOURNEYING TO DAMASCUS

A SABBATH AT MOUNT HERMON—DAMASCUS AND THE
RIVER ABANA—LEBANON AND BAALBEC—BEYROUT
—END OF THE JOURNEY.

*"And as Paul journeyed he came to Damascus."—
Acts 9:3.*

It was late in the evening when we left the Sea of Galilee. The sun was setting in a cloudless sky, lighting up the bare mountains around the lake with a beauty and glory that would take a Ruskin to describe. The sea was still like a beautiful child asleep in its deep cradle of hills lying down to pleasant dreams. As we wended our way over the steep hills from the northern shore, we sang the old familiar hymn, "Sweet Galilee." Our hearts were full of praise and adoration to Him who loved these shores and crossed and re-crossed these waters on His errands of healing and teaching.

Now we are journeying towards Damascus. A two hours' ride brings us to our camping place for the night. Early next morning we are in the saddle. We traversed the valley of the upper Jordan, which is twenty miles long and about five miles wide. It is completely surrounded by hills many of which are a 1,000 feet high. Only a small portion of the valley is

cultivated, most of it being wet and marshy, furnishing fine grazing through the dry season. We passed the "waters of Merom," sometimes called Lake Huleh, four and a half miles long and three and a half broad, through which the River Jordan flows. About two miles below the lake the Jordan is crossed by a bridge. It is the site of one of the oldest and most famous fords of the Jordan. Probably it was here Saul of Tarsus crossed the Jordan as he journeyed to Damascus. Along the shores of this small lake Joshua achieved his victory over the combined hosts that occupied the land when he came to take possession of it.

At noon we crossed a small stream with a water mill. Here we stopped for noonday rest and luncheon. A little way off from where we were resting, plowing was going on. There were a number of men, each with a one handled plow and a yoke of oxen. It was a picture of eastern plowing and an illustration to some extent of the plowing scene in the history of Elisha, when Elisha at the time of his call to be a prophet in the room of Elijah was "plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him and he with the twelfth."

That afternoon we rode up the west side of the waters of Merom and along the head of the great marsh north of the lake to Kharsala, our camping place for the night. On the way we saw herds of buffalo and more Bedouin tents than anywhere else in Palestine. This plain is a favorite resort of the Bedouins, and owing to the insecurity of life and property caused by their presence there is not in all this beautiful region a permanent habitation. These wandering tribes rear

not only buffaloes, but also horses, cattle, sheep and goats. Their honesty is not above suspicion and their presence in a neighborhood is universally deprecated. We rested that night within sight of a camp of Bedouins strong enough to annihilate us, but they gave us no trouble. Groups of Bedouin children were about begging for baksheesh.

We reached our tents late in the evening. As the sun declined there was a glow of azure and gold on the mountains. Mount Hermon was only two miles away, and it surpassed all the others in glory and grandeur. We were now within a district where the soil is exceedingly fertile, well watered, with clear cold streams from the hills and mountains, a land answering to the description of Moses of the Promised Land, "for the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills."

Next day at eleven o'clock we reached Dan—the site of an old Bible city. On the way, we "passed over the Jordan," having crossed it by an old Roman bridge whose massive arches still show the work of Roman hands. Dan was the northern boundary of the Promised Land, and having begun our journey at Hebron not far from Beersheba, we now had traveled the whole length of the country from south to north. Dan is a well-watered and well-cultivated district. Parts of it answer to the description given of Palestine in the Bible, "a good land, a land flowing with milk and honey." Here it was that Jeroboam set up the golden calf as a rival to the Temple at Jerusalem. It is now a deserted spot. Not even the cry of baksheesh

is heard to tell of human life, nothing of the old city being left but an immense mound from the western side of which issues the fountain of Leddan. This region must have been singularly beautiful and productive and the report that the five spies brought back to their Danite brethren about it was a pardonable exaggeration, when they said that it was a "place where there was no want of anything that was in the earth."

An hour's ride from Dan brought us to Banias at the foot of Mount Hermon, once the site of the city of Caesarea Philippi. Banias is a poor village estimated to have fifty or sixty houses. It is grandly situated amid running water which spreads great beauty and fertility around. Banias is really one of the few beautiful spots in Palestine. George Adam Smith calls it "the very sanctuary of waters." A recent writer says, "There is no place in Palestine where so many elements of beauty and grandeur are combined."

One of the chief points of interest at Banias is the great fountain which is the origin of one of the streams that form the Jordan. Banias and the villages all around are inhabited by Druses, a people remarkable for their personal beauty and fine costumes. In their religious belief they describe themselves as Unitarians. They believe in the existence of a God inscrutable and indefinite, and who has occasionally manifested himself in human form. The Druses and Maronites are continually quarreling and killing each other. Every peasant in this district goes to his work with a gun on his shoulder and plows and delves with it there, and their belts are stuck with knives and pistols.

Banias is a place of historical interest. Here was the famous sanctuary of Pan—the most famous god of the Greeks; and there is a Greek inscription—“Priests of Pan”—on the face of the mountain near the cave. The Romans succeeded the Greeks in their superstitions, as well as in their possessions, and Herod the Great built a large, white marble temple near the fountain in honor of Augustus. Later the city was rebuilt by Philip Tetrarch, who named it Caesarea Philippi.

Christ, toward the end of His ministry spent some time here with His disciples, this being the most northerly point visited by our Lord. This is the place of Peter’s noble confession of the divinity of our Lord, “Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.”

Beside this fountain Christ uttered his prophetic announcement concerning the church, as given in Matthew 16: “Upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hades shall not prevail against it.” It is possible that the great rock near by where these words were spoken may have suggested to our Lord the basis of his figure. It was, however, upon the Rock and not upon Peter that the church was to be built. Peter was only a stone or a piece of a rock; the Rock was the great fundamental truth which Peter had uttered; that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the living God—in other words, the Rock was Christ.

If the locality is full of interest to us because of its connection with Matthew 16, it is much more so on account of what is recorded in Chapter 17, the Transfiguration, which occurred somewhere on the heights of majestic Hermon. When one sees the mountain, he does not need to ask where the Transfiguration oc-

curred; for being the grandest of all mountains in Palestine, pure and white in its garment of snow, it is a fitting place for such a manifestation of the Divine. Hermon has been fitly called the "Mount Blanc" of Palestine, rising to a height of 10,000 feet, the highest mountain in all the land. Although immense masses of naked rock are to be seen here and there, its surface is generally smooth and in spring its sides are covered with verdure. The Arabs say that "it carries winter on its head, spring on its shoulders, harvest in its bosom, while summer sleeps at its feet."

Following His conversation with Peter, our Lord began to show his disciples events to come concerning himself and of his death at Jerusalem. And then, we are told, "after six days, Jesus taketh Peter, James and John, his brother, and bringeth them into a high mountain apart and was transfigured before them." Jesus took his disciples to some lofty spot away from the crowd for communion and prayer.

This event appeals to our imagination more forcibly than any other event in our Lord's public ministry: it gives us a glimpse into the other world. There the Immortality of the soul and the Resurrection from the dead were illustrated in the coming of Moses and Elijah. There the voice of God proclaimed of Jesus: "This is my beloved Son; hear Him." Before this august mountain in the still evening hour or in the gleam of the dawn the imagination easily pictures forth a "Transfiguration" far more impressive than Raphael's in the Vatican at Rome, though it may be the finest painting in the world.

We spent our third Sunday in the Holy Land at Caesarea Philippi. The day was bright and balmy;

everything quiet and still. In the morning we held a service in a fig orchard under the very shadow of Mount Hermon. Two missionaries from Damascus joined us. The service consisted of singing and prayer, with the reading of portions of the New Testament which recalled the Gospel story of the place. Psalm 104, which so well describes the scenery and atmosphere of the Holy Land was read responsively. There was no sermon preached; for the mountains preached, and the valleys sang; the oak glades and joyous brooks, the happy birds and frisking flocks, all bore their part in the service.

Early Monday morning we started for Damascus, a ride of nearly two days. The path lies over the Lebanon, the same old path which has been beaten by the tramp of ages. For four hours we climbed the steep slopes of Hermon. It was up, up, up, until we reached the ridge of the mountain; and from this point we had our farewell glance at the Promised Land, for when we left Banias we entered the land of Syria. Looking back, some of the hills of Palestine were still visible. Looking forward, there spread out before us a vast plain with hills, and in the dim distance a white speck on the horizon—that was Damascus. On our left stood hoary headed Hermon—steep, rugged and grand. On our right was Bashan, stretching away to the south. Regions of biblical and old world association surrounded us on every side.

From this elevated point a long and weary descent leads towards Damascus. Crossing the mountain we passed over banks of snow which gave our party a chance to engage in a snow-ball skirmish. That afternoon, however, we passed the scene of a more serious

combat, a fight between government officers and tobacco smugglers from the mountain. The smugglers were attempting to get the tobacco into Damascus free of duty, but the government was informed and sent out a body of soldiers, and a battle ensued in which four men were killed.

Early in the morning of the second day we were in sight of the plain of Damascus, and late in the evening we were within the gates of the old city. It was a proud day in the history of our party. Before entering the gates we filed off into companies of two, with Habeeb, our guide, as general and assuming all possible military dignity we marched through the streets of the city and up to the door of the Dimitri Hotel where we were to stay while in the city. Never marched a prouder army into Damascus than that little band of nineteen American tourists. We arrived there in safety and health. We had been over three weeks in the saddle. We were to exchange tent life for the luxury of a hotel. We were to tread the streets of one of the oldest cities in the world.

The city of Damascus stands on an extensive plain, on the edge of a sandy desert. The city and the plain are watered by the rivers Abana and Pharpar. The Abana runs through the city, the Pharpar is some miles away to the south. Some distance below the city they unite. Damascus is 133 miles in a straight line from Jerusalem; 70 miles from Beyrout by way of the carriage road, and 90 miles by rail. It is a city which has an interest for all apart from its Bible history. It is noted for many remarkable things.

First, *Its Antiquity.*

It is the oldest city in the world that has had a

continuous history. Some of us brought Bibles to trace our tour and marked the places visited. We opened them in Damascus, and it was surprising to find so many references to it. The first was in Genesis to Abraham's steward, "this Eliezer of Damascus." When Abraham crossed the desert from Haran, four thousand years ago, the city was already standing on the banks of the Abana, and no one can tell how long it had stood there before that time, for its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. "Babylon is a heap in the desert, and Tyre a ruin on the shore," but Damascus still remains. Rome has been called the Eternal City, but Damascus is twice as old as Rome. Its history runs back to the beginning of the world and bids fair to go on to its end.

It is remarkable also for its *astounding vitality*.

It has lived through all these long centuries and no historian has yet had opportunity to write of its decline and fall. Its streets have been stained with the blood of its defenders and its defenses have been reduced; but it never became an utter desolation. It has had vitality to live through all these sieges and all these years. It is now the largest city in the East, except Cairo in Egypt.

The population, according to Baedeker, is about 154,000. Of these 99,000 are Moslems, 35,000 Greeks, 10,000 Syrians, 4,000 Jews, 300 Protestants, the rest being Armenians and Latins.

Damascus is now and has always been a rich and prosperous city. It was so in Bible times. Isaiah writes of the "riches of Damascus." Ezekiel, speaking of the fate of the city of Tyre says, "Damascus was thy merchant for the multitude of thy handiworks, by

reason of the multitude of all kinds of riches." When Hazael was sent by his master to take a present to Elisha we read that he took "of every good thing of Damascus, forty camels' burden." The traveler today may see long trains of camels laden with all kinds of merchandise, leaving Damascus, going down to Egypt or out to Beyrout where they are shipped to other shores. Damascus is rich and a center of trade for all the East. Its bazaars are the most famous in the world. These bazaars are a series of shops for the sale of articles and in some cases for the manufacture of them. Each bazaar is devoted to a particular class of goods. They are famous for their treasures of silk, carpets, saddles, silver and gold ornaments, slippers, sword blades, rare woods, and almost everything required in the general life of the East. People of many races; men and women in all picturesque costumes, strings of camels, donkeys with cradle saddles, Arabian horses and dogs, throng the streets. These bazaars are a sort of gathering place for the people of different nationalities, and an excellent place to get an idea of Oriental life, character, dress, business and social life.

The spirit of the "Arabian Nights" still lingers in the streets and courts of Damascus, imparting to it a charm particularly its own. Damascus is yet destined to play an important part in the history of the East. It may be the center of a net work of railways, opening up the East by means of the proposed Euphrates Valley Railroad. It is the head of Syria now, as in Isaiah's time, and because of its great age and vitality it may appropriately be called the "Mother City of the world." It has been ruled by Syrians, Persians,

Greeks, Romans and Turks, and it has lived and flourished under them all. Not less than twelve times it has been pillaged and burned, yet it has always arisen with new beauty from its ashes.

Damascus is one of the most beautiful cities in its *situation*. Looked at closely, it has a poor and decayed appearance, like many other cities in the East. The streets are narrow, crooked and dirty; the mud walls dilapidated; while there are some beautiful houses the greater part of them are shapeless heaps of sun-dried brick, rough stones and mud; the sanitary arrangements are, of course, poor and taken altogether it is by no means a model city, but it occupies the most beautiful site in all Syria. It has been called the "eye of the desert," and the "paradise of the East." The prophet Jeremiah speaking of it calls it the "city of praises, the city of my joy." Let us look at it in our imagination.

Imagine a magnificent plain, well watered and fertile, in the midst of a desert, covering an area of more than thirty miles in circumference, surrounded on nearly all sides by high hills as bleak and desolate as ever human eye beheld; imagine this vast plain in a high state of cultivation, thirty miles in extent—one vast garden of fruit trees of almost every species, fields of grain, nearly every variety of flowers and the ever present murmur of running streams. On every side miles of gardens and orchards, acres of wheat and barley, shaded by fruit and forest trees, including the poplar, the palm, the walnut, the orange and olive, all arranged in a rich variety of colors, all laden with golden fruit, charming the eye with beauty and filling the air with fragrance. Situated

about the middle of this plain and buried in this forest of grass and grain and trees and sparkling streams a city of 150,000 people, with its hundreds of white minarets and gilded domes and crowded bazaars——— that is Damascus, beautiful indeed for situation. Why should I thus write in praise of Damascus? That I may make this point: Its beauty, vitality and wealth are due mainly to one cause: the river Abana which is the very life blood of it. What the Nile is to Egypt, the Abana is to Damascus. In that dry desert land this life giving river flows, sustaining life. This is the river of which Naaman spoke with such pride, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel," and he was right as far as beauty and usefulness are concerned.

The Abana rises in Lebanon. Its principal source is the Fijeh Fountain, one of the largest in Syria. Like the Jordan at Hermon, it springs out of the earth a full grown river, clear, cold and sparkling. From the point where it leaves this great fountain and begins its useful life, its course is only about twenty miles. It rushes down a narrow gorge as if in a hurry to reach Damascus. Before it reaches Damascus it is divided into six artificial channels (the main one about fifty feet wide) running through the heart of the city. Pipes are led from it to every part, so that every mosque and house and court has its fountain, and everywhere you go amid groves or gardens or public resorts, or retired nooks, you may see and hear the murmur of swiftly flowing and sparkling streams and this abundance of clear cold water is one of the charms of the city.

Canals are led off from it at different elevations

above the city and its waters carried all over the plain, thus literally turning a wilderness into a paradise. The orchards and vineyards and gardens of Damascus owe their beauty and growth to the river Abana.

“Damascus, daughter of Abana’s stream,
How beauteous still are thy enchanting bowers.”

There is no other river that would illustrate the words of the Psalmist as clearly as this one when he says, “He sendeth the springs into the valley, which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field. He watereth the hills from his chambers, the earth is satisfied with the fruits of thy works. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle and herbs for the service of man.”

The reviving influence of water in a dry and barren land is a favorite figure in the Bible. Isaiah says, “The glorious Lord will be to us a place of broad rivers.” The Lord is not a wilderness but a river of life and refreshment to his people. What the eye sees done by such a river as the Abana on the plain of Damascus, the eye of God sees done by the water of life in the human soul. The stream of the water of life turns the wilderness of any human life into a beautiful, fruitful field. The prophet says, “The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly and rejoice even with joy and singing, the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, they shall see the glory of the Lord, the excellency of our God, and the parched land shall become a pool and to the thirsty man springs of water.” The blessings of the Gospel diffused over the earth would work

greater changes than wrought in the material world by the stream of the Abana. The Gospel of Christ is the Abana of the world.

In July, 1860, Damascus was the scene of a terrible massacre. The Mohammedans rose against the Christians and in three days murdered five thousand in the streets and houses. Excellent Christian missions have been established and the missionaries are doing a noble work, but Damascus is still a Mohammedan city, full of mosques, minarets and Moslems. One sees the mosques open and the people flocking to them, and hears the muezzin from the minaret giving the call for prayer at sunrise, noon and evening. The Koran prescribes total abstinence from all intoxicants. In all my travels in the East I did not see a native under the influence of liquor. It is said, however, that in the Mohammedan world alcoholic liquors are coming into social use.

Damascus has two hundred and forty mosques. The most important is the great mosque, great in size and great in reputation. The ground on which it stands has a great history. On this spot was first built a heathen temple—the old house of Rimmon. It was to this pagan shrine that Naaman brought from the land of Israel, after the wonderful cure of his leprosy there, two mules' burden of earth, that on holy soil he might worship the God of Israel, though continuing to bow himself in the house of the Syrian god, Rimmon. In the early days Christianity made rapid progress at Damascus; and under Constantine (329 A. D.) the heathen temple was turned into a Christian church, dedicated to John the Baptist. For about three centuries Christianity continued to

be predominant in Damascus, during which time the church was enlarged and beautified with paintings of Christ and the apostles and inscriptions from the word of God.

On the rise of Mohammedanism the Christian temple fell into the hands of the Moslems and they turned it into a mosque. They pulled down the spires and put minarets in their place. They painted over the pictures and inscriptions. They sought to blot out or tear down everything which had a trace of Christianity about it, but it still retains traces of its Christian origin. On the south side of the building was a door by which the Christians entered. This door was closed by the Moslems, and other buildings put up close to it. But time works changes. The buildings fell, the coating put on the door fell off, the debris was removed and on the bronze of the door was found engraved the Cup of the Holy Supper and on its lintel was carved as if in defiance of the Crescent that had usurped the Cross, the noble inscription in Greek, "Thy kingdom, O Christ! is a kingdom of all the ages, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." Strange that such an inscription, speaking as it does of the downfall of Mohammedanism, should have survived fanatical Moslem rule for nearly twelve hundred years! It is significant and prophetic.

A few years ago, to the lasting regret of the whole civilized world, this great mosque was burned down to the ground in a single day. This caused great consternation in the Moslem world, for it was taken as an omen of the downfall of Mohammedanism. Strange to say that this old door, though fired, was not burned. A noted writer who visited the place recently

says, "I stood sadly among the charred ruins; but to my surprise and awe I noticed on what remained of the great bronze door, the carved communion cup still gleaming out, and over the blackened portal the noble inscription, "Thy kingdom, O Christ! is an everlasting kingdom," and I could not help regarding them as prophetic omens of the day when Jesus shall reign over the hearts of the people of Damascus, and the city—the oldest in the world—shall become the youngest city of the Christian faith."

There is much in the Bible about Damascus. The story of Naaman, the Syrian, and the little captive Hebrew maid, given in 2 Kings v: as connected with Damascus is one of the most attractive stories of the Bible and ever fresh and instructive. In the New Testament Damascus comes before us in the conversion of the apostle Paul (Acts ix:1-30). That conversion was one of the greatest and most important events in the history of the Christian church. It was undertaken by our Lord Himself, who appeared personally to Paul near Damascus in a supernatural vision. We are expressly told that "as he journeyed he came near Damascus: and suddenly there shined about him a light from heaven." The outward flash of light penetrated the inner darkness that had so long shut out the divine love, and the persecuting Saul confessed himself the penitent disciple of the Crucified Christ.

All places are illustrious where the grace of God gains victories. Paul's conversion in Damascus has exalted it to an honored place, by the side of Nazareth and Jerusalem. Here Paul spoke the first words that declared to the world his new purpose. Here the great missionary to the Gentile first preached the Gos-

pel of Christ; and here he had to submit to perhaps his greatest humiliation: being let down in a basket over the wall. Tradition has localized every event of his conversion. Outside, on the Damascus road, five miles from the city Paul had the vision which so changed the main current of things in the world, for all races and for all time. We came over the same road and rested at the reputed place. There is the gate where he entered by the Roman road into the city. There is the street called "Straight," the very street mentioned in connection with Paul's conversion, changed, of course, probably rebuilt but still the street spoken of in Acts 9:11 as "the street which is called "Straight." It is today the principal street in the city, being about a mile long, beginning at one of the leading gates of the city and running from east to west. We walked over it several times, but if the pavement was as rough and the street as crooked in Paul's day as it is now it was a hard road for a blind man to travel.

In this street, among the bazaars, there is the house of Judas who entertained the blind, humble, new-born man. There is the house of Ananias, who touched his eyes; here the synagogue in which he preached, and here the wall by which he was let down in a basket.

What a grand page in the world's history was the conversion of Paul! Dr Schaff says, "An event which formed a turning point, not only in his own life, but in the history of the world."

But now we must say farewell to old Damascus. We spent three very pleasant and profitable days within its walls. We are not to go any further eastward.

We are now 7,000 miles from America, and when we mounted our horses for Beyrout we realized for the first time that our faces were turned towards the homeland. One of the best roads in Syria is between Damascus and Beyrout. It is owned and operated by a French company. For an hour and a half we followed this road out of the city; then we turned north, crossing the Lebanon at Baalbec, taking two days to make the journey. The country except the valleys, is bare and stony, and has no historic associations except what is traditional. Our guide with all seriousness pointed out to us the birth and burial places of Cain and Abel, Shem and Noah.

Late in the evening of the first day we reached Zebedany. This pretty little village in the valley is noted for its apples, but we best remember it for its whirlwinds. A Scotch missionary in Damascus told us that we might expect a rain storm in crossing the Lebanon, but we had more than the Scotch prophet predicted—we had a wind storm. All day the sky presaged a storm. Towards the evening the wind was blowing hard. Every precaution was taken to secure the tents by fastening the ropes and stakes. Dinner and devotions being over we laid ourselves away in our tents and slept, notwithstanding the boisterous behavior of the wind. At midnight a terrific whirlwind struck our tents and blew down four of them, mine among the rest. Some of these tents were carried away, leaving the occupants with nothing but the canopy of heaven over them. We were all bewildered at first, being so suddenly awakened from a sound sleep. We thought of home and friends. Then of Elijah being caught up to heaven in a whirlwind, but

the party were hardly ready for that yet. In the meantime Habeeb appeared and told us that whirlwinds were quite common in the Lebanon mountains, and that if we would have patience and be still, the tentmen would soon have our tents put up again, and so they did. In an hour all was right again; the wind had blown over, and we took up the thread of sleep where it was broken off. But we will not soon forget that midnight whirlwind so unceremoniously sandwiched in between twelve and one. Next day was cold and wet, and we rode all day in the rain. This was the second rainy day we had on the trip—the other being at Nablus. On Saturday evening we reached Baalbec, where we were to spend our fourth Sunday. Our tents being too wet to use, the missionaries opened for us their homes and mission buildings. On the way to Baalbec we had crossed the range of the Anti-Lebanon mountains. The name Lebanon is applied to two distinct mountain ranges, which run in a parallel line north and south, beginning in the south near Mount Hermon and running north, a distance of about one hundred miles.

The eastern range is steep and barren and for the most part uncultivated; the western is more gradual and under better cultivation and more thickly inhabited. There is said to be twelve hundred prosperous villages in the whole Lebanon district; most of them being on the western side of the mountain, some clinging to the hill sides and some at an altitude of 4,000 feet. Dr. Thompson tells us that at one point he counted more than sixty towns and villages. Between these two mountain chains is the Lebanon valley, about 75 miles long, and varying in breadth from

four to nine miles. It is one of the most beautiful and best cultivated valleys in the East. At the head of this valley is Baalbec, now a ruin but once one of the largest cities in Syria. Here are some of the grandest ruins in the world and these are the attraction of the place. Their origin and purpose are a mystery. The Phœnician work still remaining dates back as far as 2000 B. C. A beautiful fountain near by was without doubt one of the determining features in the selection of the place. The ruins are beautiful, poetic, historic, but words do not convey any definite idea of their grandeur and greatness. I will not attempt any detailed description of them, but one cannot but be impressed with the vast scale on which the whole construction is planned. Everything is colossal. The area covered by them is larger than that of the Temple at Jerusalem.

A strong high wall was built around it, part of which is still standing. Some of the stones of the wall are immense. There are nine stones thirty feet long and ten feet thick, being as large as any stone in the pyramids of Egypt. But these are small compared with the three giants in the western wall—the length of one is 62 feet, of another 63 feet and of the third 64 feet. Their height is about 13 feet and the thickness apparently the same. They are laid about 23 feet above the ground, and below them are seven others of like thickness. These stones, according to the best estimate, weigh about 12,000 tons. They are said to be the largest stones ever used in any wall or building. How they were quarried and placed in their present position, 23 feet above the ground, is a mystery which may perhaps never be solved.

Within this wall several temples were built and grouped together. Of these the "Temple of the Sun" is the best preserved. Parts of the wall and of the original marble pillars are still standing, the pillars being 45 feet in height and 19 in circumference. The Temple is entered by a beautifully carved doorway, elaborately finished. The glory of Baalbec is the "Great Temple," of which only remains enough to show its greatness and splendor. It was one of the wonders of the old world and was doubtless designed to be to Baalbec what the Parthenon was to Athens—a place of beauty and for worship of the gods. It was built on an artificial platform raised some thirty feet above the surrounding country. Six Corinthian columns, 60 feet in height and between 7 or 8 feet in thickness are still standing, and from their height and position are to be seen from a great distance as one approaches Baalbec.

In a quarry, a mile distant, is a great stone cut out of the native rock and finished on three sides, but not separated from the mother rock on the other side. It measures 68 feet in length, 17 in width and 14 in height. Its estimated weight is about 11,000 tons. There it lies all uncovered to the storms of the ages and no one can tell why it is not used, or what it was intended for: like many a human life it did not find its place. Glorious ruins are the ruins of Baalbec a superb monument of the past! They have been the wonder of the world all these centuries and will be until time and neglect have done their last work, and this will be before many generations if the Turk is to continue to misrule Syria and suffer these ruins of antiquity to be wantonly destroyed.

Glorious as these ruins of Baalbec are, they have no power to rule the soul; they beget no spiritual inspiration; they are poor and heartless compared with such scenes as at the fountain of Nazareth, Jacob's well, the Sea of Galilee and the Mount of Olives. It is to Palestine we turn for those influences which can quicken the soul and inspire life. Baalbec has left no record of noble deeds or handed down to posterity the story of any one of its sons and daughters whose biography or life is an inspiration. But the Holy Land is ever fresh: its memories ever sweet and inspiring; and its great personality, Jesus Christ, a living and growing power in the world, "moulding men's lives, influencing the course of history, and shaping the destinies of the human race."

Although Baalbec was a city of false gods, the Gospel of the Son of God is taking root there today through the zealous labor of missionaries. There are two Christian missions working side by side as branches of the same vine. The one is an English mission carried on by a devoted Christian lady, who here, as elsewhere in Syria, has founded missions and schools for the native people. The other mission is an American enterprise and is equally successful. We attended the services on Sunday and saw and heard much of their good work.

Early Monday morning, April the 20th, we left Baalbec. We rode down and across the plain between the Lebanon mountains, through a splendid valley many miles broad, and richly cultivated. The morning was bright, the road good and level, the party greatly refreshed by the Sabbath's rest, the horses themselves seemed to have taken fresh life into them; so we came

over the road at a rapid rate. That morning we passed another of Grandfather Noah's sepulchers (some 200 feet), but we were going at such a fast pace that we did not stop to see it.

At noon we reached Zahleh, a beautifully situated town on the side of the mountain with about 15,000 inhabitants, almost wholly Christian. It is a center of education and its peace and prosperity are mainly due to the labors of English and American missionaries. We had a very pleasant visit with them, and we came away feeling the kindly touch of their missionary heroism. That afternoon we reached the great carriage road over Lebanon from Beyrout to Damascus. That night we camped at Shtora on the side of Mount Lebanon proper, emphatically "a day's march nearer home." From time immemorial, the fertility and scenery of Lebanon has been glorified in story and song.

Says Porter, "Along its base, eternal summer smiles; along its summit, 10,000 feet overhead, rests eternal snow. Between the two extremes, flourish vegetation, fruit and flowers of all kinds." Says another, old Lebanon looks like "an august monarch, with a diadem of stars around his snowy turban, with his head in heaven and his feet upon the sea." No wonder that Moses when he caught sight of its snow-crowned peaks and fertile hillsides, prayed God to let him go over Jordan and see that "goodly mountain and Lebanon."

Lebanon is full of grand scenery, waving fruit and historic associations. It is mentioned sixty-eight times in the Bible and the writers always refer to some point in its physical features—they speak of the head, the face, the side, the roots of Lebanon. They

sing of the cedar, the fir, the pine, and of its birds which sing among the branches. Lebanon is the home of the majestic cedar, the symbol of stability, beauty and strength. The cedar groves which crown the higher levels, have always been regarded as its chief glory. David's palace on Mount Zion was built of this choice wood. The cedar still grows there. One of the missionaries, an authority on the subject, says he has visited eleven different groves, one, the great grove, covering an area of nearly twelve miles.

Early next morning we were in our saddles, for we had to climb over Lebanon proper and by evening expected to reach Beyrout, the end of the journey. Towards noon we reached the summit. The view from this point was grand and glorious. We were six thousand feet above the sea. Below us was the rich and beautiful plain of Lebanon over which we rode yesterday. Behind us was Mount Hermon—climbing to heaven in its robe of dazzling snow. Away to the north rose the majestic snow-clad heights of Lebanon, and before us was the wide expanse of the blue Mediterranean. So anxious were we to reach Beyrout that we did not take our usual rest, but pushed on. As we descend the western slope, far below us we discover Beyrout with its white glittering houses and peerless environment of mountain and sea. The descent was by zigzags and repeated loops, the road winding in and out to make the way easy and gradual. The slopes are terraced and cultivated. The road wriggles and twists and it would seem as if we would never reach the plain below; but at last, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we reached Beyrout. Passing through the streets of the city we soon arrived at the

New Hotel close by the blue, blue sea. Then we knew our pilgrimage was ended.

One and another asks, what is the use of traveling in the Holy Land? Does it pay? We are only repeating the experience of the great majority of others when we say, that it depends largely on the disposition and character of the traveler. Spurgeon resolved not to visit it at all, lest the reality should dispel the ideal he had in his mind. To one who has no knowledge of the land or love for the Bible it is to a large extent a waste of time, money and energy. To such an one the monotonous and desolate country, the ruined and wretched villages, and the unattractive places and people, even with their high sounding and Biblical names, will be a poor recompense for the fatigue, the weariness and the annoyance inseparable from such a journey.

But one imbued with the Bible story and with sufficient sentiment and imagination to recall and picture the past, will count it, even in the face of present ruin and degradation, a joy to have wandered over this, the "least of all lands," will find that the old, old story has grown more vivid and real from locating it, and that a flood of light has been thrown on the meaning of innumerable passages of Scripture. Whenever he reads afterwards of the visit of Joseph to Egypt, or of Jesus at Jacob's well, the cedars of Lebanon, the garden of Gethsemane, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee, the River Jordan and the Mount of Olives—the places and scenes will rise up before his mental eye with a vividness they never had before. He will also find that "even as the hand sweeping the tuned strings of a harp brings forth

a succession of sweet sounds, so the vibration of sacred memories and holy associations, has left the heart more tender, the spirit more reverent, the mind more full. As when the day breaks the shadows flee away, so all the coming years will bring an oft repeated retrospect, not of physical discomfort and desolation, but of unfailing mental delight and profitable spiritual enrichment."

Five days were spent in the busy and beautiful city of Beyrout. We found it to be one of the brightest and most enterprising cities in the East, and more like an American city than any other we had seen. Some one has called it "The Paris of Syria." It has paved streets, modern methods of travel and business, a large number of beautiful homes and handsome churches, mosques, colleges and schools. A railroad runs between Beyrout and Damascus, but the glory of Beyrout is its wonderful group of educational and religious institutions. It is well called the Edinburgh of the Orient. As is well known, it is the seat of a Syrian Protestant College, with which America is so closely identified. The college is one of the finest buildings in the city and the center of missionary and educational work.

The Rev. Dr. Jessup told us that when he went there in 1854 there were only about 20,000 inhabitants; now there are over 100,000. We visited the American colleges and schools and were greatly pleased with their good work. We spent a Sabbath in Beyrout and attended the services and visited the Sunday Schools. These noble men and women are doing a grand work for the revival of Bible Christianity in Bible lands.

While there we received every kindness and attention from them.

A special trip to Sidon, twenty-seven miles south, was on the program but only eleven of the party decided to go. It was a long and fatiguing ride. The road was rough but most of the way we followed the shore of the Mediterranean. Sidon is finely situated and its gardens and orchards are as famous as those of Joppa. It is a very old city and has had a checkered history, and is at the present time growing and prosperous. Dr. Thompson says that in one of the gardens near the city several copper pots containing gold coin were found a few years ago by a native workman. Only two of the pots were recovered by the authorities. These contained between two and three thousand coins of pure gold worth about five dollars each. The whole amount of this long buried treasure was estimated at \$200,000.

Some time was spent in visiting the ruins and rock tombs about the city, and also the American missions which were far more inspiring and instructive. Syria is a land of many scriptural associations and excellent missionary enterprises and schools. Concerning our Lord it is said, "His fame went throughout all Syria." His name and fame are today proclaimed by missionaries throughout all the land. Palestine we place first of all lands in point of historic and biblical interest; next the land of Egypt, and after that perhaps Assyria. "Blessed be Egypt, my people, and Assyria, the work of my hand, and Israel, my inheritance."

On the following day we returned to Beyrout, riding twenty-seven miles in six hours over the roughest roads of the trip. At seven o'clock the whole party sat

down to tea in the New Hotel. It was an occasion long to be remembered. Special preparation had been made, and special friends invited to celebrate the completion of the journey. The spirit of gladness and Christian fellowship pervaded the whole evening. The tour through the Holy Land had been successfully accomplished. History had unrolled the centuries before us. We had seen the Land of all lands and new light had come to us from the Book of all books. We had been to the most important places mentioned in the Bible. We had been in Egypt, the land of bondage and the cradle of the people of Israel. We had seen the earthly homes and haunts of the Man Christ Jesus. We had visited the inn at Bethlehem where Christ was born, and walked over the fields where the shepherds heard the angels sing. We had visited Jerusalem within and without; and in an upper room in Mount Zion had celebrated the Lord's Supper. We had been with John the Baptist in the wilderness, passed over the Jordan and journeyed with Paul on the way to Damascus. We had walked about Mount Zion, gone out and sat under the olives in mournful Gethsemane, and wandered through the ruins of dear old Bethany. A holy Sabbath had been spent on Mount Calvary and the Mount of Olives. We had spent a night in Jericho, and from there had gone up to Jerusalem without falling among thieves. We had rested on stony Bethel, traversed the fruitful fields of Samaria, and with David lamented at Gilboa over the death of the beloved Jonathan. We had spent a night at Nazareth where Jesus spent thirty years in preparation for his great work.

We had sailed for hours on the Sea of Galilee, where Christ seemed nearer to us than any other place in the Holy Land. We had walked the streets of old Damascus, and crossed the mighty mountains of Lebanon. We had washed in the river Jordan, bathed in the Dead Sea and drank out of Jacob's well. We had confessed with Peter at Caesarea Philippi that He was the son of the Living God, and since we had been through the Land we were sure that he was also the Son of Man, for a trip through Palestine makes his humanity wondrously clear and real. We had traveled for thirty-seven days over a rough and stony country, exposed to many dangers, but goodness and mercy had followed us all the days of our pilgrimage. We had made the trip of over five hundred miles on horseback without accident. Our tour had been one of deep interest and instruction and would be ever after a source of inspiration. Letters from home had reached all of us, saying that our friends were happy and well, and no wonder that with mingled feelings of joy and gratitude we sat around the table that evening.

But now the time had come to leave this Holy Land with its ten thousand memories and associations. The steamer that was to take us to Smyrna and Constantinople has come. The farewell words are spoken and we are all on board. Slowly and steadily the steamer bears us away to the west in the direction of Cyprus. We stood on deck gazing at the receding hills and shores of Palestine until at last they faded away. We had our last sight of the Holy Land.

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